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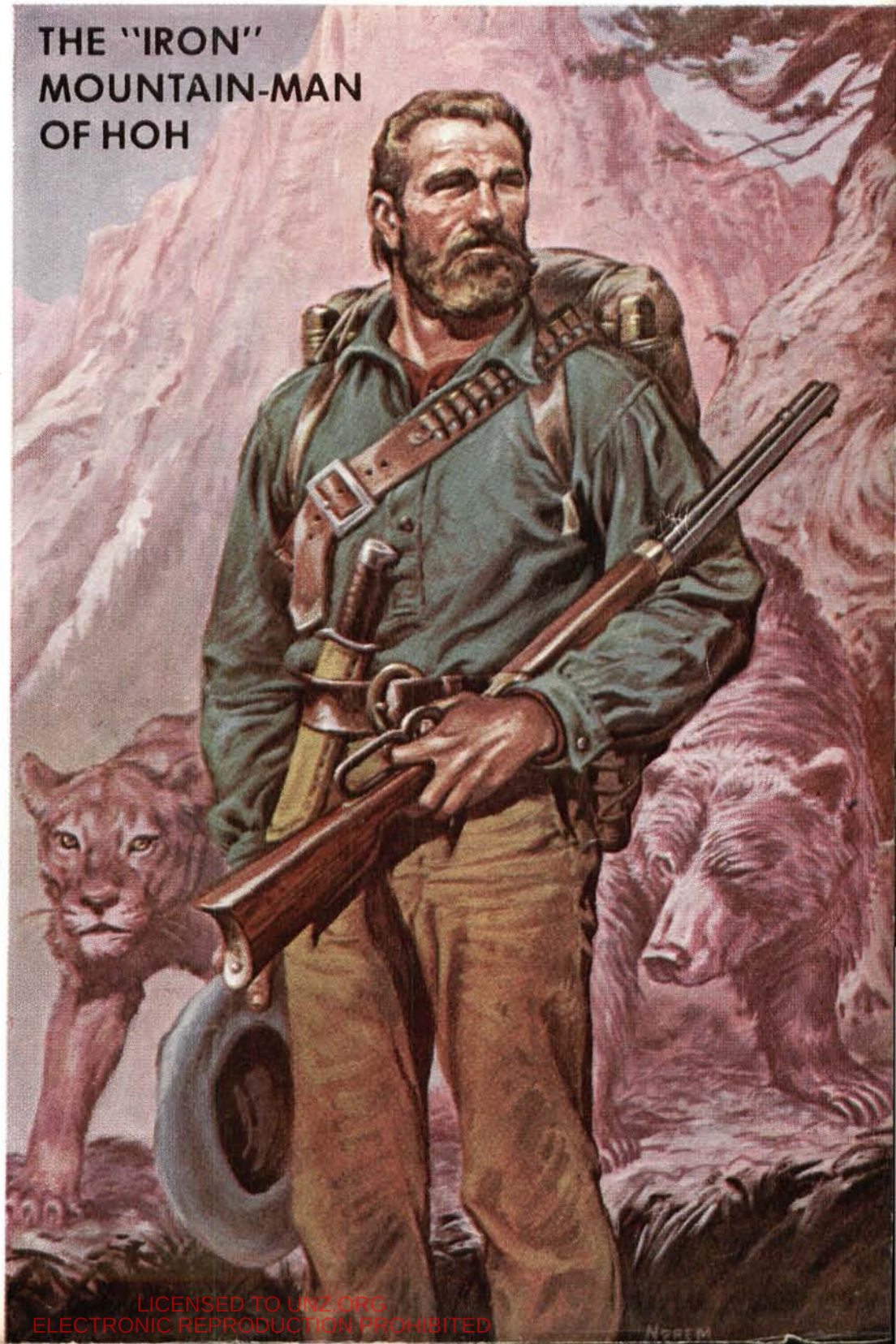

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1867, Wagon Box Fight, Wyoming.
1959, Alaska Admitted to Union.
1890, Nellie Cashman Died.
1896, Utah Admitted To Union
1893, Great Northern Railway Completed.
1912, N. Mexico Admitted To Union.
1869, Cullen Baker Killed, Arkansas.
1929, Wyatt Earp Dies, Calif.
1901, First Texas Oil Strike.
1917, Buffalo Bill Dies, Denver, Colo.
1876, Jack London Born, San Francisco, Calif.
1872, Grand Duke Alexis arrived at North Platte to hunt buffalo.
1851, John J. Audubon Died, New York City.
1848, Gold Discovered In Calif.
1875, Jesse James' Mother Injured by Pinkerton Bomb.
1813, John C. Fremont Born At Savannah, Ga.
1861, Kansas Admitted To Union.
1874, Train Robbery by James Boys at Gads Hill, Mo.
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REAL WEST

Volume X
Number 53
May, 1967

The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor: Patrick Masulli
Managing Editor: Edward T. LeBlanc Art Director: Salvatore Gentile

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

In the next issue our Western adventure journey takes us to Texas during the 1870's when the railroads held sway and demanded their tribute. *John H. Reagan,* congressman from *Texas* calls them to account with a bill curtailing their power. From the plains of eastern Texas we move on to *Montana* and share in *John H. Jones'* memorable escape from a band of marauding *Nez Perce* Indians. His fortitude and courage in the face of seemingly insurmountable odds make him a man to remember. We face south and visit *Las Vegas, New Mexico* where *Vincente Silva* has organized a gang of desperadoes which was only to be surpassed by the mobsters of the prohibition era.

We next go in search of *"Sasquatch"* or *"Mr. Bigfoot"* in the *Rocky Mountains of British Columbia.* Not satisfied with one mountain adventure we accompany *John C. Fremont* on his ill-fated attempt to cross the *Sangre de Cristo mountains of Colorado* in the dead of winter. Next stop is in southern *Utah* where we listen to the pathetic story of an old Indian woman who relates her life as a *Ute* and later as a captive and wife in the *Navajo* tribe and how through adversity and misfortune she is reduced to begging for food and living in a miserable hovel for shelter. Next, *El Paso* during the *Fistic Carnival held in* 1896. During this period El Paso was a wide-open city. Gambling was rampant and the bawdy houses had the audacity to advertise their wares in the program of events during carnival week.

Bill Ryan, the heavy drinker of the *James Gang* is brought to justice by his lack of caution and bragging and we attend his trial at *Independence, Missouri* and have a suspenseful time waiting for a James Boys raid which never comes. We end our Western trail in *San Francisco* where we witness the funeral of *Pauline Cushman* and reminisce about her life as a Union spy during the Civil War, as a hotel owner in *Casa Grande, Arizona* and about her ignominious end as a scrub woman.

We look forward to your joining us in the next issue of *Real West.*

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The Editor's Corral

Much has been written about Custer and his tragic last stand. Each year a number of new books are published and western magazines including REAL WEST feature articles concerning the great fight. Most of these books and articles tend to take sides: Custer, the hero or Custer, the fool. And the author proceeds to give the facts supporting his adopted theory minimizing any of the facts that tend to cloud his contention. A recently published book, "The Battle of the Little Bighorn" by Mari Sandoz, makes the point that Custer was driven to his foolhardy venture by political ambition; that he believed a smashing victory over the Indians would bring him favorable consideration before the democratic convention meeting in St. Louis.

The facts cannot support this contention. Although there is no doubt that Custer, like many other military men before and after him, had political ambitions, his knowledge of the limits of the communications system of his time would have precluded his giving the democratic convention any thought. It took 11 days for the bad news of the massacre to reach the nearest telegraph line and so the world; and bad news notoriously travels faster than good news.

The facts simply stated are these: Custer had orders to find and destroy the Indians who had left the reservation. His intelligence as to the number of Indians who were off the reservation was faulty leading him to suspect a much lesser force in prospect than in fact there were. He attacked before making full reconnaissance and was trapped by overwhelming odds. He was annihilated.

From such facts legends and myths are born and nurtured. Reasons have to be found to explain the defeat and writers' imaginations can conjure up all sorts of seemingly logical conclusions. Miss Sandoz has come up with one of the most unsound.

It is hoped that some future uninformed writer does not use Miss Sandoz book as a source for writing an article and some equally uninformed editor does not accept the article for publication. REAL WEST in considering articles insists that writers name their source material and only factual, well documented articles are accepted.

Robert J. Ege, in this month's feature article takes a new look at the battle of the Little Big Horn through the eyes of the Surgeons of the Seventh Cavalry. He recounts their experiences leading up to the battle, during the battle, and in the case of the one who survived he details his later career. There are no illogical conclusions in Mr. Ege's article.

Flying saucers are an unlikely subject for an article in Real West. But Jerome Clark in researching the newspaper files of the 1890's came across numerous accounts of mysterious aerial sightings observed throughout the midwest and the far west. His article should add fuel to the current flurry of sightings and discussions concerning flying saucers. Flying saucers were reputedly first observed by Donald Keyhoe in the 1950's. However, unidentified flying objects (UFO'S) have been observed for centuries. Depending on the state of scientific knowledge they were shrugged off as astronomical phenomena or explained away in superstitious beliefs. Whether we take stock in the "men from Mars" theory or believe that these sightings can be explained by conventional means, Mr. Clark's article makes interesting reading and causes a thinking man to wonder.

- - - - - - -

There were many characters in the old West who came from nowhere, became heroes or villains and sometimes a bit of both; and then faded from the scene never to be heard of again. Oftentimes their lives came to a violent end. Such a man was Keno Harry, known to history by no other name. He rose to a position of power in the railhead town of Canyon Diablo, Arizona by a ruthless killing and maintained the "respect" of the townspeople in the same way. Yet when women and children were menaced, he risked and lost his life in their defense. Did the memory of a former life cause him to act as he did? Were his thoughts about a family he may have deserted in the east? Maurice Kildare, whose articles have been a regular feature of REAL WEST tells Keno Harry's story in this issue.

- - - - - - -

There have been numerous inquiries concerning the availability of early issues of REAL WEST. Our supply of early issues has been depleted and are no longer available. Those of you who have early issues for sale are urged to use the pages of REAL WEST to advertise this fact. If enough interest is shown we will be glad to initiate a swapper's column. We would, of necessity, limit the use of the column to collectors of western magazines and western literature. In the meantime we will continue to publish letters on the subject in the MAIL ROUND-UP.

- - - - - - -

Lt. Harry E. Rieseberg, a regular contributor to REAL WEST has recently had three new books on treasure hunting published. They are "Guide to the Sunken Treasure Ships of the World", $5.95; "Adventures in Underwater Treasure Hunting", $3.95 and "The Sea of Treasure", $3.95. All are published by Frederick V. Fell, Ind. 386 Park Avenue South, New York.

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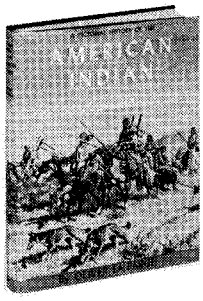

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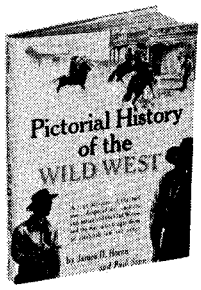

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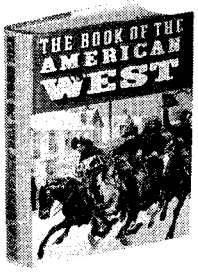

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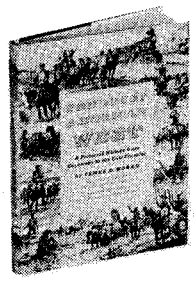

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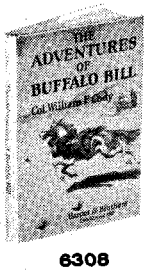

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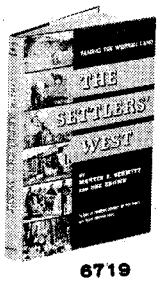

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

Q. Who was Arizona Bill? John S. Turner, Dannemora, New York.
A. There may have been and probably were quite a few men known as Arizona Bill. The one we know of was William Monroe who was born in Scranton, Pa. He was a deputy marshal and a well known man in the Arizona-New Mexico area. He was hanged by a lynch mob in Pittman Valley, Arizona on December 26, 1881. He had been taken into custody for killing "Shorty" Charles Collins during a fracas in a local saloon.

Q. Is there any place where relics of Buffalo Bill's life can be seen? Milford Searles, Bismark, N. Dak.
A. There are several places where mementos of Buffalo Bill can be found. North Platte, Nebraska, which claims to be Buffalo Bill's home town, has a museum run by Major William Cody Beal, grandson of Buffalo Bill. The Buffalo Bill Museum at Cody, Wyoming has an excellent collection of memorabilia about Buffalo Bill. During recent summers the town has featured one of Buffalo Bill's early plays, "Life on the Border".

Q. What were the five civilized tribes and did they have governments of their own? Mrs. L.R. Reed, Shawnee, Okla.
A. The five civilized tribes were the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctows, Seminoles and Creeks. Each enjoyed autonomy within the old Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. They had their own laws, could try and punish any member of the tribe without interference from the U.S. government. If you are interested in a study of these Indians I suggest you get a copy of Grant Foreman's "The Five Civilized Tribes". It is a scholarly and very accurate book.

Q. Is the bite of the Tarantula as dangerous as the bite of a rattlesnake? Charles Henry, El Paso, Texas
A. No, the bite of a tarantula, a large black spider common in the southwest, is not as dangerous as the rattlesnake. It can be painful, but hardly ever fatal. Their bites are treated like rattlesnake bites. These ugly creatures were great favorites with the old time cowboys and many a tall tale was told about them. It was said they could jump six feet or more. One of the cowboy games was to place two of them in a bowl and large sums would be bet on which one would kill the other. There were many champion tarantulas in the old days. They would be taken from ranch to ranch for fights.

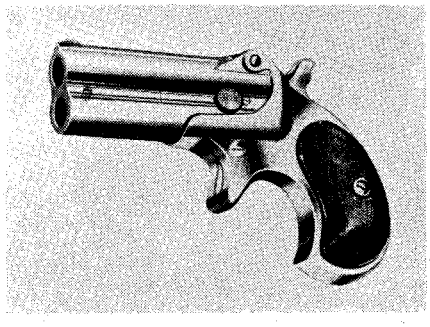
Q. Was there a town in Arizona called "Hell's Hollow", and if so why the name? Alice Garrell, Downey, N.J.
A. Yes, there was such a town. Its post office name was Calabasas. It got its name because it was probably the most lawless town in the Southwest.
Q. Can you tell how old Annie Oakley was when she died and where she is buried? Tommy Arizona, Waterville, Maine.
A. Annie Oakley was born in 1866 in North Star Township near Greenville, Ohio. Her real name was Annie Mozee. She died November 3, 1926 in Greenville. She was cremated and her ashes were interred in the Brook Cemetery, Darke County, Ohio.

Q. Was Soapy Smith ever mayor of Creede, Colorado? Nancy Baker, New Orleans, La.
A. Soapy Smith claimed to be the uncrowned mayor of every town he was in. He set himself up as mayor of Creede, but there is no record he was ever duly elected.

Q. When did Charles Russell, the famous artist, live? Keith Grammar, Atlanta, Georgia.
A. Charles Russell, the artist, was born in St. Louis in 1864 and died October 24, 1926 in Montana. The cause of death was a heart condition brought on by a goiter.

Q. What was a "Horse Puller" in the West? Catherine Mesta, Omaha, Nebraska.
A. A cowboy who traveled with livestock on a train. They also were called "Bull Nurses".

Q. You read much about the famed sixguns of the West. What about the Derringer? Was it used much and was it of any value as a weapon? Alice Branes, Houston, Texas.
A. There were several makes of the small derringer pistol. As a weapon it was very effective at short range and more accurate than the old sixgun. It was a favorite weapon for gamblers. The sisters of sin preferred it to the larger gun, and the extra small derringer with a pearl handle was placed in the top of their kid leather boots. The cowboy used it as a secret weapon when the town ordinances prohibited them to carry sixguns.



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Q. What is the real meaning of the word, Cayuse? Thelma Atkin, Seattle, Washington.
A. The cayuse originally was a horse bred by the Cayuse Indians in Oregon. It was accepted in the West as an inferior breed. It generally was considered much in the same class as the broncho.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

THE DAY TEXAS HANGED A WOMAN

Dear Editor:

I just finished reading the story, "The Day Texas Hanged a Woman", by Dee Woods in the November 1966 issue of the Real West. I wish to say that the little town of San Patricio is still to this day very much alive.

Today there is but one general store and one church to serve the small farm and ranch community of approximately 100 people. Each year on the day of the feast of Saint Patrick, patron saint of the community, San Patricio holds a gala celebration and welcomes home all of the old time members of its population. The little town of San Patricio has so much history that it will never become a Ghost Town as long as one of the old time members of its population is still alive to keep it alive.

I have heard my grandmother, the late Mrs. Hugh McCown on whose land Chipeta was hanged and buried, relate the story of Chipeta Rodriquez as she had heard it from her elders. As little girls she and her sister, Mrs. Kate Bluntzer used to gather wildflowers and place them on the grave. She was one of the many people who had always believed in Chipeta's innocence. While there are many legends about Chipeta, the one mostly agreed on is that she kept silent and went to her death because she believed that her son was the murderer. The son in turn, believed his mother was guilty and also kept silent.

I think Dee Woods wrote a very accurate and interesting story about Chipeta and as my grandmother always said of Chipeta, "Let's let her rest in peace".

I enjoy reading all of the stories in the Real West magazine.

Yours truly
Daniel Byerly
P.O. Box 10265
Corpus Christi, Texas

CUSTER

Dear Sirs:

With reference to your November issue and the article "He Survived the Custer Massacre" by Robert Ege. My partner, Dean Howell and I, who are very much interested in this part of the Custer story, just recently visited the area in which Frank Finkel was to have helped bury a man in his escape from the battle. We traversed the area in question and found the area in which a cabin or dugout was to be. We also found the grave in question.

There are a number of short branches of the Tulloch (East Fork) in the immediate area as described by Dr. Kuhlman. There are no springs on either of the forks and at this time all are dry including the East Fork itself.

We found no evidence of any type of cabin or dugout or any evidence of trees having been chopped or defaced.

I am writing this to only help in this new outlook so I will give my point of view.

At the original ranch site on the East Fork of Tulloch Creek there are two dugouts and one sod shack that date back before 1900. This is on the old Perry ranch site. This also is the only area where springs are on the East Fork. We also found signs of a large Indian camp that had used this area years ago. Now the John Walborn ranch is located on the Middle Fork of Tulloch Creek. According to Dr. Kuhlman this is an alkaline creek. He is wrong, because at the ranch there are clear springs that have been in use since at least 1900. There is another large branch of the Middle Fork south of the ranch. This has a large spring and at present it is also clear.

It is our contention that anyone riding across the area as did Finkel would have first hit Ash Creek, then he could have hit the South Fork of the Middle Fork of Tulloch Creek and then hit the main fork of the Middle Fork; and as we believe quite naturally he would have come out about where the Walborn ranch is now. If he had missed these springs he could have gone over a low hill headed northeast and hit the springs on the East Fork. It is logical to believe that the two men, Bill and G.W. would have camped at one of these springs and not way up on the East Fork, where there is nothing.

We are going back next week to work out our ideas and would like to correspond with anyone who is interested.

I, too, believe Frank Finkel escaped from the Custer affair and I hope to be able to prove it.

Yours very truly,
Bill Anderson
1428 Concord
Billings, Montana

Dear Editor:

I must say I found the November issue of Real West fascinating, especially the amazing story of Frank Finkle, "I Survived the Custer Massacre".

Now my query to the readers is this: It is an historical fact that troopers of that day were issued a stipulated number of bullets with one extra round. This odd bullet was to be used to dispatch oneself if imminent capture by hostiles was indicated. I understand Custer was *not* scalped. Was it because he used the odd bullet by placing his service pistol to his temple, or because of a reason I prefer to accept, that he was spared the indignity of losing his scalp because the hostiles looked upon him as a great leader of his men and valiant. Keep up the fine work on Real West.

Most sincerely,
Sheldon E. Boland
253 Second Ave., Yuma Ariz. 85364

CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

Dear Sir:

I have just read your note on Carlisle Indian School (November Issue) and, as I live not so far from there thought you may be interested in knowing that there is a small Museum which has many interesting photos and much about Jim Thorpe - museum is in what was the old Hessian Guard House.

Many Indian boys and girls died while in that school (personally, I think it was from homesickness!) and there is a cemetery there but not all their names are on the headstones - many just have the tribe marked. These bodies were moved from the original graveyard to make way for a grandstand at the ball field.

Some of the group photos in the museum remind me of those "before and after" pictures - groups are shown

(continued on page 68)

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The IRON MAN

John Huelsdonk...Mountain-Man, hunter, explorer. Capable of carrying the load of two men; of enduring fantastic hardship; of performing amazing feats. This is his story, a true account of a man who became a legend.

Photo from Dora Huelsdonk Fletcher

John Huelsdonk as a young man when he first came to the Hoh River Valley.

The Olympic rain forest, sombre and dripping moisture, was as silent as a cathedral. The huge trees grew straight and tall, their tops hidden in the early morning mists. Their trunks, festooned with pale green moss, stood like columns in some ancient temple. Awesomely beautiful was this wilderness, yet the struggling figure coming up the trail paid no attention to his surroundings. He was much too concerned with the load on his back to notice the translucent light playing in this beautiful green world. He was packing a kitchen stove!

When the trail emerged into a little dell, where maples grew instead of the Sitka spruce, the man stopped to rest. He leaned his heavy load against the bole of a maple tree, still standing and not daring to place the heavy stove on the ground for fear he could never lift it to his broad shoulders again.

Down the trail another man came striding. When he saw the packer resting along the trail, he recognized him as his neighbor, John Huelsdonk, the first man to settle in the Hoh River valley in the State of Washington.

"John, ain't that stove a might heavy even for you?" he asked.

"Well," John replied, "it ain't the stove so much. I don't mind that; it's the sack of flour I got in the oven. Keeps shifting around throwing me off balance."

And thus began the legend of the man who was to become known as the "Iron Man of the Hoh".

The burly John Huelsdonk had the physique for a packer; a deep barrel chest, powerful arms and shoulders, and legs so muscular that they could carry pack and packer over mountain trail hour after hour. Like that other mountain man, John Muir, Huelsdonk was bearded, imparting to his face an agelessness and yet a ruggedness, too.

As a packer, Huelsdonk had no rival. Once, when the Forest Service was new in the Olympic Forest Reserve, the district ranger was hiring packers to carry supplies to a remote station deep in the mountains. He hired Huelsdonk.

The bearded mountain man eyed the supply sacks. "Say, would a guy get paid double for packing two of them sacks?" he asked the ranger.

The ranger laughed. Only a damn fool would think he could carry two one-hundred-pound supply sacks. "Hell, yes. You get paid double for every two hundred pounds you carry, two men's pay for two men's work. How far do you think you can carry them, about twenty yards?"

He watched the burly Huelsdonk silently rope two

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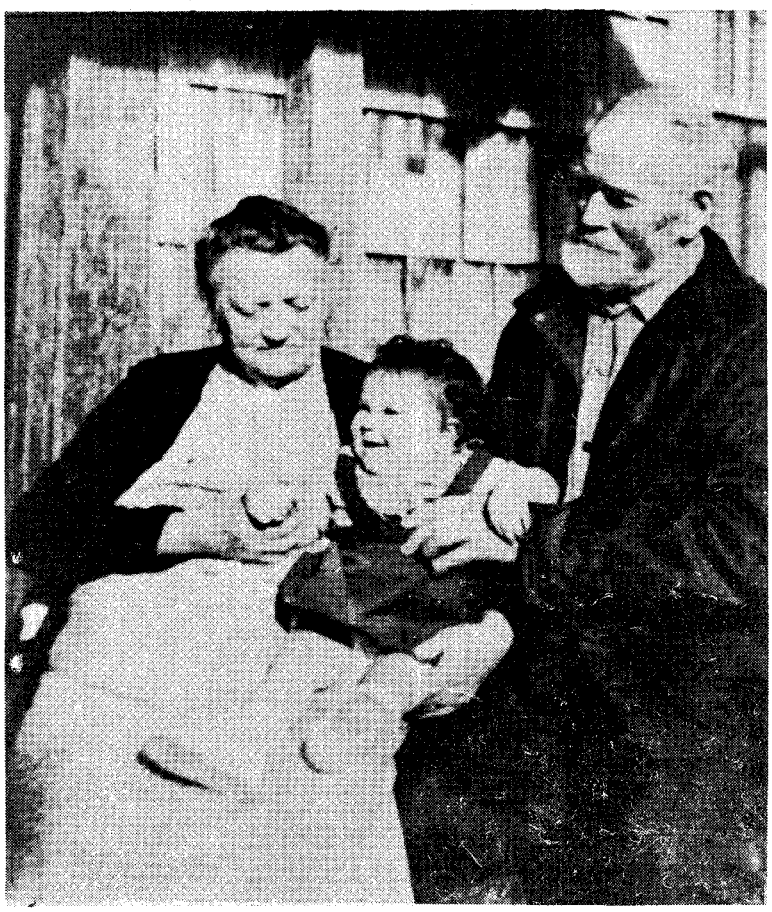
of the HOH

By William J. Betts

Photo from Dora Huelsdonk Fletcher



John and Mama Huelsdonk with a grandson in the late thirties.

of the supply sacks on his packboard. The ranger smiled as the mountain man, with the help of another packer, hoisted the loaded packboard to his broad shoulders. Then up the trail he started, bent almost double with his load, walking slowly at first and then faster and faster, picking up speed with every step. Mile after mile those powerful legs carried him, stopping for a rest only when the others demanded it.

The sweating ranger, having a rough time of it with his much lighter pack, watched the older man with his two-man load and shook his head. "I'll be damned. I'll be damned," he was heard to mutter over and over to himself.

Who was this "Iron Man"? Where did he come from?

John Huelsdonk was born in Lippe, Germany, on the lower Rhine, in 1867. When he was twelve, his family immigrated to the United States to get away from the "blood and iron" policy of Bismark. The family settled on a farm in the midwest where John spent his teen years.

When he was twenty-one, Huelsdonk struck out on his own. He went to the Pacific Coast in hopes of finding land of his own. He arrived in Seattle when that ill-fated city was rebuilding from the disastrous fire of 1889. The building industry was booming; Huelsdonk found work as a hod carrier with little difficulty. The city, however, had little appeal for the farm boy; he longed for a job that would take him into the Olympic Mountains, which he could see on the horizon across Puget Sound.

Huelsdonk finally landed a job with a state surveying party mapping and surveying the little explored wilderness that was the Olympic Peninsula. Huelsdonk fell in love with the vast primitive area on the northwest tip of Washington.

When the survey was over, Huelsdonk decided to go back to the wilderness and do some exploring on his own. Perhaps he could find a farm site. When he told the others of his plans, they said he was crazy. "Man, it rains so much in that country you grow web feet," they told him. He went anyway.

Huelsdonk back-packed everything he would need for several weeks of exploring. It was the rainy season on the Olympic Peninsula and the young explorer began to think that the men on the survey crew were right -- he half expected to see webs grow between his toes.

The rivers were rain-swollen. They were exceedingly dangerous to cross and on the Soleduck River Huelsdonk met with disaster. In attempting to ford that swift flowing stream he lost nearly all his supplies, including his matches and blankets. For the next week he lived on uncooked flour patties mixed in the top of his flour sack, his only remaining supply of food.

The undaunted Huelsdonk persisted in his exploring until he found a beautiful valley deep in the forest where great herds of elk had worn paths in their annual migrations from the high alpine meadows to the lowlands. This was the Hoh River valley, in the heart of the rain forest on the western side of the Olympic Mountains. Huelsdonk knew that his search for a farm site was over.

The man, with wilderness in his heart, hurried back to Port Angeles for supplies and to file his claim on the Hoh. Then back to his wilderness to build a cabin, clear enough land for a garden, establish lines for his farm site. When a "ranch", of sorts, was established, off he went to Iowa to ask Dora Wolf if she would marry him and come to the West to live.

In Iowa Dora Wolf said yes. They were married; wasting no time to honeymoon, they left immediately for their wilderness home. When the newlyweds arrived on the Peninsula, Dora Huelsdonk fell in love with the primitive area. She didn't mind traveling by Indian dugout canoe up the Calawah River and then by elk trail to their ranch on the Hoh.

Dora Huelsdonk was to spend the next sixteen years in the Hoh Valley before she was to go "outside" to a city or town. And when she did finally go to Seattle,

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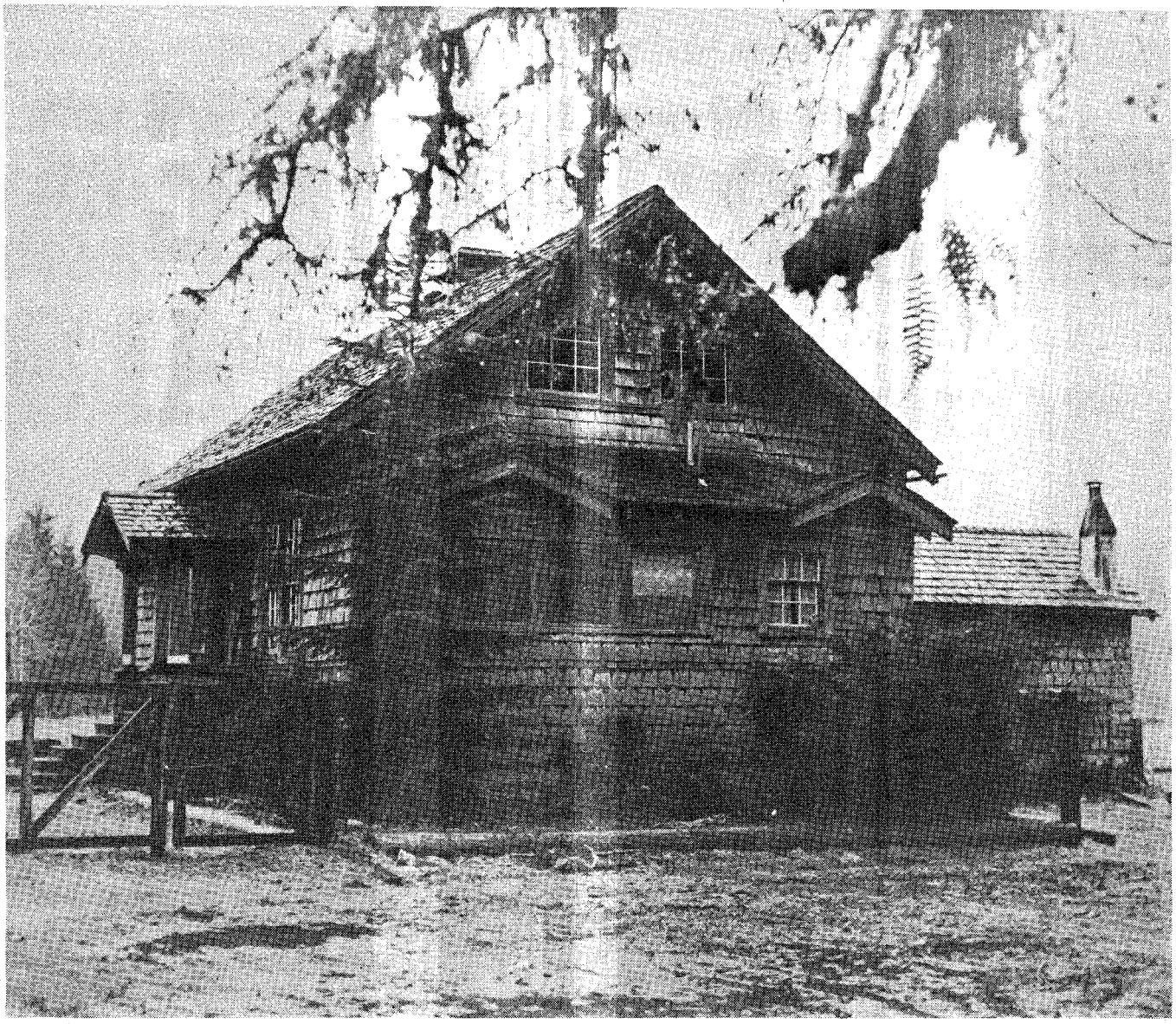

The Fletcher home. This was the second house built by John Huelsdonk. The original homestead house was located not very far from here. It burned in the late thirties.

she couldn't get back to the ranch-house fast enough.

It was there in that wilderness ranch-house that their four daughters were born and reared. Later each of them were to get their degrees from the University of Washington.

The Huelsdonks seemed well-fitted to wrest a living from the wilderness. They were able to take the rigors of life in the primitive backwoods as a way of life. They took in their stride everything nature could devise to deter them. They fought against the predation of wolves and cougars; they fought the wilderness and yet learned to love it deeply.

John called himself a rancher. He hewed from the forest some 180 acres of land on which he raised beef cattle, as this was about the only "crop" that could be sold for cash. In order to protect his cattle against the predation of wolves and the big cats he became a hunter as well. It was as a hunter and a mountain man that Huelsdonk's fame spread across the Peninsula.

So Huelsdonk became a cougar hunter as well as a packer. He hunted the big cats for their bounty, which was as high as seventy-five dollars at times. If there was no bounty on them, he would still have hunted them; to him they embodied all that was pure cussedness.

Once he killed four cougars in the space of one day. But even the Iron Man conceded that this was a bit of luck; he found the cougars feeding on the carcass of a bull elk along the Snahappish Trail.

Huelsdonk was a loner in his cougar hunting as there were few men who could keep up with his grueling pace. With him on these hunts, of course, were his cougar dogs - - big, half hound, half some other breed, trained to follow and tree the big cats. Without the dogs it would have been next to impossible to bag a cougar.

Once Huelsdonk had a hand-to-hand encounter with a cougar. Luckily, it was one of those times that he was hunting with his friend and neighbor, Pete Brandeburry. This hunt had all of the action of an old Mack Sennett movie script except it wasn't intended to be funny.

The two ranchers had been hunting all day for a big cat that had been playing hob with their cattle, with very little luck in picking up its spoor. Just as the sun was setting beyond the tree-clad hills to the west, their dogs raised the cougar. The two men heard their baying and yowling as "sweet mountain music".

By the time the dogs had that cat treed, it was already dark -- black night, without a moon to cut the stygian shadows. The two hunters could hardly make out a deeper, black shadow on the limb some twenty feet up the

(continued on page 50)

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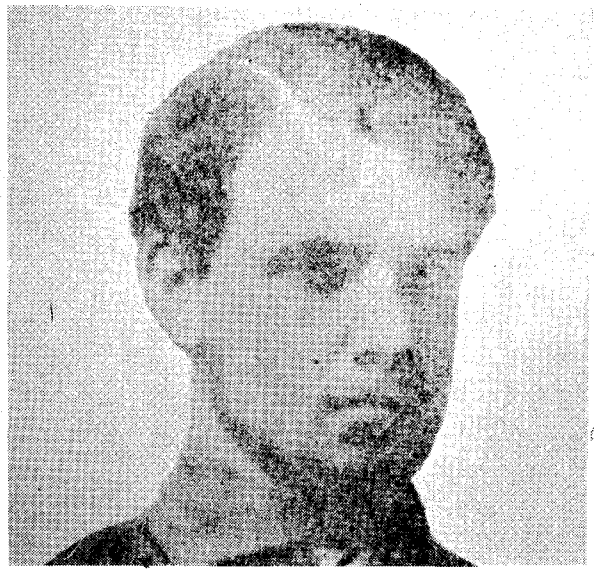
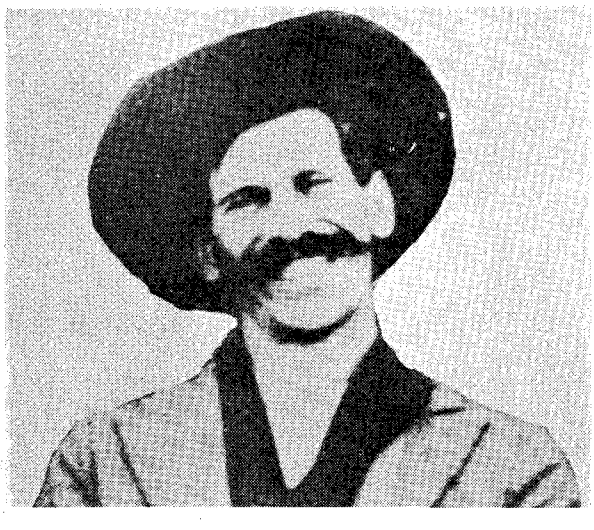
The MONSTER of PALO FLECHADO

All other infamous murderers pale before this monster who had butchered forty innocent travelers by the time he was finally brought to justice.



All photos from the author

Clay Allison (above) who was instrumental in the lynching of Charles Kennedy, the mass murderer of Palo Flechado Pass. Shown below is Jose Cortez who barely escaped the monster's clutches.



An October day in 1868 drew to a close. Two grizzled prospectors entered Palo Flechado Pass, New Mexico, watering horses and pack burros at the springs. Gold had been discovered on the Maxwell Land Grant in northeastern New Mexico the year before. Having panned a scad, the pair proposed enjoying themselves that winter in Taos.

While they talked and admired the beautiful mountain pass scenery on the Cimarron-Taos road, glacial blue eyes studied them from concealing timber. Their appearance and what he heard convinced Charles Kennedy they were wealthy victims suitable for his death trap.

The man who was to become the monster of Palo Flechado stepped out briskly, greeting them boisterously, "Howdy, gents! Passing through?"

Cautiously admitting they were, the prospectors surveyed the man of fifty-five. Tall, rawboned and wide of barrel, the tobacco-stained be-whiskered individual had a shifty expression on his face. But he made himself so agreeable, relating how he was a mountain man in his youth, they unwisely overlooked his general repulsiveness. That mistake sealed their fates.

"Say, now," Kennedy shut off his effusiveness, "it's nigh onto night. You can't go much farther, and we don't get company often in these parts."

The prospectors accepted his invitation to throw in with him. Then they came in for a stunning surprise after leading their stock through a stand of heavy timber. The ex-mountain man had no *camp*. Against the north slopes of the pass stood a heavy log house of three rooms. The almost flat roof, unpeeled logs, a thick-walled chimney, heavy front door and barred windows created the appearance of a blockhouse fort. To the right, at the foot of the timbered slope, stood a pole corral, a mow filled with wild hay and a log barn.

Kennedy maintained a running stream of talk while putting their stock away to feed. If at times his sly eyes feasted covetously on their two good horses and burros, the fact was missed by the prospectors.

As dusk drew down, they entered the house where a comely Ute Indian woman was cooking at the fireplace. In one corner a four-year-old boy, obviously the couple's offspring, played on the puncheon floor.

"My woman is a good cook!" Kennedy declared guffawingly.

She was soon placing a bounteous meal on the table.

By Calico Jones

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Not eating with the men, she took away the boy and withdrew silently into another room. Kennedy kept his visitors entertained, finishing before they did. Rising, he insisted they have another generous helping of roasted meat.

While the prospectors bent appreciatingly over their plates with their back to him, he drew a sixgun and shot both through the back of the head. After the bodies toppled from the crude chairs to the floor, he searched them. From one came three buckskin pokes of raw gold, two from the other. Their clothing not being worth resale, he did not strip the corpses. They were dragged outside the rear wall to be burned in the morning.

While the woman cleaned the little blood off the floor, he went to the barn, gloating over valuable stock now in his possession. They would fetch a nice price.

These were not his first wanton murders nor his last. His selection of a site for a murder "inn" proved a good one. Travellers from nowhere, whose welfare was not likely to be inquired about later, were always coming through. Kennedy arrived in the pass before the discovery of gold, bringing the Indian woman taken by force as his slave. The baby was then a year or so old.

His uncouth, dirty appearance made him look like the cruel murderer that he actually was. On infrequent trips by wagon to Elizabethtown for supplies, his unwashed vileness made him suspect of being an unsavory character. The woman acted curiously too, never leaving the wagon with the boy. Most of it was put down to habitual Indian stolidness. Not asking questions of people was considered a virtue in those parts. The man always had large sums of money and raw gold on him. Buying supplies, no one voiced curiosity about where he obtained it, though all the storekeepers knew him to be a squatter in Palo Flechado. Several times he was suspected of stealing stock, as he drove horses with varying brands to town. Still, no one bothered inquiring into the matter.

In the pass he sold butchered beef to wayfarers, which he claimed was his own. Regular travellers on the Cimarron-Taos road seldom saw him. Mexicans, stockmen and large groups of people were let strictly alone. Not running a public inn, he carefully selected his victims to partake of his deadly hospitality. The murdering Benders of Kansas were pikers compared to this ruthless butcherer of human beings.

One of his early victims was known to have disappeared in the pass. Why this fact failed to arouse public suspicion remains unknown. He was Bent Brown, enroute form Texas to Taos and points west. Pausing in Cimarron long enough to buy supplies, he bought a few drinks in saloons. One such place was Jerry Lambert's Hotel Bar. There he made himself known and stated his business.

He departed in a good wagon drawn by four fine horses. A Mexican arriving off the road described him as watering his stock at the pass springs. That night late when he returned west, Brown was camped nowhere on the road. This curious circumstance the Mexican also reported.

Brown had been invited by Kennedy to throw in with him. That night at the supper table a hammer blow on the back of the head felled him. A heavy square door in the floor was raised this time, and the body dropped into a cellar to await casual disposal later.

The wagon was sold west in a Mexican village, along with two of the horses. The best team Kennedy kept for himself, using it the next trip to Elizabethtown. A man over from Cimarron who had talked to Brown "thought" the Texas brands on the team had been his. His open suspicion caused Kennedy to dispose of the horses and he was not seen with them again.

The year 1869 was a good one for the inhuman Kennedy.

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Cimarron, New Mexico, where Charles Kennedy's head was displayed on a pole as a warning to other desperadoes.

Thousands of prospectors had stampeded into the Maxwell Land Grant. Many of them went out by the pass. That late summer at least fifteen accepted his queer hospitality, vanishing into the limbo of the lost.

Prospectors Jim Goff and Henry Tailman stopped to water their mounts at the springs just after midday. Kennedy accosted them with his usual hearty invitation to rest over as his guests. Their stock was placed in the barn.

"I'll tell the old woman to stir up a bit of grub," Kennedy volunteered.

"We done et back on the trail," Goff replied. "'Spect we can wait for supper time."

Since they were not going to be inveigled into a position to be killed soon, Kennedy unearthed a jug of whiskey in the hay pile. The two took long swigs from it, It was their last drinks on earth. Bashing in the head of one with a forge hammer, Kennedy shot the other as he wheeled around, attracted by gasps from his dying partner.

Several weeks later two other prospectors passed through Elizabethtown and down the trail to Taos. Five days later they were back, searching for Goff and Tailman. They told Deputy Sheriff Felix Sanchez the two failed to reach Taos where the four men were supposed to meet. Sanchez could offer them no encouragement. After all, roving prospectors such as they might have changed their minds and gone elsewhere. No further trace of the men was sought.

Jose Cortez was one of the very few ever allowed to stay over at Kennedy's and live. He worked there occasionally, cutting wild hay and chopping a supply of wood.

In a particular case Kennedy encountered a prospector who bragged about striking rich pay dirt near Virginia City. Slavering for his blood, the monster grew overly anxious and too eager. He carried out his evil design well knowing Cortez would be present.

His cagey victim was shot after supper. He had refused to stay in the house, and left the front door to go to his camp beyond the barn. As he stepped into the night, a bullet in the head killed him. Cortez was in the room watching with the woman and boy.

"You saw it, so you're gonna bury him" Kennedy snarled at the astounded Cortez. "Fetch a pick and shovel!"

The shaking Mexican departed, wordless, ostensibly for the tools. Once a few trees stood between him and the suddenly revealed wanton killer, he took off running. Reaching his native village at Agua Fria, he hid out for many weeks in fear the monster would come to kill him.

A few days later a wandering horse trader fell into the killer's vile web. He appeared with a small pack train and extra horses. Very shortly he swapped for two stolen animals. Then Kennedy offered to sell him four others so cheap that the trader's hands shook in eagerness reaching inside his shirt for a money belt. The pockets stuffed with yellow gold coins and currency bugged out Kennedy's shifty eyes.

Becoming even more agreeable, he offered other advantageous trades to keep him around for butchering. That night at the table, when he swung a hammer from behind, he missed. Probably because of the steady, unblinking eyes of the woman looking past him at something else the trader drew warning. Whatever it was, he shifted suddenly on the chair. The blow slid off his right shoulder, numbing it. Squalling loudly, he leaped for the door and took off, sprinting into the night for his life.

In hot pursuit Kennedy did not overtake him until

(continued on page 53)

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The troops of Custer, sabre-swinging, carbine-shooting warriors of the West. We have often read of their battles, dangers, victories and eventual defeat at Little Big Horn. But this is about a different kind of soldier and a different type of valor; of three men who were responsible for seven hundred...

SURGEONS of the SEVENTH

by Robert J. Ege

National Archives

General George A. Custer

If the Seventh United States Regiment of Cavalry intended to fight Indians during the summer expedition of 1876, it is apparent that the three-man medical contingent accompanying the more than 700 soldiers were ill-advised as to the possibility of the Indians returning the compliment. When the first shots split the serenity of the valley of the Little Big Horn, no medical assignments were apparent -- the three surgeons in the field with the regiment were ill-equipped, unadvised and practically unprepared to cope with the herculean task that was so soon to confront them.

The date, June 25, 1876, was eleven long and supposedly progressive years following the cessation of hostilities of the Civil War. During the Rebellion, some 300,000 Union militiamen had lost their lives. Confederate Army action accounted for but one-third of the fatalities; the balance was due to disease. The number of wounds and injuries reported totalled about 400,000 as compared to nearly 6,000,000 cases of sickness. Startling as these figures appear, they were a great improvement over those of the Mexican War, where ten men had died of varied illnesses for every man killed by the enemy.

It has been said that the sickness and mortality statistics of the Civil War were clouded by ignorance, stupidity, inefficiency and jealousy within the ranks of the army's medical division - a branch of the service that began its war time activities with only 98 officers. Experience was evidently a poor teacher. In 1876, General George A. Custer entered hostilities against the Sioux and Cheyenne hordes accompanied by only three men of the medical profession. Or, one medic to care for the battle needs of each 250 men in the regiment. One, Lieutenant George Edwin Lord, the Assistant Surgeon and the only regular member of the medical corps, was so sickly on the trip that he barely made it to the battlefield. The other two, Acting Assistant Surgeons Henry R. Porter and James M. DeWolf, were civilians, evidently

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Dept. of the Interior,
Custer Battlefield
National Monument

Assistant Surgeon George E. Lord. Missing and presumed "killed in action" with the Custer battalion of June 25, 1876. A controversy has long existed as to whether his remains were ever identified. In all probability, the truth regarding his interment will never be determined.

Henry R. Porter. A civilian contract surgeon with the Reno battalion at the Little Big Horn. Porter was the only medical man to survive the fighting of June 25, 1876. In a crude field hospital atop Reno Hill, he performed surgical feats and exhibited a dedication to duty second to none who took part in '76 campaign.

stricken by the lure of adventure, who contracted their services to the expedition for $125 per month.

And how were they equipped? There were no ambulances on the expedition into the rugged country. Although there was widespread use of anesthetics during the war between the states -- morphine powder and pills and even the rudimentary ethers and chloroforms -- Dr. Henry Porter, 28 years of age and fresh out of a Bismarck drug store, was forced to perform two major amputations on the second day of the battle. His patients, both of whom survived, were afforded the doubtful comforts of a "stiff horn of brandy" prior to surgery. There were no stretchers, and the only implements of the battlefield surgeon's trade were the instruments carried in the doctor's pocket case. And, mind you, this was nearly eleven years following the vast and bloody experiences of the medical department during the Rebellion.

All of the aforementioned is not intended to be uncomplimentary to the three gallant and dutiful soldier-doctors who served with the Seventh. Their skilled and willing hands were obviously bound by the budget woes and administrative red-tape of that turbulent era. General Custer and his Seventh Cavalry were but one wing of a three-pronged attack that was launched on May 17, 1876. General Alfred H. Terry, who accompanied Colonel John Gibbon's Montana column, was the major-domo of Custer's twelve troops. Assistant Surgeon John W. Williams was the Chief Medical Officer on General Terry's staff. If the three surgeons with Custer were in short supply, it was undoubtedly the result of William's short-sightedness.

Taking care of the wounded during the Indian Wars was always a major problem. The majority of the engagements between white men and red took place in unbelievably isolated areas. Although infantry troops were often transported to the combat scene in heavy wagons which could be converted to use as field ambulances, the same was not true of the highly mobile cavalry. Usually without the encumbance of wagons, casualties incurred by the cavaliers, those unable to ride or walk, were transported on crude travois, such as those used by nomadic bands of Indians. At best they were a miserable excuse for transportation, completely lacking in comfort for their unfortunate passengers. It is indeed ironic that General Terry's last words to General Custer, when their commands parted at the juncture of Rosebud Creek and the Yellowstone River, were: "For God's sake, Custer, take care of your wounded." Paradoxical? The flamboyant young commander of the Seventh, had he known the lack of medical supplies, could have replied: "With what?"

On the morning of June 25, 1876, Custer's command had reached the divide between the valley of the Rosebud and that of the Little Big Horn River. What followed is

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A romanticized version of Custer's Last Stand from the famous painting by Otto Becker.

history. The Custer and Reno battalions, after marching in parallel for several miles, were disengaged when Reno was ordered across the river. In a matter of minutes Custer turned abruptly to the right and guided his column over a line of bluffs east of the river and into oblivion.

Later reports on subsequent activities range from controversial to paradoxical. Major Reno, as he had been ordered, crossed the Little Big Horn and after re-forming his command proceeded at a brisk pace -- an "alternate trot and gallop", as he later described it -- toward the now discernable perimeter of the Indian camp. The warriors, now alertèd to the coming of the soldiers, undoubtedly offered some degree of resistance in defense of their families. Following the battle, on July 5, 1876, Reno reported his advance to General Terry as a "charge" down the valley.

It might be noted that Reno, after advancing to within 800 - 1,000 yards of the hostile encampment, formed a dismounted skirmish line across the valley in order to fire into the village or at least at the few defenders who presented themselves to discourage his assault. Although no casualties were suffered on this line, Reno for some reason abandoned the position in favor of one in the timber on the west bank of the river.

Shortly after the timber stand was taken, Private Henry Klotzbucher, still mounted, was struck in the abdomen by a hostile bullet. The heavy slug unsaddled the unfortunate trooper and his sudden scream of pain brought Dr. Henry Porter to his side. Things were now happening fast. The doctor clad in a light colored linen duster became an immediate target for an Indian volley. Custer's chief white scout, Charles A. "Lonesome Charlie" Reynolds, riding this day with Reno's men, was returning the enemy fire a scant few yards from Porter's exposed figure. Sensing the danger and quick to respond, Reynolds stood up and yelled, "Look out, Doc, those damn Indians are shootin' at you." Porter quickly assumed a position on the ground beside the dying Klotzbucher and later credited the intrepid Reynolds with saving his life. Reynolds was not so fortunate. A few minutes later, a bullet from a Sioux rifle ended his colorful frontier career. More than sixty expended cartridge cases were found around the scout's headless and horribly mutilated corpse two days later.

A short distance away Major Reno was undergoing a transformation that converted him from a cavalry leader, if he ever was one, to a panic-stricken, confused poltroon. If he was ever attempting to regain his composure, the effort was short-lived. A well-placed Indian bullet found its mark in the broad forehead of Custer's favorite Arickara scout, Bloody Knife, killing him instantly. The missile sent blood and other residue into the face and over the clothes of the hapless major. It was the final straw. Shouting confused commands of "mount" and "dismount", Reno led his troops, at least the ones who heard the command and weren't wounded, in a wildly galloping exodus from the timber. Many were left behind The Indians on the attack fell back. To them the rout at first resembled a charge. They allowed the troopers to pass but soon, realizing the actual meaning of the

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movement, promptly rode alongside the frantic soldiers and clubbed or shot several of them from their saddles. As one Indian woman later described, "Many young boys killed many armed soldiers." Reno's route was back up the valley from which he had come and across a ford on an old buffalo trail and to the heights of some bluffs on the east side of the river.

Dr. Porter had remained with Pvt. Klotzbucher until that soldier breathed his last. Suddenly he realized the danger of his position and thought, "What the hell, everybody is leaving." He looked about for his orderly but that man, too, had caught the Reno fever and the doctor was left unarmed to fend for himself. His horse was near at hand but was so frenzied by the turmoil of battle that the doctor couldn't mount him. He hung onto the reins and walked out of the shelter of the timber. To his dying day Porter could never explain how he got to the river ford. He clearly recalls shouting and whooping warriors riding by within ten feet of him. His best explanation is that it was due to the dust, or that possibly the Sioux, in their frantic haste to get to the bulk of the soldiers, who were jamming the ford in a frantic attempt to escape the onrushing red wave, simply overlooked him. It was a miraculous escape. As he neared the ford the doctor, with a supreme effort, managed to mount the plunging horse. For some obscure reason it followed the others, and Porter, hanging on for dear life, was carried unscathed across the river.

Dr. James M. DeWolf also made it safely across the river but with his orderly made a mistake after crossing that was to prove fatal. It is apparent that the old buffalo trail ravine that provided an escape route from the holocaust was so congested by stampeding troops when DeWolf reached it that he sought a clearer flight by turning left into a smaller ravine that appeared to parallel the other. It was a topographical illusion. This deadly bit of depressed real estate carried DeWolf and his orderly to some lower bluffs several hundred yards north of the command. Lieutenant George Wallace of "G" company and several other troopers observed DeWolf closely pursued by rapidly closing Indians. They fired in an effort to dissuade the Sioux, but the range was too great and their fire ineffective.

After caring for the wounded, Dr. Porter went down to where DeWolf was last seen and found the remains of his fellow-medic. He removed the personal possessions from the body and returned with them to Reno's position on the hill.

Later, the doctor penned a letter to the widow of his deceased companion:

"Camp on the Mouth of the Big Horn River,
Montana Territory, June 28th, 1876.

I was just behind him as we crossed the river. I saw him safe across and then he turned up a ravine a little to my left, which was the last I saw of my friend and companion - alive. As soon as we reached the bluff, I found he was missing and soon found his body which I had buried the next day. I know it will be a great relief to you when I say that his body was not mutilated

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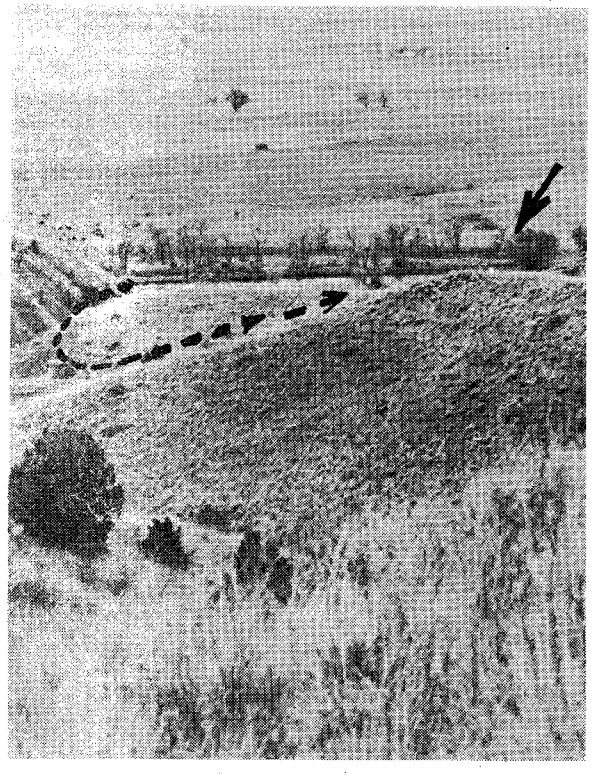
in the least -- that he was not scalped or his clothes even taken. The Indians had stolen his revolver but not troubled him otherwise.....

In this letter Mrs. DeWolf was spared the knowledge that the Indians had indeed stolen his revolver, but before leaving, the warrior who got it counted a horrible coup by emptying all six shells into the doctor's head and face. The prior wound, the one that took his life, was an abdominal wound.

Practically all of DeWolf's life had been spent in some capacity with the military. At the age of 17, he joined the Pennsylvania Light Artillery and served until wounded on August 30, 1862. He was discharged and pensioned but on September 5, 1864, resigned his pension and returned to service with the same organization until his discharge on June 14, 1865.

Subsequent enlistments in the regular army followed and the medically-inclined private was promoted to Hospital Steward less than a year following his October, 1865 enlistment. Pursuant to his request, and accompanied by favorable recommendations from surgeons under whom he had served, Hospital Steward James M. DeWolf was transferred from the frontier to the Department of the East and subsequently to the Watertown Arsenal at Watertown, Massachusetts. From here and in realization of a long standing ambition, DeWolf entered Harvard Medical School. He maintained his military duties and on June 26, 1875 received his M.D. degree from Harvard.

While on the 1876 expedition, DeWolf wrote several lengthy letters to his wife. The following, depicting the apparent ease with which DeWolf adapted to the rigors of an Indian campaign, was written on the night of the Seventh Cavalry's departure from Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory.



Robert J. Ege Historical Collection

The arrow indicates the marker where Dr. James M. DeWolf and his orderly, Pvt. Elihu F. Clear of "K" Co. were struck down and killed by the Sioux on June 25, 1876. The dotted line indicates their intended escape route. The place is about 200 yards north of the ravine used by most of Reno's battalion in their frantic flight to reach the bluffs. In some manner, DeWolf and Clear became separated from the command.

Camp on Hart or Heart River
May 17, 1876.

Darling wife:

I am enjoying the march first rate & expect we shall have a nice time as can be had in the field I have my tent put up and taken down my bed made, horse saddled & (by his orderly) and have a quart of nice whiskey in my valise in case of need. The ground is getting warm & dry to lie on I have my coat and rubber leggins in case of rain, a tolerable saddle & horse ----------from your loving Husband J.M. DeWolf

Dr. DeWolf's final letter to his wife was written on June 21, 1876, just four days prior to his untimely death. An ironic portion of that letter is quoted:

"Yellowstone, Mouth of Rosebud Creek"
June 21st 76

Darling wife:

---------I and Dr Porter messed together and had a nice time; have just been getting a supply for the next scout. The Commissary is a very good supply on the boat (Far West). We found no Indians, not one--all old trails. They seem to be moving west and are driving the Buffalo. I think it is very clear that we shall not see an Indian this summer.....We shall start tomorrow or next day. We usually start at 5 AM and march until 1 or 2 PM which is not hard and is fun when there is any trail but I fear we shall not find even a sign that is new this time. It is believed that the Indians have scattered & gone back to their reservations.
----------from your loving Hub
J M De Wolf

The final entry in the doctor's diary, returned to Mrs. DeWolf by Dr. Porter, was a bit more ominous:

June 24 5 A. M. to 7 P. M. 3 hour halt. marched 10 miles & found a large branch nearly as large as mainstream (Rosebud Creek) found another 7 miles beyond marched within a few miles of the forks found lots of new signs old camps in profusion they begin not to be so high.

In June of 1877, Dr. DeWolf's remains were disinterred from the desolation of the Montana field and, along with the bodies of several other officers killed in the engagement, were shipped to Fort Abraham Lincoln, D. T. At the fort the remains were placed in a metallic casket and shipped to Norwalk, Ohio where they were reinterred at Woodlawn Cemetery. Capt. Michael V. Sheridan, who was in charge of the re-burial party at the Little Big Horn, snipped a lock of hair from the head of the body and a button from the doctor's vest which he mailed as mementos to Mrs. DeWolf.

Back atop Reno's hill, where his soundly battered remnants had hastily dug in to repel a renewed assault by the Indians, Dr. Porter, with the aid of Lieut. Edward G. Mathey of "M" company, threw together as best they could a crude field hospital. On the next day its occupants would swell from the original ten to fifty cases under treatment. The shelter, such as it was, was constructed of pack-boxes, aparejos, and other such impedimenta as would afford some shelter for the wounded. The horses and mules of the command were picketed around the shallow depression of the hospital to lend their bodies as protection to the suffering men.

The dawn of June 26th and the long range firing by the Indians broke simultaneously. It would continue all day. Fortunately for the men on Reno Hill, the Sioux and Cheyenne warriors had achieved a great victory.

(continued on page 56)

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Where is the GRAVE of SACAJAWEA

All photos from the author.

Sacajawea has been immortalized many times in statuary. The above was executed by Jessie Lincoln Mitchell of Sacramento, California.

Fort Washakie, Wyoming or Fort Manuel, South Dakota? Which of these historic sites is the resting place of the Lewis and Clark guardian angel?

By Helen Clark

Western Americana is replete with unresolved puzzles and interesting questions as yet unanswered. One of the most enduring concerns the whereabouts of the grave of Sacajawea, the Indian woman guide and interpreter of the historic Lewis and Clark Expedition, whose name will no doubt be remembered as long as those of the leaders of that monumental trek. Her Indian name, however, is one of the few positive items that all authorities agree upon, and even that is the subject of controversy when it comes to its translation. Some say it means "Bird Woman"; others strongly dispute this. Other general information concerning her, like an artist's rough outline sketch, is more or less concurred with by various authorities, but when details and specifics are introduced, there the camp is divided.

Scanty facts about her early life are more or less agreed upon. She was captured at an early age (nine or ten) by Minnetaree Indians and taken from her Montana homeland to Missouri. There she worked as a slave for her captors for some time until she caught the interest of a French trapper, Charbonneau, who bought her by purchase or trade. She remained with him and upon reaching maturity (probably age thirteen) became his wife. This relationship came about without ceremony in the rough and accepted manner practiced by man at that time.

When Charbonneau was hired by Lewis and Clark as guide and interpreter for their expedition, Sacajawea was selected to accompany them. This is evidently not to be interpreted as a signal mark of affection on the part of Charbonneau (although that polygamous gentleman left two other "wives" behind). The facts apparently are that, of the other two women, one was pregnant and the other was assigned to remain and care for her. Besides, the expedition would eventually travel through the rough Montana country, Sacajawea's homeland, where her intimate knowledge of the area and her facility with the native dialects would prove extremely useful. Her talents in these two subjects were fully utilized and did turn out to be invaluable.

But even exceeding these contributions, and others of like practical value, was her preservation of the expedition's morale as attested by numerous references in the journals of the members who, with an eye to history, kept such records. They, without exception, praised her for her courage and resourcefulness. It can be assumed that during times of stress, danger and disappointment her calm demeanor and fearless deportment shamed them into acting like men again. This is all the more amazing when it is realized that, unlike the male members who had only themselves (in the final analysis) to worry about, Sacajawea had the care of two children - one, Baptiste, child of her man Charbonneau, born during the journey, and the other, Bazil, son of her sister, whom Sacajawea adopted on her way to the Pacific when she learned that her sister had died.

An interesting sidelight is the fact that Lewis and Clark insisted upon a wedding between Charbonneau and Sacajawea the week before the birth of Baptiste. In addition to a tardy observance of the conventions, it is highly probable that the ceremony was performed to impress upon the men of the expedition that Sacajawea belonged legally to Charbonneau. All of her biographers state that she was very comely and the wedding no doubt served to keep unwanted appreciation at a respectable distance.

We know that she lived and what she accomplished, through historical records still extant. The question of where she is buried is yet to be resolved. There are two schools of thought regarding her final resting place. One states that she died of putrid fever at Fort Manuel near Kenel, South Dakota and it is there she lies. The

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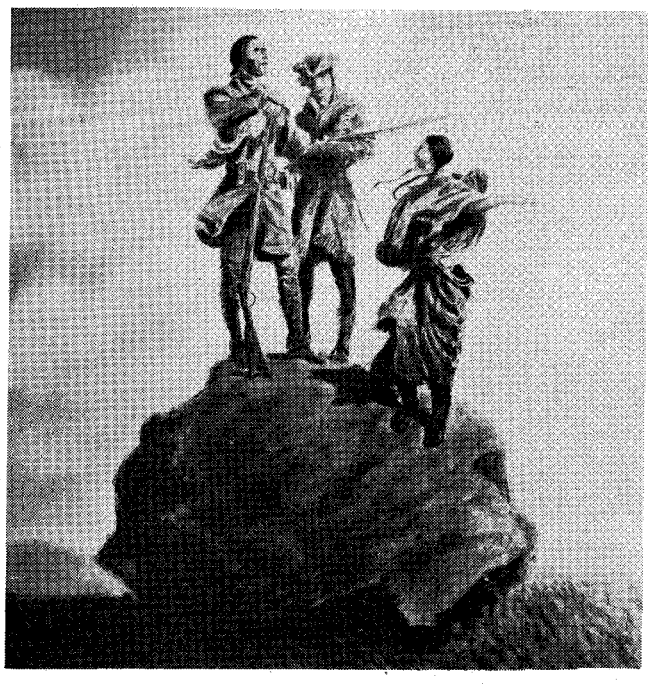


Bronze statues executed by Henry Lion from sketches and prints prepared by Charles Russell depicting Sacajawea's role in the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

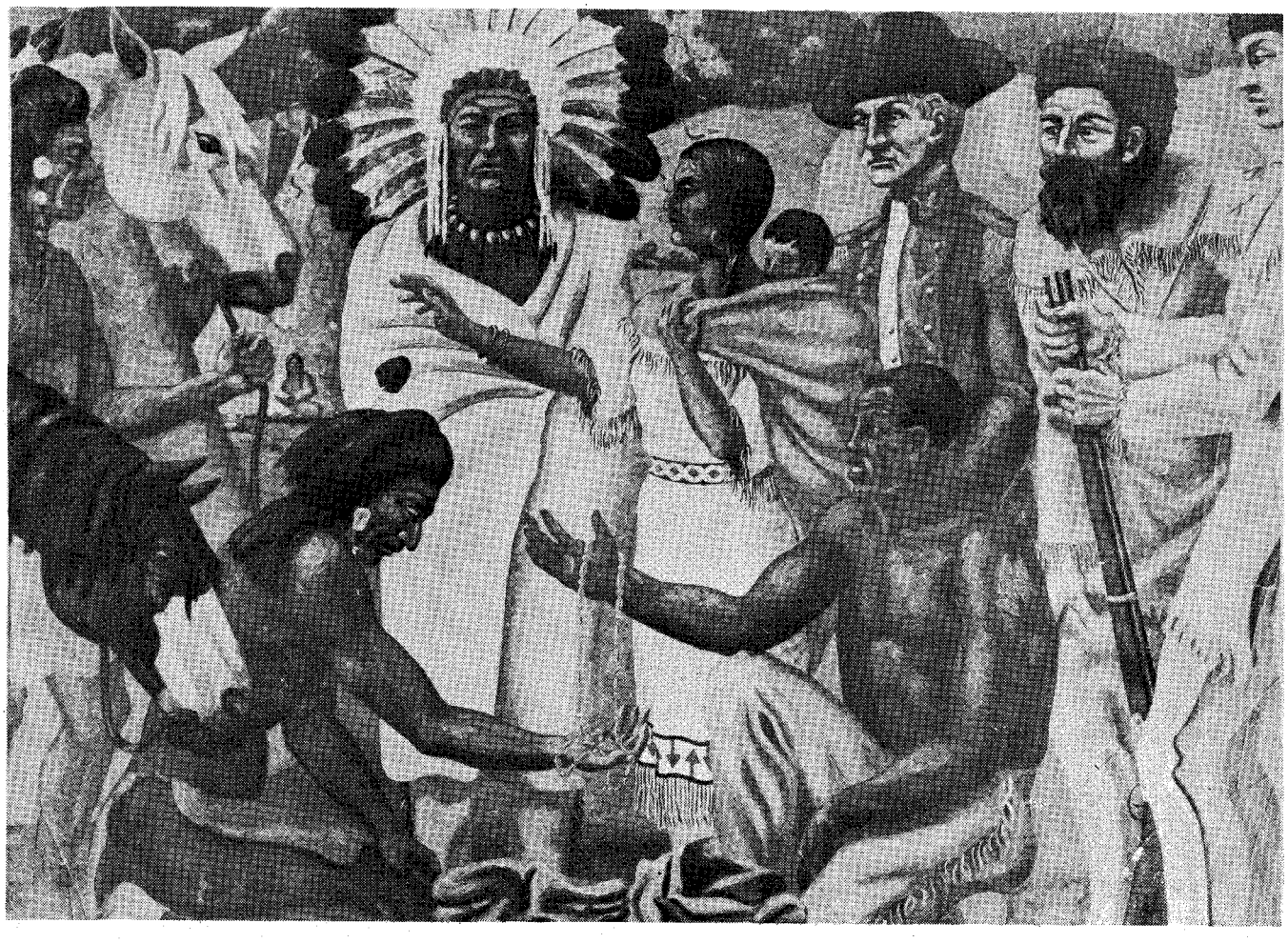
other just as vehemently says that she is interred at the Shoshone burial site near Fort Washakie in central Wyoming.

An important bit of evidence supporting the Fort Manuel site comes from a Judge Henry M. Brackenridge who, on April 2, 1811, while a passenger aboard a steamboat steaming up the Missouri, made this entry in his journal:

"We have on board a Frenchman named Charbonneau, with his wife, an Indian of the Snake nation, both of whom accompanied Lewis and Clark to the Pacific and were of great service. The woman, a good creature, of a mild and gentle disposition, is greatly attached to the whites, whose manners and dress she has tried to imitate, but she became sickly and longed to revisit her native country; her husband also, who has spent many years among the Indians, became weary of civilized life."

Although Judge Brackenridge did not refer to the woman by name, this entry is highly important to the Fort Manuel advocates, for they note the significant identification of the Snake (Shoshone) woman as one who "had accompanied Lewis and Clark to the Pacific...". Since the steamboat on which the worthy Judge and the Frenchman and his Indian wife were travelling had as its immediate destination Fort Manuel, the following journal entry, made by one John C. Luttig, a clerk at Fort Manuel, under the date of December 20, 1812, is of equal significance and, when coupled with the Judge's note, would seem to clinch it for the Fort Manuel partisans:

"This evening the wife of Charbonneau, a Snake squaw, died of putrid fever; she was a good and the best woman



The meeting of Lewis and Clark with Chief Cameahwait, Sacajawea's brother. Sacajawea is seen with her infant son strapped to her back on a cradle board. The original of the painting by John Snook, Jr. is in the city hall of Salmon, Idaho.

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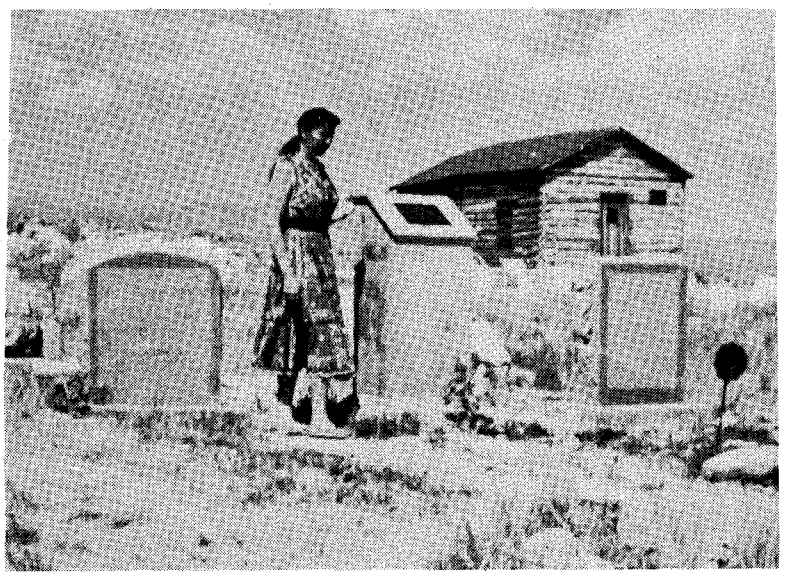

The author Helen Clark stands at Sacajawea's grave-site at the Shoshone Agency cemetery near Fort Washakie in Central Wyoming.

in the fort, aged about 25 years; she left a fine infant girl."

Let us investigate the claims of the Fort Washakie champions. They freely admit the veracity of the journal entries of Judge Brackenridge and Clerk John Luttig - Charbonneau was on the steamboat, his wife was with him, and later she died at Fort Manuel. BUT, they say, the woman in this case was NOT Sacajawea; she was another wife of the personable Charbonneau (who seems to have had no trouble at all in securing wives). She was, they say, a woman of the same tribe as Sacajawea, named Otter Woman, possibly one of the two left behind at the start of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

Some support is given this claim by Bonnie Hunter in her book, "THESE AMERICANS IN MOCCASINS". She says, "It is a known fact that Charbonneau had several wives. Even the Lewis and Clark journals, and those kept by several of the other men of the expedition, refer to Charbonneau's 'women'. He brought three of his wives with him to the first big Christmas party the expedition held at Fort Mandan, the only Indians permitted to attend that particular celebration. We know that two of those women belonged to the Shoshone or Snake Indian nation; one was Sacajawea, the other was Otter Woman."

So, says the Fort Washakie team, it was one of his other wives that died at Fort Manuel. They elaborate this point further. Baptiste, the infant born on the expedition, won the affection of Captain William Clark to such an extent that he insisted on overseeing his education. Since St. Louis was where he settled, Charbonneau, Sacajawea and Baptiste went there to live while Clark monitored the education of their son.

After some time Charbonneau wearied of civilization and again headed westward in the company of an Indian woman - NOT, they insist, Sacajawea, but Otter Woman. Otter Woman was on the steamboat with him; Otter Woman died a year later at Fort Manuel, leaving an infant daughter.

This infant daughter, records show, was taken by the previously mentioned clerk at Fort Manuel, John Luttig, to St. Louis to arrange for guardianship. If it was Sacajawea who had died at Fort Manuel, why was not Baptiste also presented for guardianship? Because (say the Fort Washakie exponents) Sacajawea was NOT dead; she was at St. Louis with Baptiste and Captain Clark. If it was Sacajawea who died at Fort Manuel, it means that she left her young son Baptiste at St. Louis. This is hardly believable, and they offer the following statement of Dr. Charles A. Eastman who was engaged by the United States government to investigate this matter:

"The court records show that Baptiste, the child of Sacajawea, was conspicuously absent. This means that Baptiste had been retained in St. Louis when Charbonneau and his other Snake wife had gone back to the Indian country. Baptiste was too young to be separated from his mother, and my knowledge of the Indian mother's traits and habits is such that she would not have permitted to be separated from her child at that age, especially in those times. It would have been impossible for Clark to retain Baptiste without his mother, but, as he determined either to adopt or educate the boy, the youngest member of the expedition across the continent, he had to provide for the Bird Woman in order to keep Baptiste in St. Louis so that he might see to his education. As he could not trust Charbonneau to take the child back up the Missouri, therefore he retained him, and that is why Baptiste was not mentioned in the Orphans' Court when Luttig applied for guardian."

Another feather in the war bonnet of the Fort Washakie warriors is the burial record made by the Rev. John Roberts, an Episcopalian minister who spent 60 years as a missionary among the Indians. Under a date of April 9, 1884, this gentleman noted that he buried an Indian woman at the Shoshone Burial Grounds. The following entries were made: age, 100; name, Bazil's mother; (Bazil was Sacajawea's sister's son's name); residence, the Agency; cause of death, old age; place of burial, the Agency burial ground. The significance of the entry "Bazil's mother" is strengthened by the fact that Bazil, the adopted son, and Baptiste, the true son, both acknowledged the aged crone as their mother.

The Rev. John Roberts, in correspondence years later with Dr. Grace Hebard (author of the book "SACAJAWEA"), said of the woman he buried:

"It was the age (100) given to me at the time, and I so made entry of it in our parish register of burials. She was not educated. She understood French well. Her sons both used French often...Her grandson told me that his father often told him that his mother carried him (the father) when a baby on her back when she showed the way to 'the first Washington' across the Crow Indian country to the big water toward the setting sun." It is significant that she was said to speak French well - or is it? Is it a coincidence that her two sons' names were Bazil and Baptiste, common French names? French trappers were numerous on the frontier in those days and took Indian wives. What about the grandson's mention of showing the way to the first Washington to the setting sun?

Sacajawea herself married again. She left Charbonneau, finally, after that gallant brought home another new wife, a Ute, and humiliated her by beating her in front of the new woman. The daughter resulting from this new (and we hope, happy) union of Sacajawea later testified that her mother was truly the Shoshone woman who accompanied Lewis and Clark.

The rest of the testimony favoring Fort Washakie is, legally, hearsay. But regardless of where she is buried, she was, by all accounts, an admirable woman, possessed of virtues worthy of imitation - strong physically and mentally, a good mother and wife, calm, self-possessed, courageous, long-suffering, resourceful, and gifted (if we agree with the Fort Washakie claim) with that most cherished of favors, longevity.

RW

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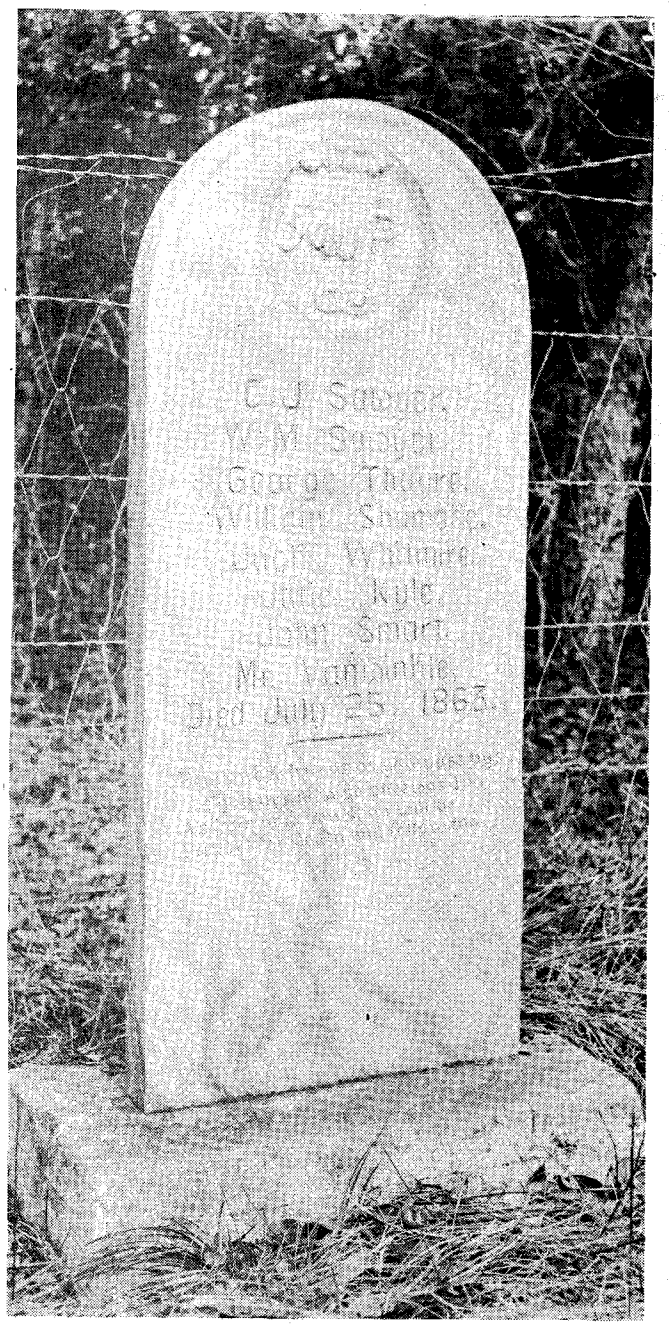

Headstone for the eight travelers who were hanged in Bandera County, Texas by members of the Confederate Army.

THE

The Civil War brought much injustice to the Western border country, but few cruel acts were as horrendous as this episode of deliberate inhumanity.

Although Texas history is filled with violence, there are few crimes which equal in savagery the senseless tragedy in the Bandera hills in 1863. This gruesome, cold-blooded murder of eight peaceable men and a boy horrified pioneer settlers of the area. "I have seen many foul crimes in my time," said one, "but this was the most revolting that I ever knew." Another man who viewed the scene of the massacre said angrily: "It was an outrage. They were murdered; yes, murdered in cold blood. Deliberately murdered without being given a chance for their lives." Although the atrocity occurred over one hundred years ago, it is still considered the blackest stain on the pages of Bandera county history.

When Texas seceded from the Union during the frenzy of the Civil War, Camp Verde, twelve miles north of Bandera, was occupied by Confederate troops. But the camp was isolated and far from any battle action. The soldiers chafed under the inaction and the dreary routine of unending drills and army discipline. "What the hell?" said one East Texas recruit, "I enlisted to fight a war, and damned if I ain't further from the fightin' than my wife is." Probably this savage boredom had a lot to do with the monstrous event that was to follow.

During the summer of 1863, a rumor swept the camp like a prairie fire. How much truth there was in it was never known. But it set the restless soldiers afire with a promise of some action at long last. There was, so went the gossip, a party of Texas "bushwhackers" passing through the country on their way to Mexico to avoid conscription. The soldiers' patriotic fervor blazed. "Let's get 'em," shouted a grizzled sergeant. "Any Texan who won't fight ain't fit to breath nohow." Soon, a troop of twenty-five men under the command of Major W. J. Alexander started in grim pursuit.

The small band of men had passed through Bandera several days before. But it was easy to pick up their trail. "They are well mounted, well armed and have plenty of food," said a storekeeper, "and they talked about going to Mexico because they did not care to become involved in the fight between the States; said when it was over, they would return to their homes and families in Williamson county." The merchant added quickly: "They seemed peaceable though. They broke no laws and paid for everything they got." But Major Alexander and his men paid no heed as they wheeled and galloped away.

At Hondo the trail was very fresh. Alexander followed it ten miles further to Squirrel Creek. There a tiny spiral of smoke revealed their quarry's camp fire. When the soldiers approached, the men had just finished their noonday meal and were sprawled on the grass resting. The major, swinging his saber, burst suddenly into the quiet clearing. "Surrender!" he shouted hoarsely. "We have you surrounded! There is no chance for escape!"

The astonished men made no effort to resist. As one, their hands shot skyward. The major added: "If you'll

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TRAGEDY of the BANDERA HILLS

By Fred Harrison

All photos from N.H. Rose Collection, Div. of Manuscripts, Library, Univ. of Oklahoma.

come quietly, I give my word that you will not be harmed and will have a fair trial by court martial at Camp Verde."

The leader of the band of men, Bill Sawyer by name, said: "We sure don't know what this is all about, Major. But your word is good enough for me. We ain't done nothing wrong, and we ain't afraid of a fair trial." He either didn't hear, or chose to ignore, the ominous mutterings of Alexander's men.

They started back to Camp Verde with their prisoners. All went well until the second night of the return trip. Then, as they were camped in the hills near Bandera, it happened. Open rebellion erupted among some of the soldiers. "We've decided to hang them Yankee lovers now," growled the leader of the mutiny. "There ain't no need to carry 'em back for a court martial where they might get off scot-free!"

It is not clear whether Major Alexander favored the summary execution, was intimidated or was merely weak. At any rate, he offered little resistance to the murder plan, and the prisoners were marched out some distance from the camp to a gnarled oak tree on a hillside. Some of the soldiers vehemently refused to take any part in the cowardly crime, and it was from them later that came the gruesome details, as well as the names of the guilty parties.

When it became evident that they must die, Bill Sawyer begged to be shot instead. His wish was granted and, firing from the hip, a soldier sent a bullet crashing into his body. But the careless shot produced only a flesh wound. Sawyer fell and writhed in agony on the ground. Another man, without removing the ramrod from his gun, placed the muzzle against the wounded man's body and pulled the trigger. A full charge of powder sent the ramrod ripping completely through Sawyer's body and deep into the ground beneath.

The remaining seven men were hanged one by one. Each man died slowly by strangulation as he was slowly drawn upwards. After death, the victim was let down and the rope cut, leaving the noose still about his neck. According to some versions the boy escaped. But it is probable that he too was killed later, at some other spot, as he was never heard of again.

After completing their grisly work, the soldiers came on to Bandera where they bragged that they had rid the country of some more bushwhackers. As proof they proudly exhibited their victims' horses, saddles, bedding, clothing and shoes.

The murdered mens contorted bodies were found the next day, and the vicious killing deeply shocked the entire countryside. An inquest was held on the spot and a verdict returned that: "We, the jury, find that these men were killed by Major W. J. Alexander's company." Then a grave was dug and the eight bodies laid into it and covered. But all who had viewed the tortured bodies swore that someday, somehow, the guilty parties would pay for their ghastly crime.

The opportunity came after the war ended. In 1866 District Judge C. H. Noonan, as a result of public pressure, ordered that a grand jury thoroughly investigate the incident. Later, an indictment was returned charging Alexander and the men who had participated in the hanging, with murder and highway robbery. But tracking down and bringing the guilty men to justice proved another matter. When the former soldiers learned that the law was looking for them, they promptly pulled stakes and left the country; Major Alexander vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed him. Not one of the murderers was ever brought to justice although one of them, Dan Malone, was killed at New Braunfels by officers while resisting arrest.

In an interview in 1922, Amasa Clark, one of the first settlers of Bandera County, said: "Oh yes, I remember the hanging of the Sawyers and those other men...When Mr. Poor brought word to Bandera that he had found their bodies, I went with him down there. When we arrived, a gruesome sight met our gaze. Some had been partly stripped. I heard afterward that some of the men

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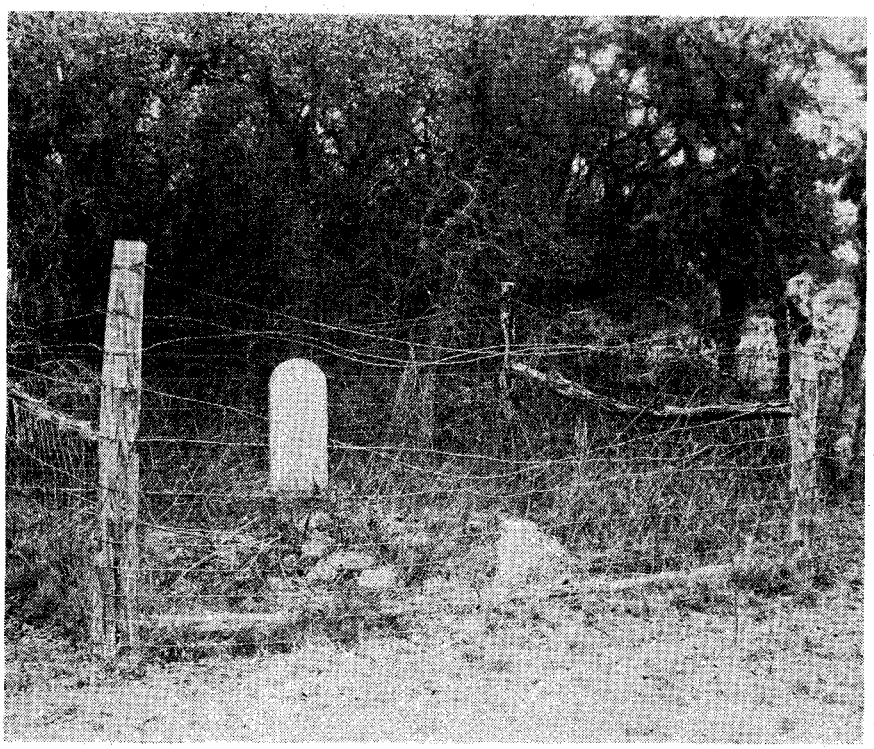
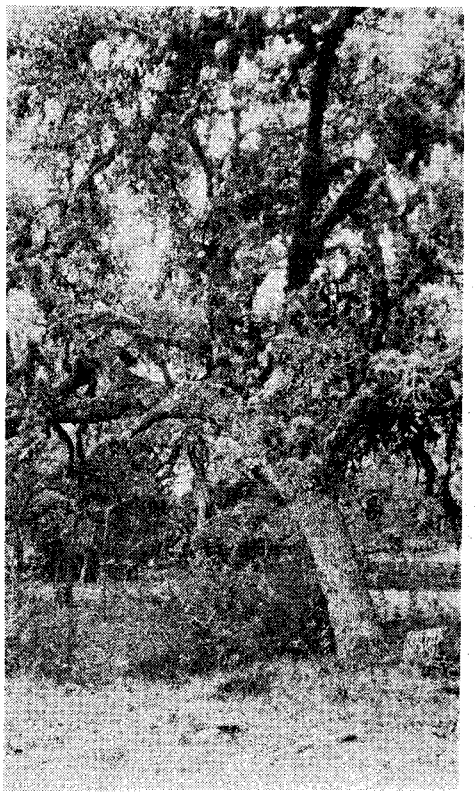


The single grave for the eight men who were unjustly hanged in Bandera County, Texas in 1863.



Oak tree from which C.J. Sawyer, W.M. Sawyer, George Thayre, William Shumahe, Jack Whitmire, Jake Kyle, John Smart and Mr. Vanwinkle were hanged on July 25, 1863.

who took part in the hanging had worn the clothes of their victims while passing through Bandera. There was a report that some of them gambled for the clothing the night of the murder, but I cannot vouch for this statement.

"This crime created a great deal of indignation here, but the citizens were powerless to do anything. The murdered men were strangers, peaceably passing through the country. They had committed no crime.

"After the war, diligent efforts were made to apprehend the guilty ones and bring them to justice, but without success. I knew several of them, but as soon as they were mustered out of the Confederate service, and before the civil courts were in good running order, they left the country.

"Now I do not charge this crime to Confederate soldiers. I do not believe a true Confederate would be guilty of such a heinous offense as deliberately putting to death an enemy without giving him every chance the law gives a man. I know the rules of warfare and how prisoners should be treated. Sawyer and his men were not treated as prisoners of war. They were hanged without trial, and it seems to me that robbery was the sole motive that prompted their execution....."

During the same year George Hay, then 86 years old, said of the hanging: "A party of us went out from Bandera as soon as we learned of the occurrence and found the bodies of those unfortunate men lying just as they had been cut down, pieces of the horsehair rope around each man's neck. They had all been strangled to death by the rope being placed over a limb and drawn up, possibly by somebody on horseback. One man, Bill Sawyer, was lying face down, shot through with a wooden ramrod which had passed entirely through his body and penetrated into the ground for at least ten or 12 inches. It was with great difficulty that I drew out this ramrod. Alexander's party passed through Bandera about eight o'clock one Sunday morning, and in just a little while Joseph Poor came with the news that he had found some murdered men down on the Julian. We buried them as best we could, and in giving our verdict at the inquest, we definitely placed the blame on Alexander's men, some of whom I knew, but they are all dead now."

John Pyka, another witness, said: "At that time I was just a lad....It was an awful spectacle; I'll never forget it. But I do not think these men had been stripped of their clothing because I remember seeing that the cattle had chewed the sleeve of the coat on one of the dead men and, if I remember rightly, they were all in full attire. Their pockets were empty, showing that they had been robbed. A 16-year-old boy that was captured with the men was spared for the time being, I understand, and taken up to Fredericksburg, but he was never heard of again. It is supposed that he, too, was killed."

The citizens of Bandera county took up a collection and bought a tombstone which they placed over the common grave of the eight unfortunate strangers. On it was inscribed: "C. J. Sawyer, W. M. Sawyer, George Thayre, William Shumake, Jack Whitmire, Jake Kyle, John Smart, Mr. Van Winkle. Died July 25, 1863. Remember, friends, as you pass by, as you are now, so once was I. As I am now, you soon will be; prepare for death and follow me."

RW

SOURCES

J. M. Hunter, Sentinel Oak and Lonely Grave Mark Grim Tragedy of Bandera Hills, San Antonio Express, Sunday Morning, January 29, 1922.

Additional research by the staff, Texas Public Library, Austin.

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FIRST through the GRAND CANYON

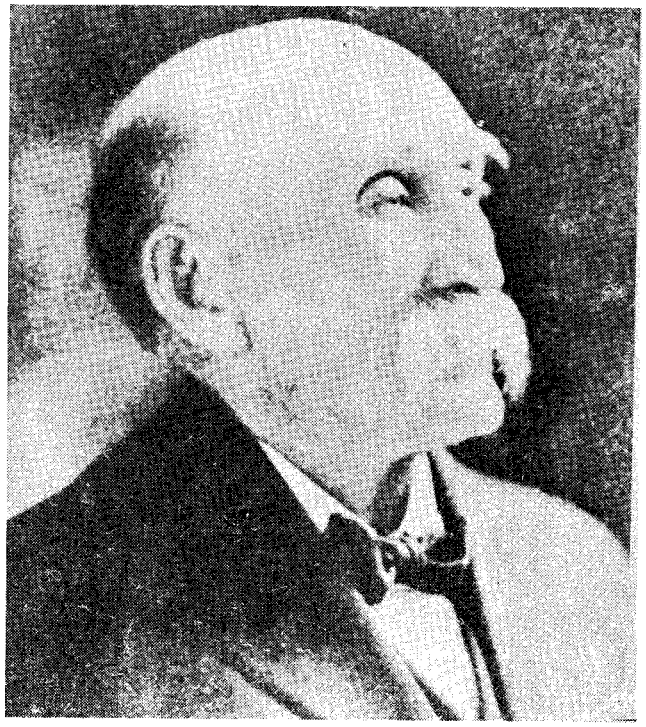
By Calico Jones

Some of our heroes truly deserve credit for acts attributed to them in historical chronicles...but many men reaped glory that belonged to others. Our author insists that James White was one of these unfortunates that history ignored.

Major John Wesley Powell is honored and monumented as the first man to pass down the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon. Although this is not true, he was the first to make a scientific survey of the magnificent river gorges. With a large and well-financed expedition he voyaged through the great defiles where the man-made wonders of today were created, Glen Canyon and Hoover dams.

Powell, a one-armed veteran of the Civil War, made the first of his two voyages in 1869. Subsequently he was credited with all the "firsts" on the river. Such has been the case with almost all the natural wonders of the West. But there has always been some one else there, quite frequently a score to a hundred, long before them. Mountain men, followed by gold hunters, invaded every gorge, creek, pit hole and remote spot far beyond the frontier. They did so with the barest equipment, or none, enduring most unusual hardships.

Such a man was James White, medium of size, light complexioned and a quiet, almost silent man. He went down the Colorado River and through the mighty Grand Canyon on a raft two years before Powell's boated party set forth. At the outset it was to escape Indians; then forced to continue, his trip was a terrible death-defying adventure. He has never been given the credit due him for this passage under incredible conditions. The facts were substantiated and published before Powell ever saw the Colorado of the west. Not only Powell's mouthpiece, a biographer of sorts named F.S. Dellenbaugh, but many others who penned accounts of his trip, belittled and derided White. They called his story the basest of fabrications, and an impossibility on a raft. But the fully documented facts of his singular adventure are that White did pass down the river and through the



Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

James White, the first white man to survive passage of the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon. The above was taken at Trinidad, Colo. when he was 80 years old.

Grand Canyon. Not only did reliable witnesses see him, but every description and detail of what he saw was established by Powell's expeditions. The latter discovered nothing new that had not already been visited and seen many times by others.

An unassuming man all his life, White cared nothing about publicity and "honors." Indeed, after recovery from near death following his trip he was most reluctant to talk of his harrowing experiences. Only once did he pen a bare statement of the facts for a newspaper.

White was born at Rome, New York, November 19, 1837. His family removed to Kenosha, Wisconsin, where he grew to manhood. When twenty-three years old he joined a party going to Denver to prospect. From there he went on to California, where he enlisted in Company

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From photo by author

Jim Mahone who was a scout for the Army at the time of White's ordeal. Mr. Mahone died at the age of 122.

H, California Infantry. Serving in the army three and a half years he was honorably discharged at Franklin, Texas, May 31, 1865.

He went into New Mexico, wandered over much of Colorado, and ended up at Fort Dodge, Kansas driving a stagecoach for the firm of Barlow & Sanderson. It was there that he became well acquainted with Captain Charles Baker, George Strole and a man remembered only as Goodfellow.

Baker was an experienced frontiersman, trapper and prospector. In the spring of 1867 Indians ran off all his horses. White, Strole and Goodfellow accompanied him in an effort to recover his stock. Unable to do so, they stole fourteen head belonging to the Indians.

The Indians chased them to the Cimarron River, and they continued heading west to Colorado City, Colorado, where Baker was well-known. He set about organizing a prospecting party to venture into little-known gold-bearing country. In 1860 he had prospected the San Juan River area until driven out by Ute Indians. By the time the expedition was outfitted, being afraid of Indians, they all withdrew except his original companions, White, Strole and Goodfellow. They started south, packing supplies and provisions on two mules and five horses. On reaching the Rio Grande River Goodfellow accidentally shot himself in the foot and had to remain behind.

Crossing the Animas River, the three remaining men prospected briefly in Eureka Gulch. No pay dirt, so they headed on west. Arriving on Mancos Creek, they followed it to the San Juan River. This stream was panned until it dropped down deep between massive stone walls.

They found considerable flour gold, but were unable to recover it in paying quantities. Withdrawing, they headed north for Grand River. This river, junctioning with Green River, formed the Colorado. Known as Grand River in those days, it is now the upper Colorado.

Trying to enter the Grand River canyon at the junction they passed down a defile, only to discover that they could not get through. Turning back over their tracks to return to where the stock was hidden, they were jumped by Ute Indians in a surprise onslaught.

As he fell to the ground mortally wounded, Baker yelled, "You boys go on. I am killed!"

But White and Strole remained with him, fighting pressing Indians off until he died.

Scurrying from rock to rock while holding the Utes at bay with expert marksmanship, the two survivors reached the stock. Fortunately, the Indians had not discovered the animals before opening fire from ambush. But they were closing in fast, apparently having received more numbers to press home a steady attack.

White and Strole realized it would be impossible to get away with the stock. Morever, to try escaping east meant suicide, for the Utes would overhaul them in open country. Concluding to flee through the rocks and defiles, they took arms and ammunition, 200 feet of rope, and some food which included a little flour.

They travelled all that day, climbing over precipices and fighting off Indians. About five o'clock in the afternoon they came unexpectedly upon the Colorado River below the junction of the Green and the Grand rivers. While resting they decided to build a raft. On it they planned to float downstream far enough to get away from the Utes. Then they would make their way safely back to Colorado.

A raft was built of six- and eight-inch drift logs, six-feet wide and eight-feet long. Tied together with ropes, it was finished short of midnight. Fearful that the Utes would come upon them almost any moment, they immediately launched it and started floating south with the current, using poles to guide with.

When he set forth that night, August 24, 1867, White was almost thirty years old. The terror of the unknown was destined to be his lot. His was an adventure beset with tragedy that has been the experience of few men. The days of suffering ahead were so cruel that he often prayed for death to end his constant peril and starvation. "White's feat is perhaps without parallel in authentic human history," stated Albert D. Richardson, recounting the great adventure in his *Beyond The Mississippi*.

Early the next morning, August 25, White and Strole, after a night on a rushing current dashing them southward, found a sand spit between monstrous stone walls that reached seemingly to the heavens. The raft was poled to it and dragged partly ashore.

Corinne, Utah in 1870 when White ran a saloon there *after his ordeal through the Grand Canyon.*

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Cooking breakfast, and anxious to reach a place of emergence they set forth again. The raft sped on through narrowed canyons, past the entrances into side canyons which were impossible for them to reach.

The immediate future looked most foreboding and they remembered all that Baker had told them about the impassable country where they now found themselves. Thus they knew what the Grand Canyon looked like and its great bend. Far west beyond another sharp bend stood a Mormon settlement known as Callville. Established in 1859 by Anson Call, it was first known as Fort Call. It provided a landing for river boats to unload and load for San Francisco. Thus hopes of the two men were buoyed by knowledge of Callville, which, if they were unable to leave the canyon could be reached in a few days. Then they would be out of the awesome river gorge and among white men.

Then there appeared briefly a possibility they might get out of the canyon sooner. Forty miles from where the raft floated they reached the mouth of the San Juan River. Using poles, White and Strole fought valiantly to enter it through the current. But the inflow from the east deluging into the Colorado in a mighty torrent was too powerful. The raging maelstrom forced them away, despite all their efforts, and thus they dashed on upon the bosom of the chocolate-colored Colorado.

Their raft began coming apart. On the fourth day they found a large number of cedar logs scattered along a sand bank. They were eight to ten inches thick. Using them, they enlarged the raft to eight feet wide by twelve feet long.

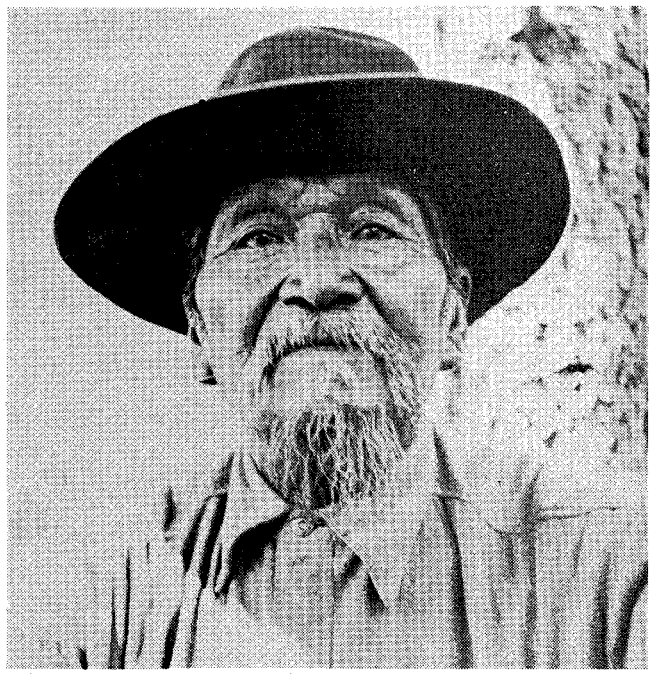
In the middle of the afternoon on the 28th the roar of a great rapid filled the air. White wisely tied himself to the logs, suggesting that Strole do the same.

He refused, saying, "I am an old Mississippi boatman and can stick to the raft wherever she goes. I'm running it."

He did say they should tie their revolvers to the logs. Long since, they were wet and would not fire the charges. Strole continued to stand with pole in hand, watching ahead. Great stones lifted out of white water where the cataract marked the river. The raft sped faster and faster, and then they were suddenly pitching out into empty space, and then down twelve feet or more into a whirlpool of death. Waves of water plumed with white spray rolled over the raft as they sank deep into the abyss.

Denver Public Library
western collection

From photo by author



Chief Watahomogie of the Havasupai, who as a young man saved James White from being killed.

Then it plunged upward, whirling around, tossed wildly to the undulating carpet of the current. Strole screamed once as he was swept off. Rising upward slightly, starting to untie himself, White saw Strole vanish beneath turgid, silt-laden water.

Badly shaken up and half drowned, White lost consciousness for a time. On regaining his senses he found himself floating on fairly calm water. Reviving more he took stock of the disastrous situation. The provisions had been lost and the raft was coming apart again. Somehow he managed to reach a rock-lined strip of narrow beach where he re-roped the logs together.

After a sleepless, harried night he refloated the raft. Now he knew himself to be in the Grand Canyon. Landmarks impossible of missing, projecting above the high walls, had been described accurately by Baker while telling them of the geography of the country. White saw no chance of escape and had not the strength to climb the vertical walls. He could only go on.

He now entered a section of the river estimated to be 500 miles long, beset with cataracts and cascades ranging from a few feet to twenty in depth. Below each, almost calm water prevailed again. Not far from each rapid were islands formed by silt deposited as the water became less swift. On them grew some vegetation, especially mesquite. When able to reach them he ate the green pods and leaves to sustain a measure of life.

The rapids were extremely dangerous. Not knowing when he was approaching one, White kept himself tied to the logs. Well that he did, for striking them suddenly he was knocked around, bruised and half drowned in the whirling vortex. A number of times--he never knew how many--the raft was tilted completely over. Extracting himself he then climbed back on the upper side. For a space of two days he found no mesquite beans, and ate his leather knife sheath. Now he wished that they might have risked their lives trying to escape Indians eastward. For surely his death here would be more slow and painful.

(continued on page 72)

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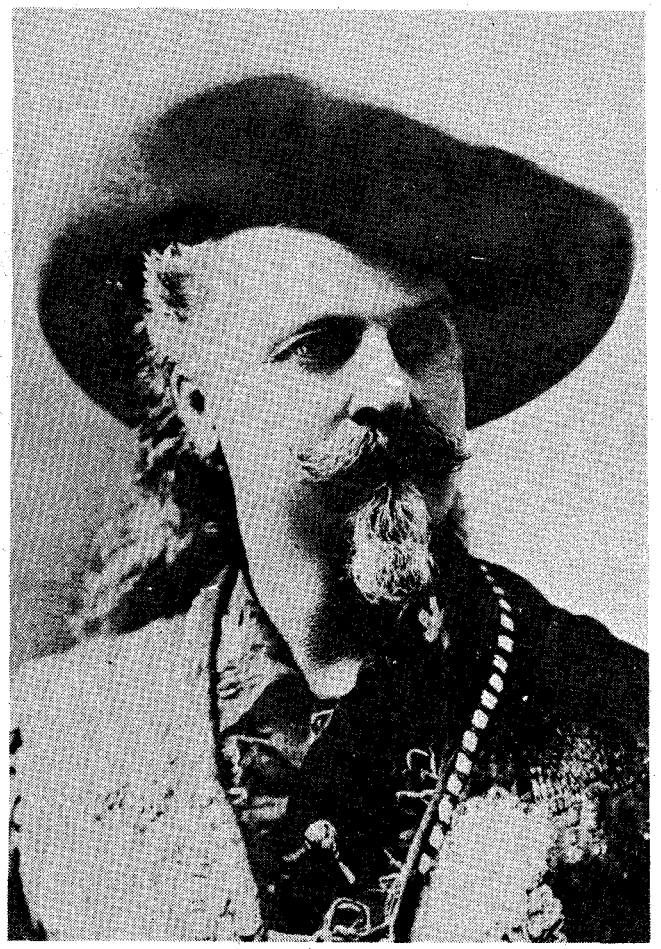
Doc Carver vs. THE BITTER BATTLE OF (CONCLUSION)

In our last issue, we described the long and bitter quarrel between Doc Carver and Buffalo Bill Cody. Finally, after a stormy court battle, a cash settlement was paid by Cody to Carver and the partnership was dissolved. Doc then went on as a featured attraction with Adam Forepaugh's circus... but not for long.

Photo from author



Buffalo Bill Cody in 1885 at the time of the great Wild West Show hassle and lawsuit.

The last run for Doc with his Wild West concession began on August 13, 1888, at Rutland, Vermont, and ended Sept. 15 at Suspension Bridge in New York. He then made arrangements with Forepaugh to keep his Indians, cowboys and stock until he should need them, and began training for a second six-day shoot, this time at Minneapolis. Before he left, he told his two best men, California Frank and Wild Horse Harry, "I'll see you after the shoot, boys, and this time we'll take a show all over the world".

After Doc had beaten all the champions at shooting, he turned his attention back to show business. Fred C. Whitney of Detroit, son of the millionaire theatre owner, J. C. Whitney, offered to put up the money for his great aggregation, and papers were signed. With a greatly augmented group of riders and Western men and women, and all the accompanying livestock, he took ship from New York for Hamburg in June, 1889. From that city they went to Berlin, and on the first day, July 4, showed to a crowd of 35,000. The Germans remembered his great tour with the Winchester rifle of ten years before, and how well he had been received by the Emperor at Potsdam. The moccasined belles from Pine Ridge Agency were seen on the streets regularly, and Carver took a bevy of them to a party given by the Kaiser.

The stay in Berlin, supposedly for four weeks only, extended to four months, and then the show went on to Vienna. There the American minister, Col. Fred Grant (son of General U.S. Grant) extended them the courtesies of the embassy. The Indians, cowboys and Mexican champions were given the freedom of the city by the emperor. The Vienna *Weekly News* of Oct. 29, in an eulogy of welcome, added: "The Indians and cowboys, and with them Dr. Carver, the Chief of Champion Shots, created no small sensation when alighting from their carriages at the home of their hosts in the Schwindgasse at 12:30, where Col. and Mrs. Grant awaited them." Carver secured for a showplace the Grand Rotunda on the Prata which had been built by Emperor Franz Joseph in 1873 to house the Austrian World Exposition. The

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Buffalo Bill

THE WILD WEST SHOWS

Photo from author

By Raymond W. Thorp

diameter of the ring was 386 feet, with a seating capacity of 20,000. Here the *Wild America* played for several weeks, and the asked Col. Grant to secure passports to Russia.

James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, cabled the minister to tell Carver to take everyone in on his own passport, and to be responsible for them. He took the troupe to Russia via Budapest and Warsaw, in Russia-Poland. The wild Cossacks, after seeing Carver's marvelous shooting, were thunderstruck. They ate a black bread, which the Indians and even the horses refused to eat, since it was so hard that a horse could not bite through it.

At Moscow the Russians had put up a hastily constructed amphitheatre, which was near the racetrack. One day at the races Indelicio Maldonado, the champion roper of Mexico, got to show his stuff. A wild Ukraine stallion kicked his carriage to bits and took possession of the track. Several Cossacks tried to head him off, but were unsuccessful, when Maldonado leaped upon a bareback pony and went after the beast, unwinding his lariat which he always carried wrapped around his waist. His first cast was successful, but being without a saddle to tie the lariat to, he was dragged from the pony. Running along and holding to the end of the rope, he leaped upon a horse which was wearing a saddle, and showed the Russians how to tame a mean animal with a lariat. This remarkable feat solidly established the cowboys with the Russians.

At St. Petersburgh a special performance was given for the royal family, and Doc was presented to Grand Dukes Sergius and Paul, Duchess Vladimir and the Queen of Greece. The Czar was present, but did not come forward, as he was in disguise because there were Nihilists in the crowds, the forerunners of the bloody Bolsheviki of later days. Three days later, much to Doc's surprise (as he had not known the Czar was present), a high army officer came to his quarters, expressing the monarch's pleasure at seeing the show, and presenting him with a large diamond ring. Carver said later, "I found the Russians a happy and carefree people, with no inkling of the fact that their children would either be murdered or become slaves."

Leaving Russia, the show went to Helsingfors in Russia-Finland, and from there to Stockholm, Sweden. After several weeks with the Swedes, Doc decided to go back to Germany. He had no idea that his show would clash again with that of the man from Salt Creek, but such was the case. He arrived in Hamburg three days before Buffalo Bill, and this straw broke the camel's back. The following dispatch from Hamburg to the New York *World* was published August 26, and was copied in the San Francisco *Examiner* of August 28, 1890:

Doc Carver at 87, taken in June 1927, two months before he died.

"There is intense excitement here over a fierce row which has occurred between Dr. Carver and Buffalo Bill. The people are afraid to come out of doors after dark and the city is in a state of siege. The members of each troupe have openly declared their intention of fighting for their respective masters, even if the quarrel ends in a general battle. Carver's performances on the continent have been better patronized than Cody's and the latter's jealousy was aroused. Carver stole a march on his rival by arriving three days ahead of him and opening his show in fine style. When Cody got here, he found he would be obliged to pitch his tent within a few feet of Carver's show. Carver had made arrangements for an exclusive supply of electric lights, and this left Cody's place in darkness. Then the members of both companies took up the matter, and it is only through the strenuous efforts of police that a fearful fight has been prevented.

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Returning to Suez, the company took a steamer for Melbourne, via Aden and Colombo, Ceylon. At the latter place the Indians were mystified by the snake-charmers and those who sawed people in half, and one of the chiefs was certain that this was the abode of the Evil One, and looked with suspicion upon the Evil Spirit.

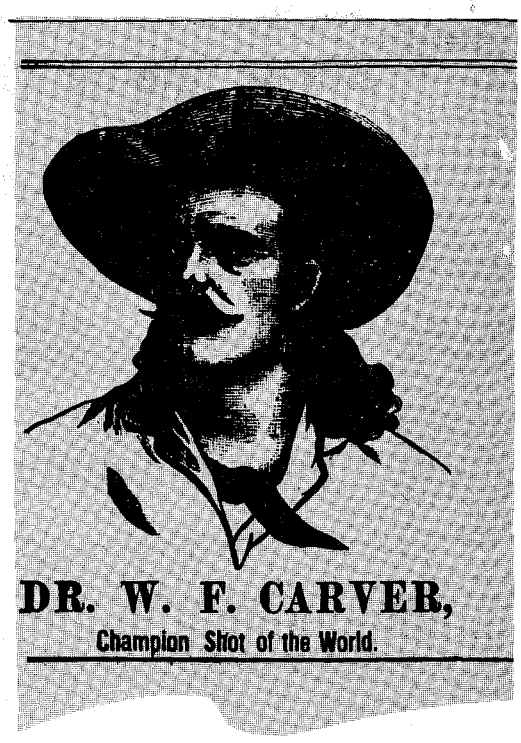
After stopping at Adelaide, the ship proceeded on to Melbourne, where a site had been selected beforehand at the Friendly Society's Gardens. It had been impossible to bring horses on the long stretch of ocean, and an Australian stock raiser, Stratford Strettle, furnished 150 wild ponies for the use of the cowboys. At first the latter were skeptical, but later became respectful, for some of the wild ones had killer instincts. While the outdoor spectacle continued on the banks of the Yarra, Carver had a play produced on the stage of the famous Alexandra Theatre. It was called THE SCOUT, and here for the first time diving horses were introduced to the world. The heroine, Lily Dampier, was the daughter

"Hamburg is filled with a howling mob of Indians and cowboys who are awaiting the chance to scalp each other....As soon as Cody's bills are posted, Carver's men come along and tear them down and put up their own..... It is an open secret that Carver did an enormous business in Berlin and Vienna, while Cody fell flat, and Carver's men are spreading the story that this is due to Buffalo Bill's inferior show. Not having electric lights, Cody had to put up anything he could get that would cast even a glimmer, but was still unable to give satisfactory performances".

Doc gave two performances on the opening day, with 30,000 admissions, while Cody gave one (in daylight) with 7,000 visitors. With such ragged business, Buffalo Bill moved on, but Carver stayed for four weeks. When Cody was ready to leave, Doc sent a note to the train in care of Billy Garnett, famous Indian scout. In it Carver had written, "Bill--that $29,000 will strangle you yet. I wouldn't care to have it now; that day has passed. When you die, you will be holding a bottle. Then you will remember doc carver, in small print".

Wild America moved on to Berlin, where he was the lion of the hour with royalty, which had failed to recognize Cody. When he finally got ready to leave for Australia, the Emperor presented him wth the German eagle, studded with diamonds, and he gave a private exhibition, which was noted in the English & American *Register*, of Berlin, Oct. 25, 1890: "Carver's Wild America closed its performances on Wednesday last. On the Monday before, a distinguished company attended the afternoon performance. Their Royal Highnesses, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, with Princess Victoria and her betrothed, Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, Princess Margareta and Princess Louise, and Prince Christian of Schlesweig-Holstein were present. This worthily concludes Carver's triumphal journey through Europe".

Wild America left early in November for Brindisi to take a steamer for Australia. On the way they stopped at Nice. Monte Carlo, Naples and Rome. At the gambling casino Artie Mudloon, one of the cowboys, took Limping Pony, a Cheyenne warrior, to the tables, with the result that both came away broke. Carver, who had also been trying his luck to no avail, made their losses good, saying, "I have led them into temptation". At Suez he took the whole company ashore, as they desired to see Cairo, the Sphinx, the pyramids and Mt. Sinai. They went by camel train to Sinai. The cowboys had told the Indians that they would meet Moses on the mount and, when this did not occur, the braves were disappointed. He Crow, the Sioux chief, laid it all to Doc, and said, "The Evil Spirit speaks with the tongue of a snake."



Newspaper advertisement of the Carver Show which opened in competition with Buffalo Bill's Wild West on May 3, 1885 in St. Louis.

Photo from author

of one of the producers, and Doc had taught her to become an expert rifle shot.

The great Sarah Bernhardt attended, and the stage magazine, *Bohemia*, noted: "The two features of the matinee of THE SCOUT were the stage designer's new act drop and the Great Sarah. The latter was arrayed in a costume of virginal white, and posed gracefully in the centre of the circle under the spreading chestnut of her hair, and a hat the size of a cart-wheel. The designer, Alta, had cherished fond hopes that the new act drop would focus her attention, but the diva had eyes only for Carver. His style of acting probably struck her as something entirely new, and she lost no opportunity in expressing her admiration, even by standing up to applaud. When the play was over, she clambered, at the imminent risk to her neck, up a shaky ladder onto the stage, where to an accompaniment of dripping wet cowboys, Indians and other accessories, she congratulated Carver on his performance. The great American was equal to the occasion. He simply said, with an accent rivalling that of the great tragedienne: 'I'm real proud to welcome a sister artist to Victoria; yes, sir!'" Doc later gave a special matinee in honor of Bernhardt, at which she collected all the targets at which he had shot, to frame in her Paris home.

Before leaving Australia, Carver beat the champion shot of Australia, Slocombe, at Sydney. The shoot was at live birds, and at one time the Evil Spirit made a straight run of 76. The Wild West show played at Sydney for two months, during which he was made an honorary member of the New South Wales Gun Club. Wild America returned to the United States via San Francisco, and Doc had a lot of trouble in convincing the Indians that this could be done. They had thought all travel on the sea had to be via New York both ways.

THE SCOUT played across the United States for more than two years, in conjunction with the outdoor show.

The man from Salt Creek was going great guns, and he had with him Prentiss Ingraham as one of his press agents. There was no third meeting of the two shows, but when THE SCOUT played at St. Louis, many memories were revived by Tim Coke, an old plainsman who had

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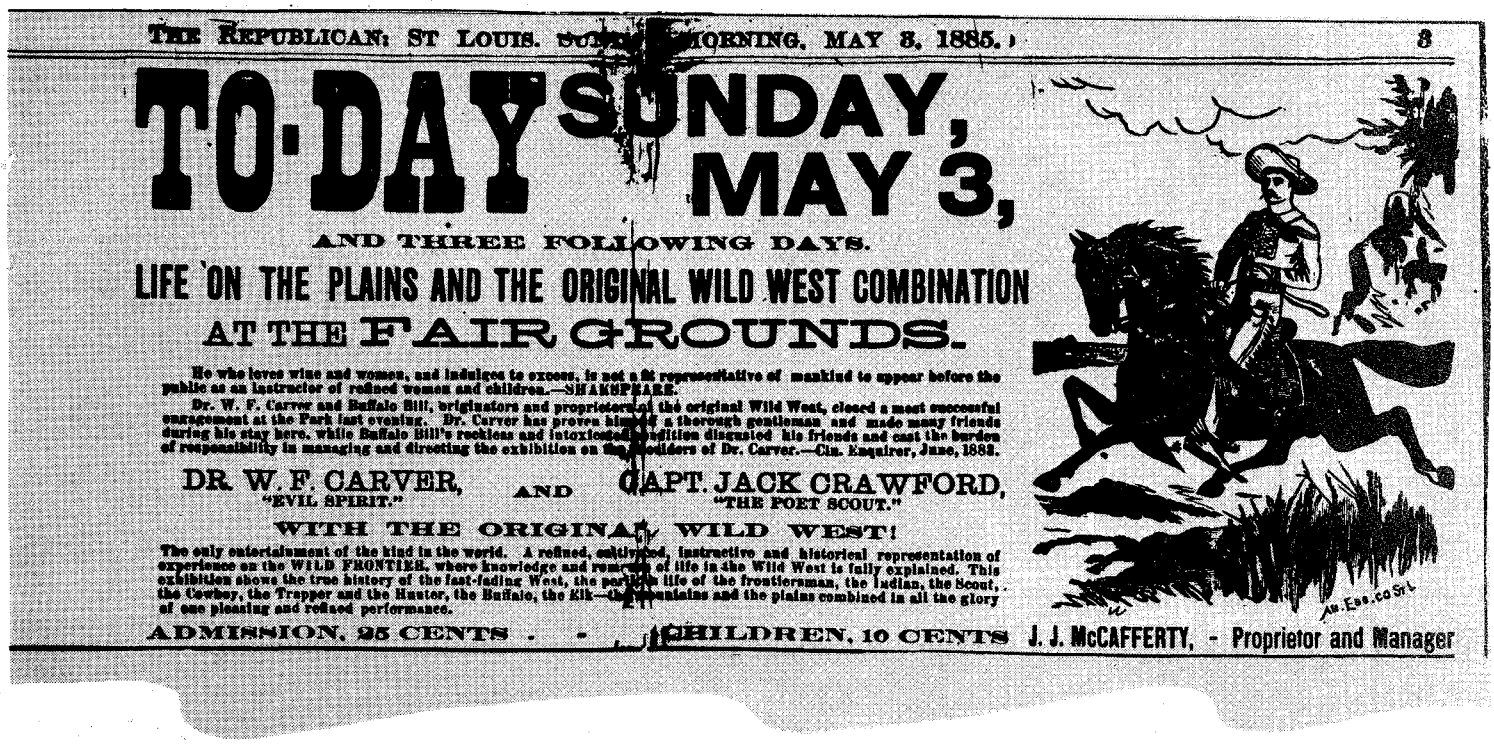
THE REPUBLICAN: ST LOUIS. SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1885. 3
TO-DAY SUNDAY, MAY 3,
AND THREE FOLLOWING DAYS.
LIFE ON THE PLAINS AND THE ORIGINAL WILD WEST COMBINATION
AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.
He who loves wine and women, and indulges to excess, is not a fit representative of mankind to appear before the public as an instructor of refined women and children.—SHAKESPEARE.
Dr. W. F. Carver and Buffalo Bill, originators and proprietors of the original Wild West, closed a most successful engagement at the Park last evening. Dr. Carver has proven himself a thorough gentleman and made many friends during his stay here, while Buffalo Bill's reckless and intoxicated condition disgusted his friends and cast the burden of responsibility in managing and directing the exhibition on the shoulders of Dr. Carver.—Cin. Enquirer, June, 1883.
DR. W. F. CARVER, "EVIL SPIRIT." AND CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, "THE POET SCOUT."
WITH THE ORIGINAL WILD WEST!
The only entertainment of the kind in the world. A refined, educational, instructive and historical representation of experience on the WILD FRONTIER, where knowledge and romance of life in the Wild West is fully explained. This exhibition shows the true history of the fast-fading West, the peculiar life of the frontiersman, the Indian, the Scout, the Cowboy, the Trapper and the Hunter, the Buffalo, the Elk—Mountaineer and the plains combined in all the glory of one pleasing and refined performance.
ADMISSION, 25 CENTS - - CHILDREN, 10 CENTS
J. J. McCAFFERTY, - Proprietor and Manager

known them. He held forth in the St. Louis *Chronicle*, May 7, 1893, to a reporter: "Know these men? I know them all. I knew every Western man, and all of the fakers. Jack Crawford, the Poet-Scout? Jack could write verses faster than a horse could run. Old John Nelson I knew, and he was as old as the Medicine River. I knew John when he was trappin' beaver and otter with Doc Carver on that creek. Real scouts are mighty few right now, an' it's only the old-timers as knows who's who. I ran against Carver when he was a little kid livin' with the Yankton Sioux. Next, he turned up as a stage driver for the Burbank Company. Then he went trappin with John Nelson an' afterward he shot buffalo for a livin'. He's a great shot. He's the first man I ever heard of who could hit things thrown in the air. No man can shoot as he can. Now Bill is a great man in his way an has seen as much frontier life as any man livin'. His real name is Bill Marston, an' he lives in Wichita, Kansas. I hunted an' trapped with him thirty-five years ago. He is the real Buffalo Bill.

"There is another Buffalo Bill. He runs a Wild West show. He's Ned Buntline's Buffalo Bill. He was never heard of 'till Buntline found him farmin' in Kansas. I saw Buntline's Buffalo Bill shootin' at glass balls in Chicago the other day. He had his rifle fixed like a shot-gun an' you could hear the shot rattle when he fired it. The papers roasted him".

Old Tim referred to the Chicago *Tribune* of April 27, 1893: "Buffalo Bill handled his firearms as well as of old. He broke numerous clay pigeons with so-called rifle bullets.....but it was a peculiar coincidence that after each crack of his rifle the bird shot came rattling down like hail on the roofs of the grandstands."

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of May 8, 1893 compared Carver's stage play with the outdoor Wild West shows as follows: "If anything can be produced more realistic than THE SCOUT, the people who visited Pope's Theatre yesterday don't know it. As a play of the bullet and blood variety, Dr. Carver's creation discounts all the old border dramas rolled together....His 'Wild West' of a few seasons ago was only a preliminary to THE SCOUT and served as a supply depot for thrills and shudders. Naturally the interest centers in Carver's marvelous shooting....Carver's acting is remarkably natural and is not of the ranting, tear-'em-to-tatters kind".

Before the show disbanded, Doc gave a free matinee to 10,000 newsboys, shoe-shine boys and other urchins in New York. It took place at Niblo's Theatre, which was almost a total wreck afterward. He said, while unashamedly shedding tears before reporters: "These little fellows take my heart. I will pay all the damage out of my own pocket." The little boys and girls had given him the greatest ovation of his long career.

At the turn of the century the big Wild West shows were breathing their last gasps. Buffalo Bill joined up with Pawnee Bill, and when this disbanded, the only big show to come forward was Miller Brothers 101 Ranch. Most Wild West shows were now road shows playing the small towns, and their size was estimated by the number of wagons. Included among these will be remembered LaMonte Brothers, Honest Bill, Oklahoma Ike, and Denver Pete. Forty or fifty wagons comprised a big one. Buffalo Bill now went with combination shows as a mere attraction; it was considered a good advertisement to use his name on the bills.

Sells-Floto, one of the larger circuses, used Buffalo Bill as a drawing card in 1912. The last time this writer saw Cody, he was with that show in Kansas City. As the parade moved up Walnut Street, it was stopped by a traffic mishap, and Buffalo Bill sat his white horse at the junction of Sixth. He was dressed all in white, and was so thin as to be almost transparent. I was with a crowd of other steamboat men, watching the parade, and was only a few feet from the man from Salt Creek when an incident took place that I have never forgotten. A trio of bums at the curb were baiting the old showman by holding up bottles of gin and offering drinks. One of them bolder than the rest, stepped into the street and reaching up, placed his bottle right beneath the rider's nose.

One of the steamboat men was a Cherokee Indian from Oklahoma whom I knew quite well, whose name was John (Highpockets) DeHaas. High stepped into the street, seized the bum by the coat collar, and threw him among his fellows. He then drew a sheath knife

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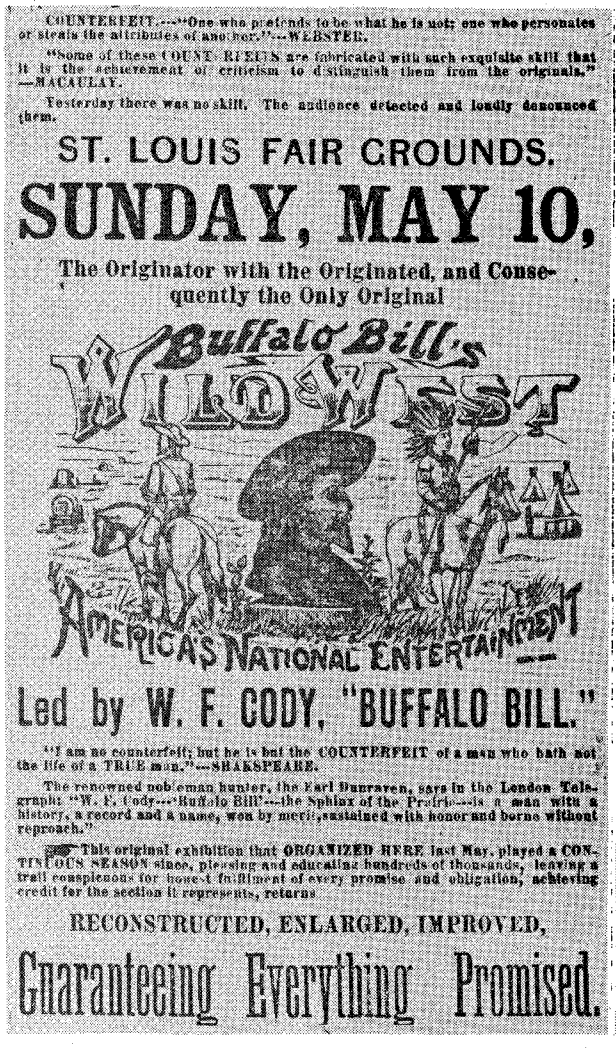
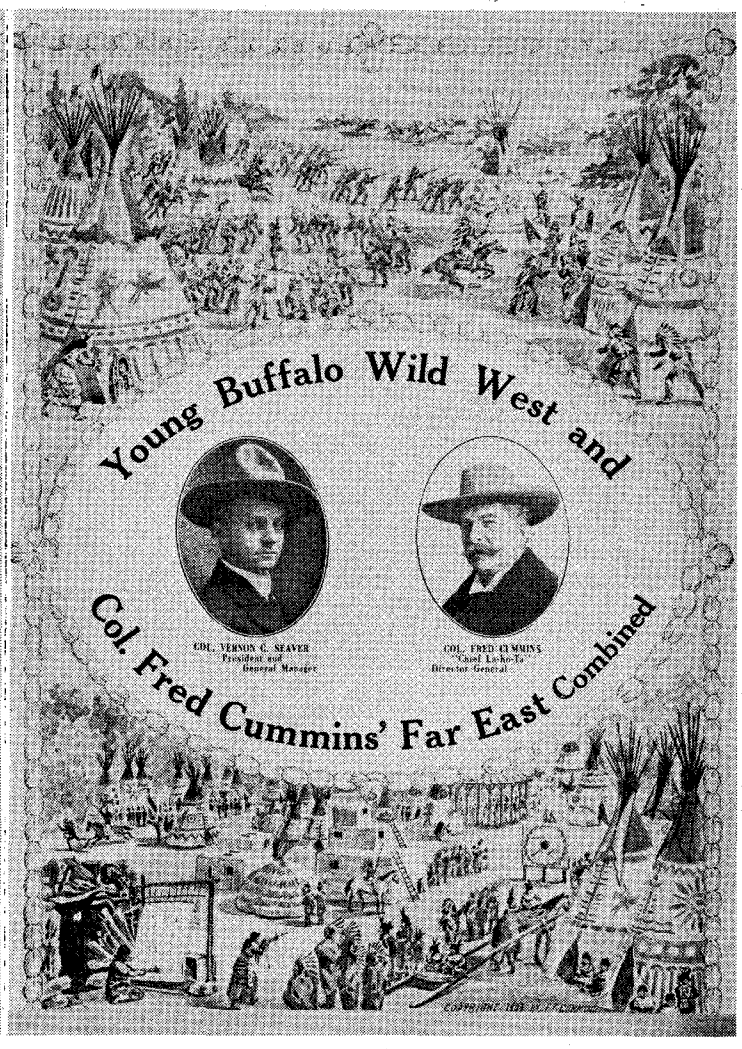
Photo from author

Ralph F. Cummings Collection


COUNTERFEIT.—"One who pretends to be what he is not; one who personates or steals the attributes of another."—WEBSTER.
"Some of these COUNTERFEITS are fabricated with such exquisite skill that it is the achievement of criticism to distinguish them from the originals."—MACAULAY.
Yesterday there was no skill. The audience detected and loudly denounced them.
ST. LOUIS FAIR GROUNDS.
SUNDAY, MAY 10,
The Originator with the Originated, and Consequently the Only Original
Buffalo Bill's
WILD WEST
AMERICA'S NATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT
Led by W. F. CODY, "BUFFALO BILL."
"I am no counterfeit; but he is but the COUNTERFEIT of a man who hath not the life of a TRUE man."—SHAKSPEARE.
The renowned nobleman hunter, the Earl Dunraven, says in the London Telegraph: "W. F. Cody—'Buffalo Bill'—the Sphinx of the Prairie—is a man with a history, a record and a name, won by merit, sustained with honor and borne without reproach."
This original exhibition that ORGANIZED HERE last May, played a CONTINUOUS SEASON since, pleasing and educating hundreds of thousands, leaving a trail conspicuous for honest fulfilment of every promise and obligation, achieving credit for the section it represents, returns
RECONSTRUCTED, ENLARGED, IMPROVED,
Guaranteeing Everything Promised.

Buffalo Bill's confrontation with the Carver Show at St. Louis in May 1885. Above is an ad for the show with quotations by Arizona John Burke attributed to Cody.



Another Wild West Show competitor for both Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Carver's Show as the Young Buffalo Wild West. Above is a program cover illustration.

and exclaimed, "You leave that old man alone, or I'll take off your ears and give them to him." A policeman rode down the line on horseback, and seeing DeHaas standing there with the knife in his hand, called out, "Put up the knife." Buffalo Bill, who had not deigned to look down at the bums when they were badgering him, spoke up and said, "Officer, this man is protecting me".

The policeman rode up to the curb, and the bums scattered. Highpockets put up his knife, and said to him, "I suppose this is the first time an Indian ever had to protect that old man", and the crowd hurrahed. Cody then called to High and shook hands with him.

As the parade moved on up the street, the policeman told the Indian, "Don't be so quick with that knife. We don't want our bums killed because they ask a man to have a drink". Highpockets looked at him and replied, "Nobody asked your opinion".

While Buffalo Bill was slipping into the discard, Carver was going great guns with his shooting and his diving horses and girl riders. He was five years older than Cody but still rugged, despite the ups and downs in a life that had led him from an Indian tepee to the palaces of the world. He had always been an originator; never a follower. He was champion shot of the world in all categories. He was the originator of the Wild West show--was Mr. Wild West Show himself. Some of his ability had rubbed off on others, and one of his cowboys, Artie Muldoon, had originated an art of his own that still endures. Artie had introduced to the world, while in Australia, the boxing kangaroo.

While certain hurts rankled, Doc was not one to hold a grudge and become thoroughly embittered because of them. A man once sent him some photographs of Buffalo Bill's grave, at Wildcat Point on Lookout Mountain, near Denver. I have his letter in reply lying before me, in which he wrote, "I thank you for the photographs of Bill Cody's grave. It is surely a mighty lonely and desolate looking place to plant a man who was in life so fond of jolly associates".

The letter was written in the spring, and on the last day of August in the same year he was lying in his own grave. Every showman in the world should remember Carver.

RW

SOURCES

Spirit Gun of THE WEST, by Raymond W. Thorp, A. H. Clark Comp, Glendale, Calif. 1957.

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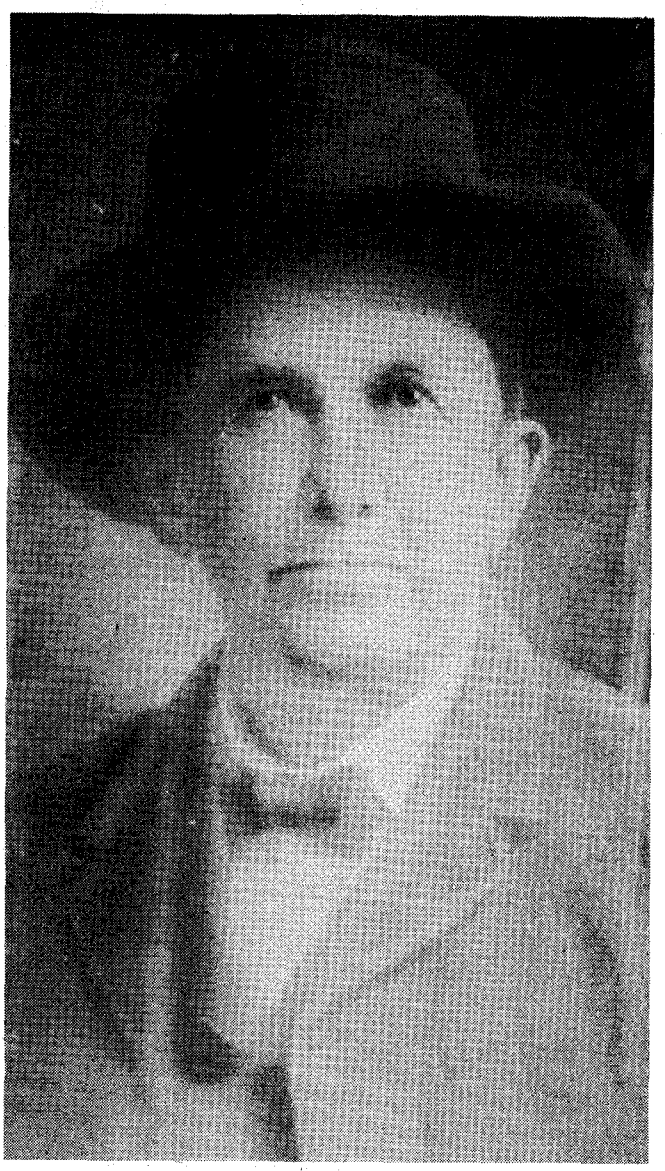
The Old West's Strangest Mystery

Were the strange sightings of "airships" in 1897 the forerunner of the present day flying saucers? Could they have been an advance scouting expedition from space? What do you think?

By Jerome Clark



Alexander Hamilton, farmer near LeRoy, Kansas who claims one of his cows was taken by a family aboard the mysterious airship.

In late March 1897, almost seven years before the Wright Brothers and Kitty Hawk, a series of very odd stories, datelined Kansas City, Missouri, began to appear in the national press. According to the newspaper accounts, several hundred residents of Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska had reported seeing a huge aerial machine, piloted by persons unknown, as it hovered over farms, ranches, and small towns in the three-state area. It swept a brilliant searchlight along the ground and instilled fear of the Almighty into those fortunate or unfortunate enough to observe it. Not surprisingly, no one took the stories very seriously, and when one wit suggested the "airship" was a "manifestation of Bacchus", skeptical Americans readily concurred.

But on April 1 the strange construction removed any lingering doubts anyone might have had about its existence. That night as many as 10,000 witnesses watched it fly over Kansas City, going through a series of erratic but apparently controlled maneuvers. Some cautious observers theorized that the "airship" was in fact the planet Venus -- an explanation which caused one man to grumble, "Venus does not dodge around, fly swiftly across the horizon, swoop rapidly toward the earth, and then soar away until lost in the southern sky." Nor does it fit the description given by the Kansas City *Times:*

"For five minutes at one time the airship seemed to skit the lowest edges of a cloud that hung low down in the heavens and it was then that the powerful lights on board were reflected on the clouds and the outlines of the ship were clearly distinguished.

"The basket or car seemed to be 25 to 30 feet long, shaped like an Indian canoe. Four light wings extended from the car, two on either side and placed opposite each other. At the ends these wings were triangular. A large dark hulk was discernable immediately above the car and was generally supposed by the watchers to be an inflated gas bag. That the same power that furnished the light was used for lifting the ship was evident from the fact that the lights grew dim as the ship went upward and, as the ship came nearer the earth, the light was as bright as the light of a locomotive."

Then by the next week the machine was reported all over the entire middle-western United States. When it crossed over Michigan, observers claimed to have heard human voices emanating from inside the object. On April 6 hundreds of Omaha natives watched a luminous

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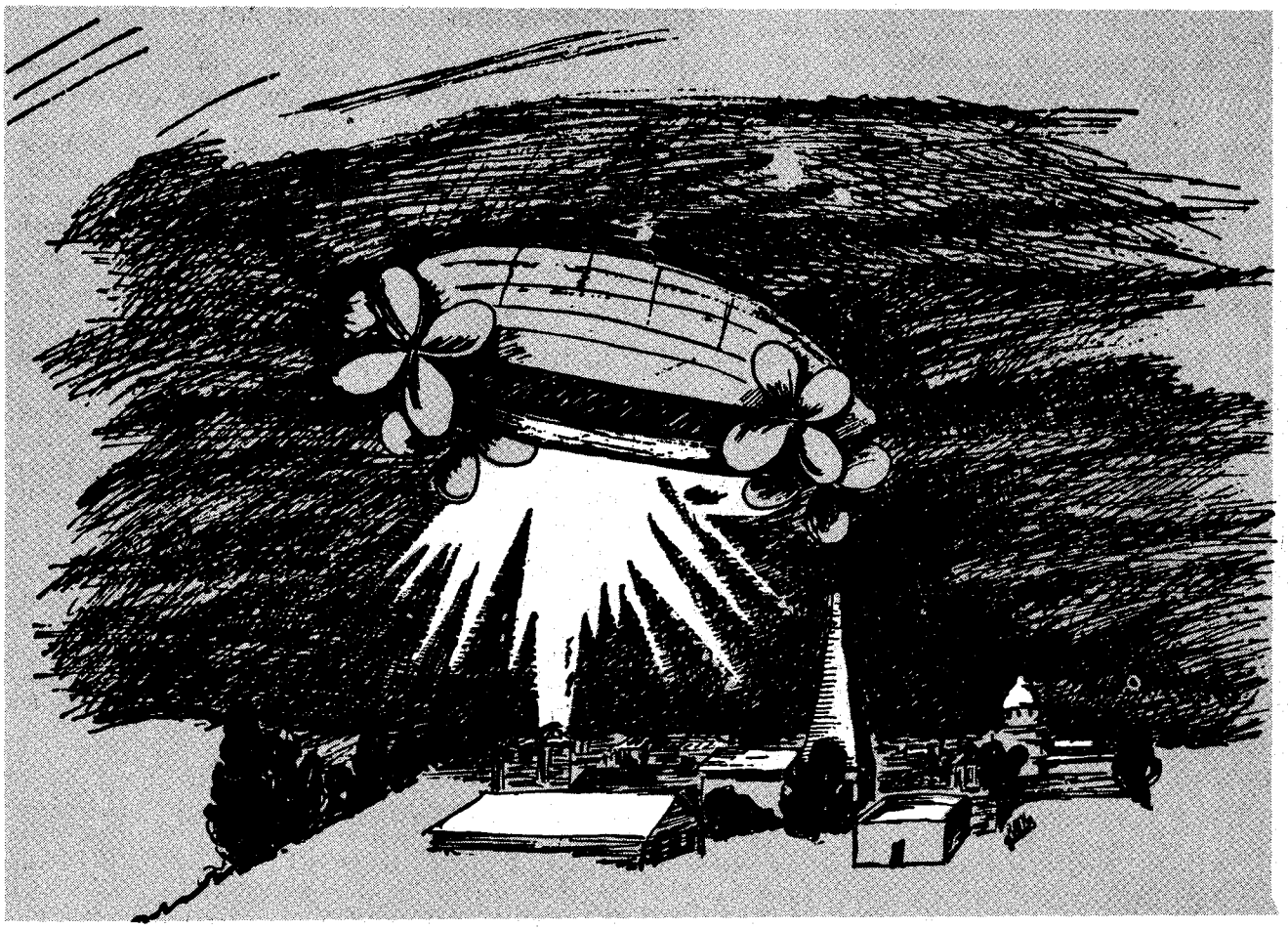

steel craft, from 12 to 30 feet in length, fly against the wind. It was visible for five minutes, then disappeared behind clouds. Shortly thereafter, it reappeared briefly, now moving at a greater rate of speed and still against the wind.

Illinois recounted dozens of "visitations". So did Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas. The witnesses numbered in the tens of thousands and their descriptions generally tallied, even though their estimates of the size sometimes varied.

As the excitement grew, the stories got wilder. An Iowa farmer, whose "reputation for truth telling has never been bad", claimed that a drag rope from an airship hooked his trousers and carried him several dozen feet before dropping him.

Rumor spread that the airship was being flown by American aeronauts to Washington, D.C., where they would "tell all". The inventor was said to be a Professor Arthur Barnard of Nashville, then a John O. Preast or an A.C. Clinton of Omaha. Then, an unidentified man from Oklahoma was supposed to have made up the whole airship story and sold it to the metropolitan newspapers for seven dollars. The next week the same paper announced that the airship existed, all right, but that it had been "discovered to be a weather observatory kite". Professor George Hough of Northwestern University identified the phenomenon as the star Alpha Orionis, saying that those who thought they saw it flying across the sky suffered from excesses of imagination. Professor Hough admitted that he had never seen the airship himself; he had better things to do, he said.

Messages from the craft were "found" with some regularity. One was a letter to inventor Thomas A. Edison from a "C.L. Harris". "You can take it from me that it is a pure fake," Edison stated. "I have had several men named Harris in my employ, but I know nothing of C.L. Harris." He had no doubt, he said, that airships would be invented in the near future, but someone else would have to do it. "I prefer to devote my time to objects which have some commercial value. At best, airships would only be toys."

The airship, or airships, seemed oblivious to all this controversy. Reports of it, or them, flooded newspaper offices and, while some stories appeared to be just that, others, told by apparently respected and reliable individuals, seemed to involve something genuinely tangible and unexplained. Two thousand inhabitants of Newton, Iowa viewed the unknown machine on the night of April 10 as it hovered for over 40 minutes and then flew northwest, dropping from it what looked like a lighted parachute. The next night nearly 400 persons in Norman, Oklahoma saw a similar object flashing red lights and traveling in a zig-zag course.

"That something is hovering nightly over the heads of Kansas people, and the heads of people in other western states," editorialized the Eureka, Kansas, *Herald*, "there can be no question. But what it is, is the question." *The Gate City Journal* of Arkansas City referred sarcastically to two of the "explanations" being given for the airship: "The truth of the matter is that someone is spending his fortune sending up paper balloons, or stars approach the earth and float."

The strangest story of all was to come out of LeRoy, Kansas, from a rancher named Alexander Hamilton:

"Last Monday night, April 19, about half past ten o'clock we were awakened by a noise among the cattle. I arose, thinking perhaps my bulldog was performing some pranks, but upon going to the door, saw to my utter amazement an airship slowly descending over my cow lot about forty rods from the house.

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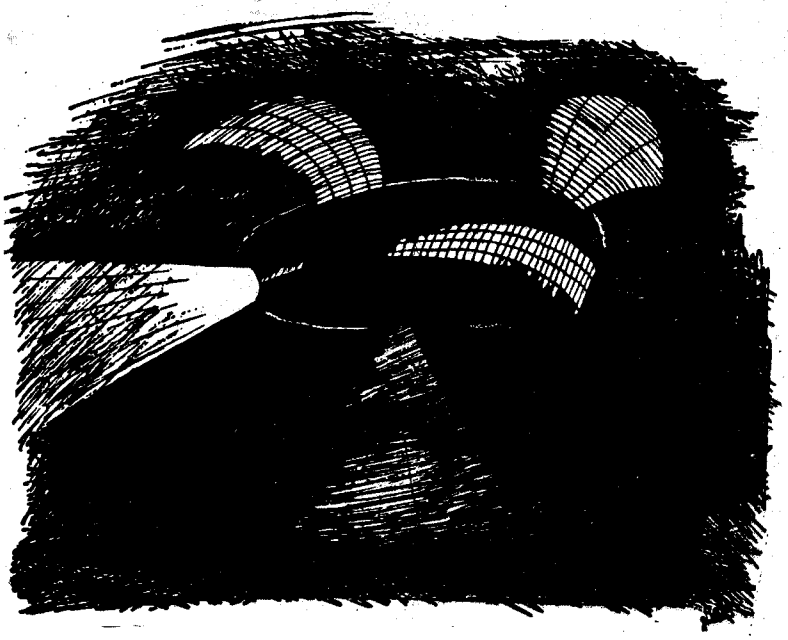
Contemporary illustrations of the "spaceship" that appeared throughout the midwest during the spring and summer of 1897.



"Calling Gid Heslip, my tenant, and my son, Wall, we seized some axes and ran to the corral. Meanwhile, the ship had been gently descending until it was not more than 30 feet above the ground and we came up to within 50 yards of it. It consisted of a great cigar-shaped portion possibly 300 feet long with a carriage underneath.

"The carriage was made of panels of glass or other transparent substance, alternating with a narrow strip of some other material. It was brilliantly lighted within and everything was clearly visible. There were three lights: one like an immense searchlight and two smaller, one red, the other green. The large one was susceptible of being turned in every direction.

"It was occupied by six of the strangest beings I ever saw. There were two men, a woman and three children. They were jabbering together, but we could not understand a syllable they said. Every part of the vessel which was not transparent was of a dark reddish color.

"We stood mute in wonder and fright, when some noise attracted their attention and they turned their light directly upon us. Immediately upon catching sight of us, they turned on some unknown power, and a great turbine wheel about 30 feet in diameter, which was slowly revolving below the craft, began to buzz, sounding precisely like the cylinder of a separator, and the vessel rose as lightly as a bird.

"When about 30 feet above us, it seemed to pause, and hover directly over a three-year-old heifer, which was bawling and jumping, apparently fast in the fence. Going to her, we found a cable about half an inch in thickness, made of the same red material, fastened in a slipknot around her neck, one end passing up to the vessel and tangled in the wire.

"We tried to get it off but could not, so we cut the wire loose, and stood in amazement to see ship, cow and all rise slowly and sail off, disappearing in the northwest. We went home but I was so frightened I could not sleep, but arose early Tuesday morning, mounted my horse and started out to find some trace of my cow. Coming back to LeRoy in the evening I found that Lank Thomas, who lives in Coffee County about three or four miles west of LeRoy, had found the hide, legs and head in the field that day.

"He, thinking someone had butchered a stolen beast and thrown the hide away, had brought it to town for identification but was greatly mystified in not being able to find a track of any kind on the soft ground. I went home last night, but every time I would drop to sleep, I would see the cursed thing with its big lights and hideous people. I don't know whether they are devils or angels or what, but we all saw them and my whole family saw the ship and I don't want any more to do with them."

The Yates Center *Farmers' Advocate*, the first paper to carry the story, noted that "Mr. Hamilton looked as if he had not entirely recovered from the shock. Every one who knew him was convinced he was sincere in every word."

The *Advocate* published the following affidavit:

"As there are now, always have been, and always will be skeptics and unbelievers, whenever the truth of anything bordering on the improbable is presented, and knowing that some ignorant or suspicious people will doubt the truthfulness of the above statement, now.

"Therefore, we, the undersigned, do hereby make the following affidavit.

"That we have known Alex Hamilton from 15 to 30 years and that for truth and veracity we have never heard his word questioned and that we do verily believe his statement to be true and correct."

Signing the document were E.V. Wharton, State Oil Inspector; H.H. Winter, Banker; H.S. Johnson, Pharmacist; Alex Stewart, Justice of the Peace; F.W. Butler, Druggist; H.C. Rollins, Postmaster; M.E. Hunt, Sheriff; E.K. Kellenberser, M.D.; J.H. Sticher, Attorney; H. Waymire, Druggist; and James L. Martin, Register of Deeds.

Seven residents of nearby Burlington, Kansas, testified:

"We...do hereby certify that we have known Mr. Alexander Hamilton ever since he was chased out of Missouri in 1855; that he was the first County Clerk of Coffee county; that he is in all respects a perfectly truthful and reliable man. And no lover of truth will ever question any statement made by him..."

Whatever the airship had been, by early May sightings of it ceased. Before long, it was forgotten as the American public turned its attention to the worsening international situation, due the next year to erupt into the Spanish-American War.

Briefly, though, men wondered. While many thought the machine was some sort of new invention, Thomas Edison disagreed. "It is absolutely impossible to imagine," he said, "that a man could construct a successful airship and keep the matter a secret."

At least one person concurred. Unable to come up with a more logical explanation, a writer for the Colony, Kansas, *Free Press* theorized that "the airship is not of *this world*, but is probably operated by a party of scientists from the planet Mars, who are out, either on a lark, or a tour of inspection of the solar system in the cause of science."

But delusion, pre-Kitty Hawk airplane, or interplanetary spacecraft -- the airship never let its secret be known. It remains even today the Old West's strangest mystery.

Jerome Clark
P.O. Box 123
Canby, Minnesota 56220

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SOURCES: Newspaper files of the Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

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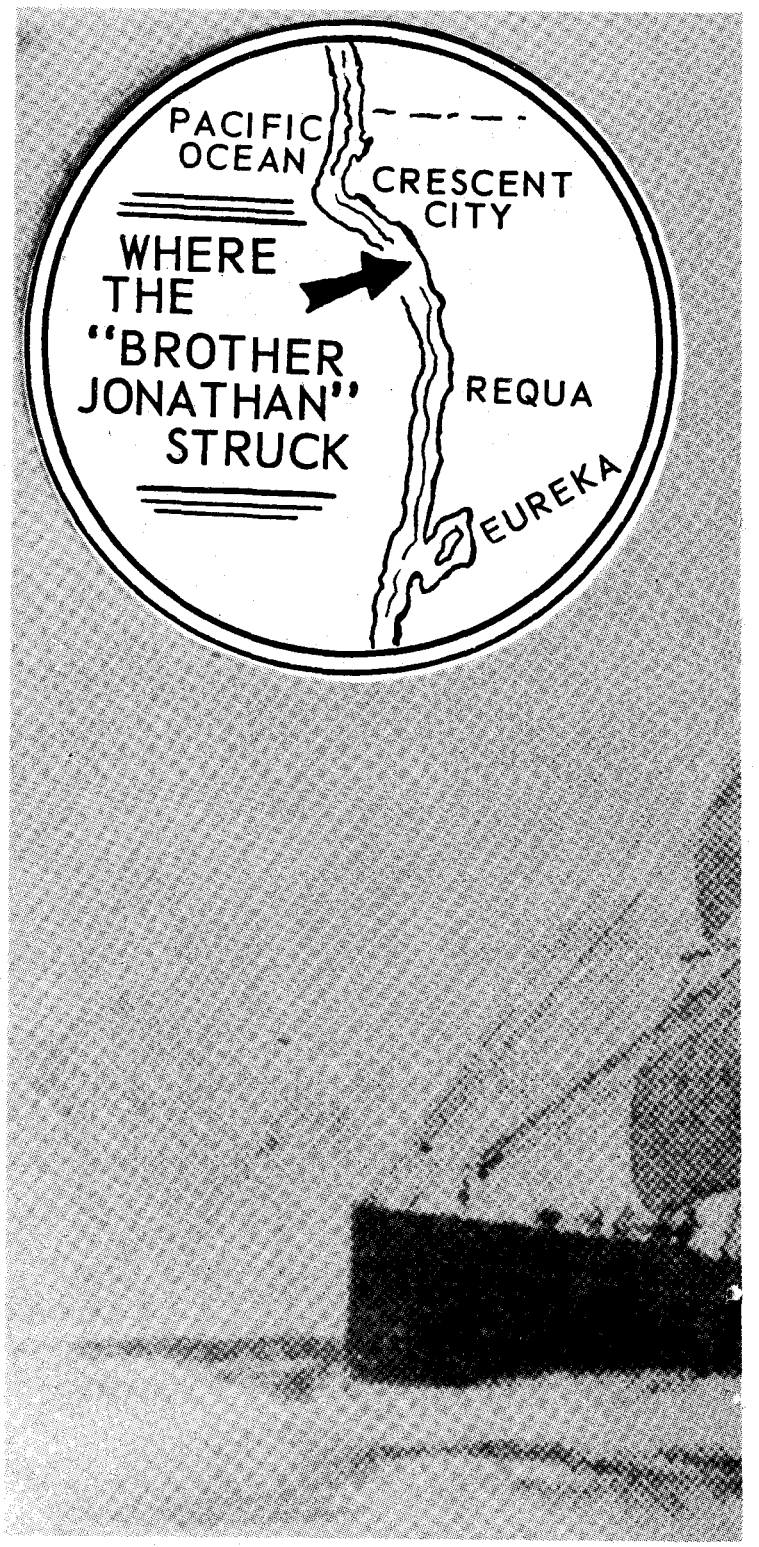
The Last Voyage of

They were singing and dancing aboard the Brother Jonathan when the rocks suddenly ripped into the hull. Of the 163 unsuspecting passengers, only sixteen survived.

By Lieut. Harry E. Rieseberg



Seawater hissing past her wooden hull, the old sidewheeler *Brother Jonathan* steamed out of San Francisco's Golden Gate on the afternoon of July 28, 1865, in the service of the California Steam Navigation company.

Behind her was a long history of Pacific coastal service that dated back to 1852 when C.K. Garrison brought her around Cape Horn from the East. But none of the trips of earlier years had won the *Brother Jonathan* a place in Western history.

This one would.

As the sidewheeler clawed her way toward the sea, bound for Portland and Victoria, B. C., with 109 passengers and a crew of 54, the first hours of the voyage went well. On the second day weather worsened, however, and mountainous seas arose. Soon the steamer could barely maintain headway against the waves and wind. Skipper S. J. Wolfe, alarmed, set a course for Crescent City, California's northernmost port and the closest place of shelter.

The events that followed were set down most graphically by the reports of the few passengers who survived the ensuing disaster.

As the steamer made her perilous course through the night, the gale heightened, the sea continued to rise, the skies darkened with heavy masses of rain and wind, and the *Brother Jonathan's* tempo slowed down, down, down. Even the sound of the vessel's engines had an ominous vibration, a sort of cadence of impending doom and suppressed excitement. But within the brightly lighted cabins and salon, the passengers remained unaware of the hazards. Their heavy boots were set thumping in rollicking rhythm by the music of the five-piece orchestra. In the bar, toasts of success were offered; cheers, songs, and raucous laughter drowned out the sound and vibration of the threshing engines below deck and the wind and fury of the storm which roared outside.

The *Brother Jonathan* drove steadily through the storm, seeking the safety of Crescent City. In the captain's quarters sat Captain Wolfe and two of his officers, together with one of the passengers, Malcolm McGregor, a veteran miner of the Mother Lode goldmining camps who had acquired quite a fortune, the hard-earned fruits

(continued on page 40)

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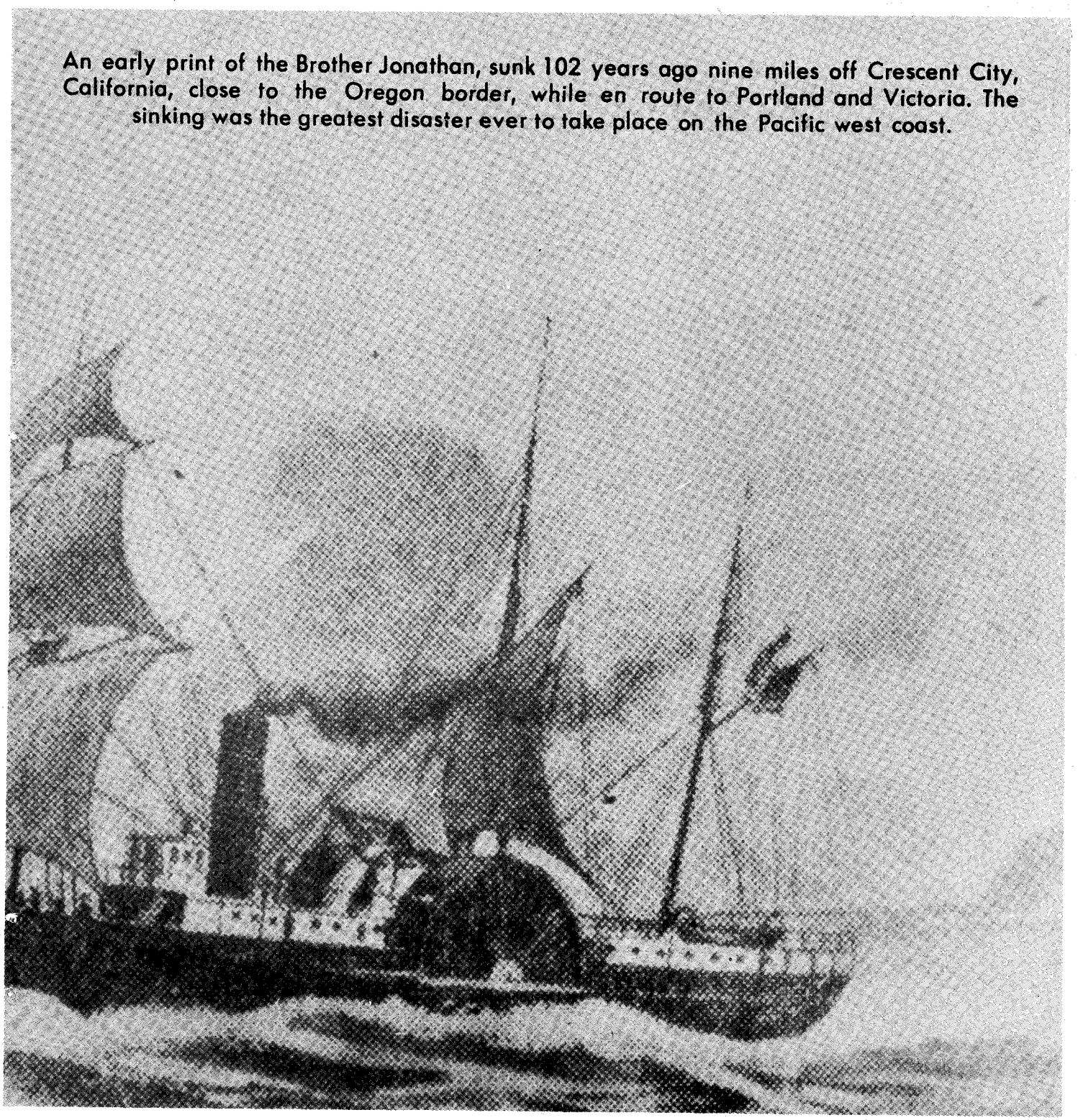
Brother Jonathan



An early print of the Brother Jonathan, sunk 102 years ago nine miles off Crescent City, California, close to the Oregon border, while en route to Portland and Victoria. The sinking was the greatest disaster ever to take place on the Pacific west coast.

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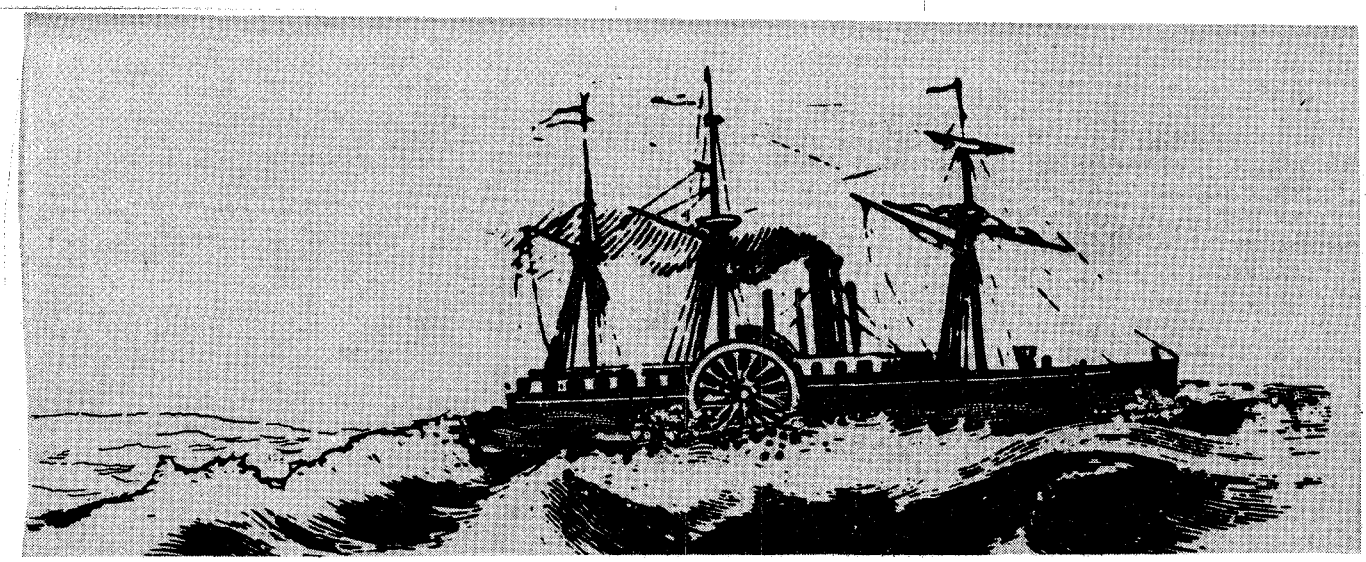

of hardship, and who for the first time in several years was en route to Victoria. All three men, at the moment, were listening to Captain Wolfe's discussion of the weather, together with his narratives of some of his former passages.

"I don't like this passage, gentlemen, any more than you do," he remarked. "But duty is duty, and my orders are to make the nearest port and wait until the weather subsides."

"There seems to be a feeling of something ominous which is most extraordinarily uncomfortable in a gale like this----" remarked McGregor.

"It isn't the weather so much that I've been thinking of," broke in Captain Wolfe. "I've been thinking what a safe passage will do for the passengers when they get to their destinations; the happiness, the ease and comfort they will have after so much privation in gathering their fortunes."

Gold, wrested from the diggings of California, lay languishing in passengers' carpetbags, pouches and pockets, waiting for its power to be released in Portland and Victoria. What wouldn't it do in those cities for its owners!

"Beg pardon, sir," reported the second officer, as he entered the captain's quarters. "The gale is increasing in intensity, sir."

Captain Wolfe rose from his chair to go out on deck, and Malcolm McGregor, now standing with his arm uplifted and glass extended, proposed a toast to their success in outwitting the storm. "Gentlemen, it is a period for drinking .... for a health to our success."

The quarters resounded with a cheer, but the last echoes had scarcely died away when the steamer seemed to stagger. In the cabins and salon men and women were hurled against the walls, and panic seized the passengers. Shrieks and curses carried through the ship as it was caught in a twisting, rending, whirling terror of destruction. Pandemonium reigned. Full-throated screams of terror were but faint whispers against the thunderous tumult of the howling elements. The passengers raced to the outer deck with their nugget-filled carpetbags and pouches in the hope of saving themselves and their gold.

Men and women fought desperately for the lifeboats, their riches forgotten now as they fell and rose, only to fall again as the heaving vessel shattered herself against the unseen underwater pinnacle which tore at her hull.

Within a few minutes the steamer's small lifeboats, loaded to their full capacity, were dotting the dark waters. Captain Wolfe now had ordered everyone to look out for himself. Lifeboats were hastily lowered over the side of the doomed steamer, but many of them swamped.

Then the *Brother Jonathan's* timbers parted and a section of her keel came up alongside. The vessel slewed about so her bow came into the wind and open sea, then worked herself off the pinnacle. The steamer's foremast dropped through her hull until the foreyard rested across the decks. Slowly, the *Brother Jonathan*, steam hissing, sank into the black depths near the Seal Rocks nine miles off Crescent City.

It was a strangely assorted fellowship on the *Brother Jonathan's* passenger list. Brigadier-General George Wright was last seen tying a life-preserver about the waist of his wife, who had refused to enter one of the lifeboats without her husband. They both perished.

William Logan United States Indian agent, was taking north a large consignment of gold as compensation to Indians in Idaho with whom the federal government had made treaties. Another passenger named Logan, not related to the Indian agent, was a distinguished and most colorful general who had made quite a name for himself as an Indian fighter in the Cayuse Indian Wars.

One passenger whose loss caused deep sadness throughout California at the time was James Nesbit, "old newspaper drudge" of the San Francisco *Bulletin* who, realizing that the steamer was going down and that there was no choice or chance of escape for him, calmly sat down on the sloshing deck, took out his pencil and paper and began to write his will. He placed the manuscript carefully inside his shirt and lay back on the deck to die.

Along with these notable passengers was a group of ladies in the charge of one Mrs. J. C. Keenan, a business woman moving her merchandise to Portland and Seattle. A reporter at the time, writing his report of the catastrophe, poetically described her contingent as "the seven soiled doves".

Good women and bad, good men and bad sank into the relentless, impersonal sea together. Many were washed ashore by the subsiding waters after the storm abated; bodies were picked up everywhere along the sandy beaches as far north as the Rogue River and south to the Klamath River. Among the dead pulled in from the heavy surf were a brothel madame, Brigadier-General George Wright, William Logan and the old newspaperman, James Nesbit — the latter with his watersoaked will still safe against his heart. Only sixteen passengers and crewmen managed to escape from the sinking *Brother Jonathan* and make it to the safety of the Oregon and California shores. Nothing was left of the steamer but the helm, and this was later washed ashore near Crescent City, where for many years it hung on the wall over the huge bar of Scovill's saloon.

Newspaper and navigational reports of the disaster describe the terrible last moments of the stricken ship. On the day of the sinking, James Patterson, third officer of the *Brother Jonathan*, wired this telegram:

CRESCENT CITY JULY 30 VIA JACKSONVILLE OREGON RECD IN SAN FRANCISCO AUG 2 CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY STEAMER BROTHER JONATHAN STRUCK A SUNKEN ROCK

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OFF SAINT GEORGE'S POINT EIGHT OR TEN MILES NORTHWEST FROM CRESCENT CITY ABOUT HALF PAST ONE O'CLOCK TODAY AND WENT DOWN ABOUT FORTY-FIVE MINUTES AFTERWARDS ALL ON BOARD ARE SUPPOSED TO BE LOST SEVENTEEN ADULTS AND THREE CHILDREN WHO CAME ASHORE WITH ME IN SHIP'S LIFEBOAT AT THIS PLACE ALL THE SMALL BOATS AT THIS PLACE HAVE GONE TO THE RESCUE NO HOPE OF SAVING ANYONE TWO BOATS SWAMPED ALONGSIDE OF THE SHIP AND THERE WERE THREE BOATS LEFT ON STEAMER PASSENGERS CARED FOR BY CITIZENS EIGHT O'CLOCK A. M. BOATS RETURNED AND NOTHING SEEN OF WRECK WE HAVE GIVEN UP ALL HOPE.

Based on the above telegram, a letter describing the sinking was written by the press correspondent of the "Del Norte," the same day, as follows:

"July 30, 1865: The steamer Brother Jonathan struck a sunken rock about ten miles off Crescent City, about half past one p. m. or later, and the last vestige of her disappeared in half or three quarters of an hour afterwards. The third officer, with thirteen of the crew, two white women and two small children, and one Chinese woman and her child twenty persons in all, arrived here safely.

"The first mate reports that on account of the heavy headwind and sea the steamer was heading for this port (Crescent City) to remain a few hours until the wind subsided. She must have been some five miles further north than was at first supposed, and ran amongst the rocks. The mate says the sea was so rough that it required all possible attention to manage his boat, and he thinks that two boats were swamped alongside the steamer, just as he left her, and that she entirely disappeared in fifteen or twenty minutes after he left her side. Four boats put off from this place (Crescent City) immediately to try to save any persons who might be floating alive, two of which returned just after dark, having seen nothing. Two are still out. Boats will start in the morning before light to find any who may possibly be alive, but our hopes are small. It was so very rough this evening that it would have been scarcely possible to see anyone unless close at hand. The mail is just closing and therefore I am brief."

Then, on the following morning, Captain Thomas Buckley of the Sixth Infantry, the commanding officer, telegraphed the following report:

CAMP LINCOLN VIA JACKSONVILLE OREGON JULY 31 RECD AT SAN FRANCISCO AUG 1 10 P. M. COLONEL R. C. DRUM AT TWO P.M. YESTERDAY THE STEAMER BROTHER JONATHAN STRUCK A SUNKEN ROCK AND SANK IN LESS THAN AN HOUR WITH ALL ON BOARD EXCEPT SIXTEEN PERSONS WHO ESCAPED IN A SMALL BOAT THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF THE ILL-FATED SHIP. NO TRACE OF THE VESSEL IS LEFT. I WAS OUT LAST NIGHT ON THE BEACH WITH FOURTEEN MEN SHALL KEEP PARTY OUT ON BEACH. GENERAL WRIGHT AND FAMILY AND STAFF ARE SUPPOSED TO BE LOST. FULL PARTICULARS BY MAIL.

The following report is that of G. W. Emory, keeper of the lighthouse at Crescent City, as reported to Commander J. W. Webster, lighthouse inspector, 12th Division, San Francisco, under date of August 1st, as follows:

"Sir; I have to report to you, in conformity to the printed instruction, that on the 30th day of July, the Steamer Brother Jonathan from San Francisco, bound for Portland, Ore., was wrecked on a sunken rock ten miles northeast of this light, in a strong breeze, wind from northwest. This vessel was not seen from the light, it being foggy and smoky weather; struck at night from the best and most reliable information that can be obtained. The crew and passengers consisted of about 250 souls, as well as can be ascertained from the survivors, of whom 231 perished and the remainder of the crew and passengers, 19 in number, came ashore in one of the ship's boats, were saved, and are now at Crescent City. Every assistance in my power was rendered to those on board of the wreck, which was as follows, namely: all the surf boats and whaler boats of Crescent City immediately went to the place where the wreck was last seen to render such assistance as was necessary to all who might be still alive; and after none being found, the boats returned. However, the ship's boat reported that the Brother Jonathan sank about 45 minutes after she struck. Boats are still cruising."

It is to be noted that there appears quite a discrepancy between these statements and the actual list of names of the survivors; however, this may be explained by the conditions at the time with so many reports conflicting each other in the midst of the catastrophe. The names of the officers of the *Brother Jonathan* were as follows: S. J. Wolfe, master; W. A. H. Allen, first officer; J. D. Campbell, second officer; James Patterson, third officer, and John S. Benton, purser.

The seafaring folk of Crescent City by tradition estimate that the treasure-cargo consignment that went down with the steamer was close to half million dollars or more. However, more conservative figures based on the actual shipping insurance reports from such firms as California Insurance, California Lloyd's, Mercantile, Mutual, Bigelow Brothers & Faulkner, and Taylor & Company furnish evidence that the amount of gold and silver carried down was nearer to $335,000.

An interesting report furnished the author by A. C. Hough, attorney-at-law in Grants Pass, Oregon, dated September 5, 1939, states as follows:

"My father, George C. Hough, first United States Attorney for the Idaho Territory, 1863-1868, was in charge of Indian Affairs in the Territory at the time of the Brother Jonathan's loss, and the William Logan who lost his life was immediately under my father's supervision. There was $105,000 in United States gold coin put aboard the vessel in San Francisco under his charge for the safe delivery at Boise City, for distributing among the Indians. My father had given a bond to the government with two sureties. After the Brother Jonathan was lost, my father went to Washington and secured a resolution of Congress relieving himself and sureties from liability under the bond, in 1866. This gold, along with other consignments, was placed in steel boxes. My father also related to me that there were 100 barrels of whiskey loaded into the ship at the time."

The exact resting place of the long disintegrated remains of the *Brother Jonathan*, together with her still unsalvaged and undisturbed treasure, has remained pretty much a secret to all but the son of an eye-witness to the disaster of 101 years ago. The wreckage is strewn on a sort of undersea mesa or plateau under 270 feet of water about a mile north of the Seal Rocks off Crescent City. Several attempts to salvage the vast fortune have been made in recent years, but all have failed due to the lack of adequate underwater salvage equipment.

The miners and prospectors on the *Brother Jonathan*, who worked so hard and dreamed so big, who pried gold from the earth where it had been imprisoned since the dawn of time, succeeded only in burying it even deeper beneath the sea ....

RW

SOURCES:

Records of the Bureau of Navigation & Steamboat Inspection Service

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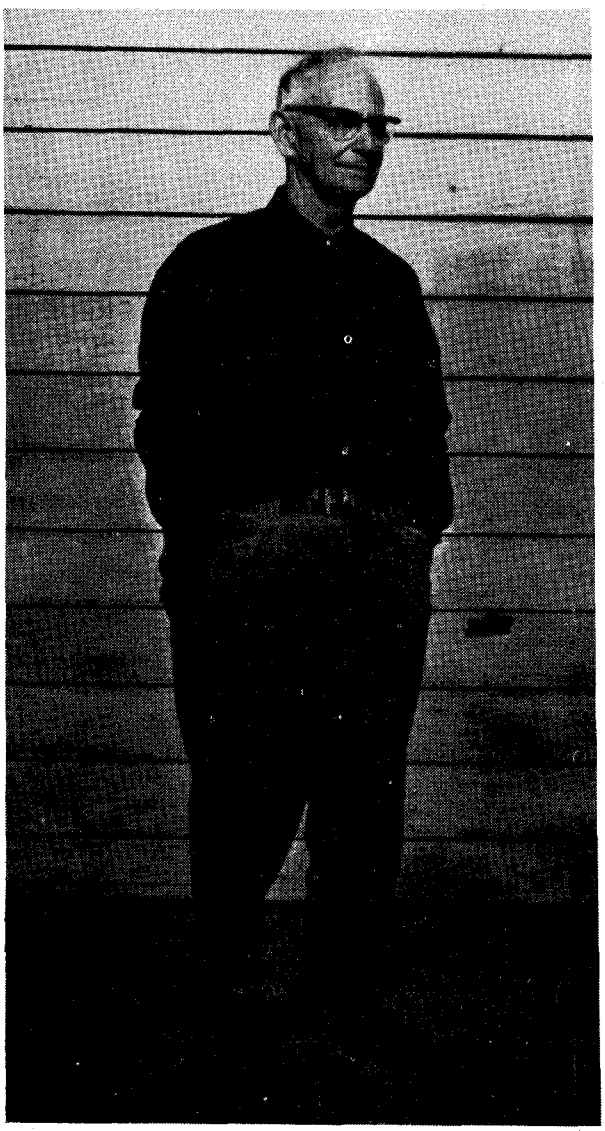
THE JOY OF NO-NOSE MAGGIE

In her younger days, Maggie had been a dance hall girl, and a member in good standing of the world's oldest profession. Then a sister in sin swung a whiskey bottle across her face and she became..."Aunt Mary."



All photos from the author

John Robertson of Nephi, Utah knew "No-Nose Maggie" and can vouch for her hospitality.

As the cold, January sun sank behind the rugged Drum Mountains, the two men spurred their horses up the trail toward the yellow square of light that shone through the gathering darkness. A half dozen runty, squealing pigs came out to meet them as their horses clopped over the frozen ground and into the yard. As they stopped in front of the house, the door opened and a short, squatty figure in a long, black coat walked toward them.

"By God, kids, I'm glad to see yuh!" a woman's cheery voice said. "Come in by the fire and I'll set somethin' on the table."

On this cold winter night in 1919, this one lighted window was all that showed in the once rowdy, rollicking mining town that an unknown, but optimistic miner had christened "Joy". But John Robertson, deputy Juab County Assessor, and his partner, Jim Anderson, were glad to be there. For they had heard of the hearty hospitality of "Aunt Mary" Laird, one of the best known and most colorful characters in Utah's west desert.

It had been almost two weeks since Robertson and his partner, leading a heavily loaded pack-horse, had ridden out of the county seat town of Nephi, Utah, and headed west. It was their job to find and assess all livestock in a wild, desolate strip of land, 25 miles wide and extending from the Wasatch Mountains on the east to the Deep Creek Mountains on the Nevada border, over a hundred miles to the west. The two million acres of land that lay west of the county seat were populated by fewer than one hundred permanent residents, so it was a long, lonely trip.

A light skiff of snow covered the frozen ground. The weather was bitterly cold and some nights they rolled their beds out under the stars and huddled around an open fire in the sub-zero weather while they boiled their coffee and fried their bacon. Whenever they could, as they crisscrossed the county checking the stock, they stayed at sheep camps where there was a warm sheep wagon, plenty of mutton, sour dough biscuits, and hot coffee.

"In spite of the cold," Robertson, who now operates a motel in Nephi, laughs, "I gained 30 pounds on mutton and biscuits, and that's a lot of weight for a man of my size."

"Be sure and put yer pack on top of the fence and watch them damn pigs while yer horses eat," the woman

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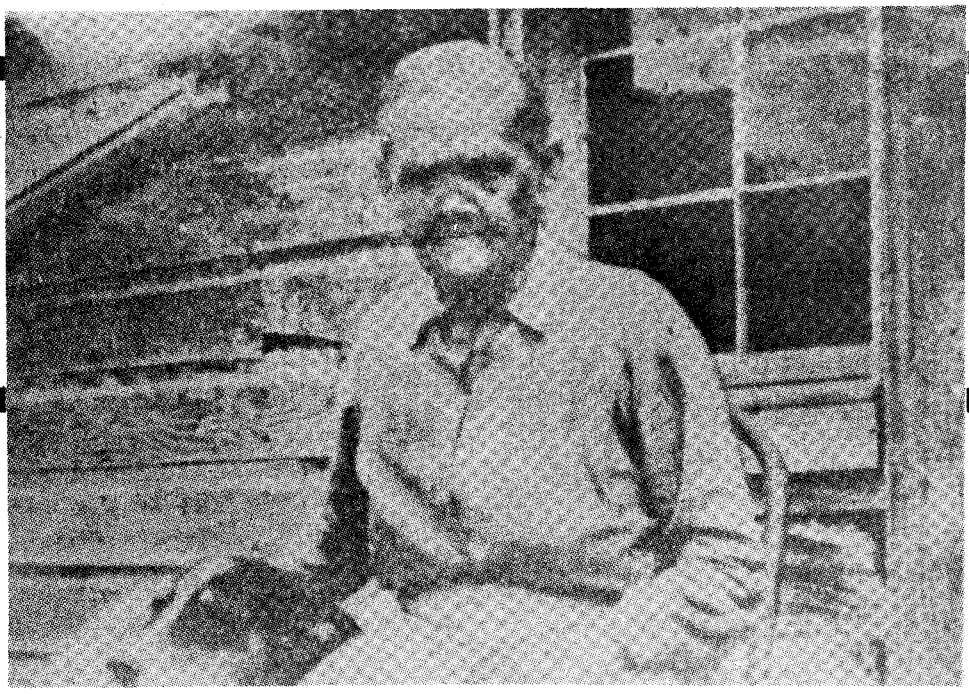

By
Earl
Spendlove

"Aunt Mary" Laird and her faithful dog, the last two inhabitants of Joy, an abandoned mining town in the Drum Mountains of Utah.

said as she turned toward the house, "or they'll rip the nose sacks off yer horses."

As the two men entered the low-ceilinged room, they saw the short, plump figure of Aunt Mary bending over the stove.

"Sit down and I'll have something to eat in just a minute," she said without turning around.

Robertson settled himself at the table and rested his chin in his hands. The warm room made him drowsy and, in spite of the fact that his hands and feet tingled as the warmth seeped in and drove out the cold, he had to fight to keep his eyes open. He was fighting a losing battle when a plate was banged down on the table in front of him. With a start, he looked up, blinked his eyes, and found himself staring into the most horribly mutilated face he had ever seen.

The sheepherders had told him of her frightful face, but he was unprepared for what he saw. The face was old, scarred, and wrinkled. The bridge of her nose was crooked and mashed flat against her face. The tip was folded upward, and all that showed were two gaping holes, just above her mouth. A wisp of straggly, grey hair hung down in her face and bright, beady eyes glared out from beneath bushy, black brows.

The eyes were those of a woman who knew man as an open book. In a glance, she read the secrets of their souls, labeled and filed them away for future reference. Then, in an instant, the eyes changed and the love of life showed through.

"Quit yer starin'," she said good naturedly, "ain't ya never seen a woman before?"

Embarrassed, the two turned their attention to their plates and, while they ate, Aunt Mary's cheerful chatter, liberally punctuated with profanity, informed them of the happenings in the desert. Before the evening was over, they were so swept along by her friendly patter, and so amused by her salty stories that they completely forgot her disfigured face.

After they had eaten, they unrolled their blankets on a rusty bed in a back room and were soon sound asleep. Some time during the night a half dozen freighters came in and were bedded down on the floor of the same room. When morning came and the hungry horde trooped into Aunt Mary's kitchen, she shook her head sadly.

"My God, kids," she wailed, "I hope you like doughgobs, 'cause I ain't got enough bread for breakfast."

"By today's standards," Robertson laughs, "that meal wouldn't be very fancy, but that ham, fried bread and coffee was one of the best meals I've ever eaten."

After breakfast they got down to the business of deciding how many livestock Aunt Mary was to pay taxes on.

"I reckon I got about ten cows," she said and Robertson wrote the figure down.

"I must have seen 200 pigs when I rode in yesterday," he said without looking up.

"Oh my God, sweetheart!" the old woman exclaimed, "you know I can't pay taxes on that many pigs."

"Well, I saw a lot of pigs," the assessor insisted.

"Well, they ain't all mine," she snapped, and they haggled over the number of swine she owned. Finally, she admitted that two of the pigs were hers and agreed to pay taxes on them.

"How much do we owe you for putting us up?" Robertson asked as they led their horses up to the house.

The wrinkles in the old woman's brow grew deep with thought, "Do you think a dollar apiece would be too much?"

"Hurry back, sweethearts!" the old crone called as they rode up the pass, and they knew she'd shouted the same invitation a thousand times to a thousand different men.

In her younger days, Aunt Mary had been a dance hall girl, a lady of pleasure, and a member in good standing of the world's oldest profession. She and her kind were as much a part of the old West as the sheepherders and soldiers; the mountain men, miners, and misfits,....and the padres and the preachers.

Some who knew her say that Aunt Mary, or "No-Nose Maggie" as she was sometimes called, had been a show girl on Broadway. But the most reliable sources indicate that she was born in North Dakota in 1858. Christened Mary Alice Ann Devitt, she grew up to be a buxom, curvacious girl who caught the eye of every male in her neighborhood. She was still in her teens when she married and moved to Seattle. Like many women with full figures and pretty faces, Mary Alice enjoyed the admiring glances of the opposite sex, and her marriage was doomed from the very beginning.

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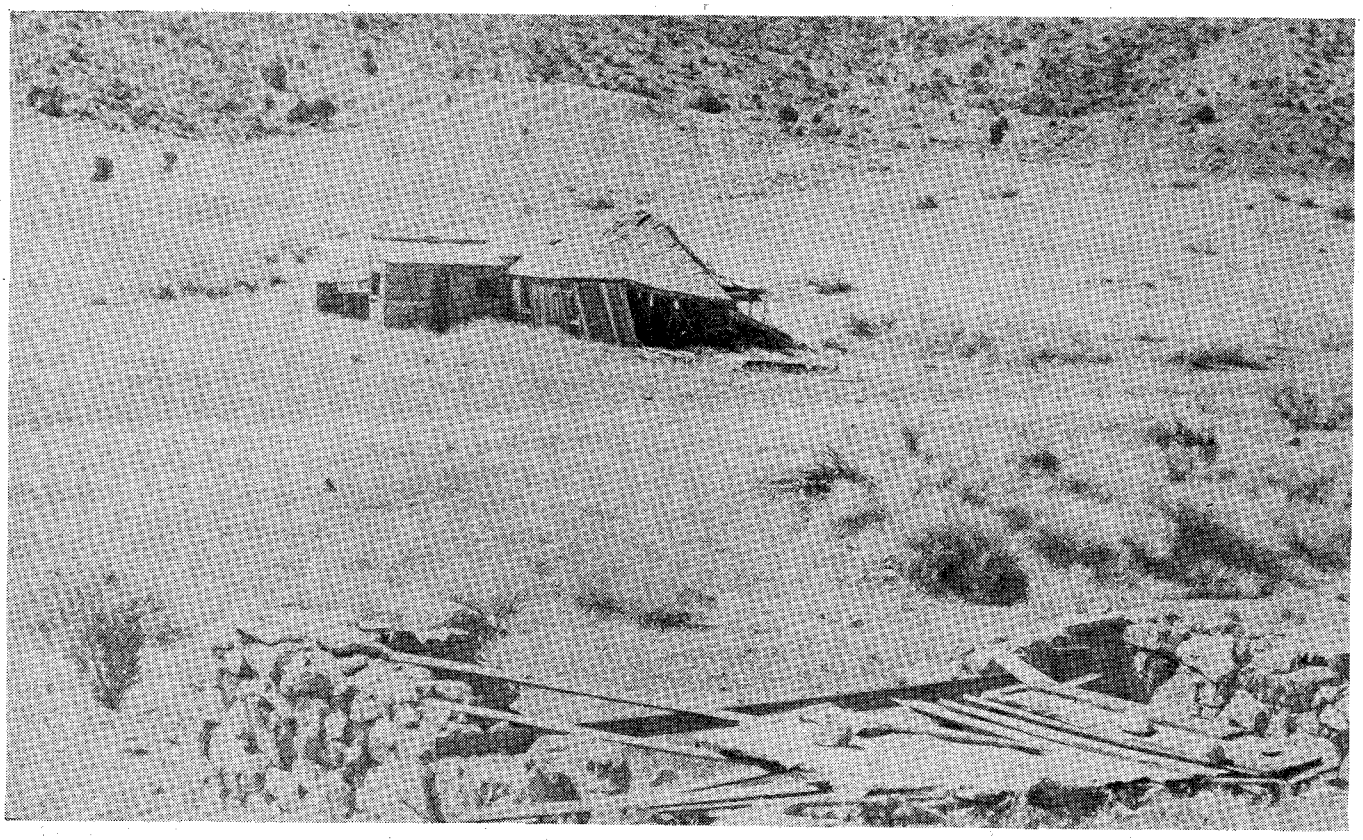

Remains of Aunt Mary's store and a few rock ruins are all that is left of Joy, the sad little community in the Drum Mountains.

The next few pages from the book of her life are missing. When the story begins again, Mary Alice was a bar maid in the roaring mining camp at Virginia City, Nevada. She soon found, however, that a woman of her beauty and talent could make more after hours than she could on her regular job, so she changed her profession and became a dance hall girl and a woman of pleasure.

When Virginia City got a bit too dull, she moved to Eureka, Utah where florishing mines and well paid miners held the promise of easy wealth. For several months she worked the saloons and dance halls in this wild town in the tops of the Tintic Mountains where she was very much in demand...and very much available. Her popularity with the miners and her aggressiveness in soliciting customers did little to endear her to the hearts of her sisters in sin. They made her life so miserable that she finally decided to leave town and she began looking about for her next field of operations.

About this time Charlie Green, a cowpuncher on the Thomas ranch, discovered a rich deposit of silver in the Fish Springs Mountains. Charlie loved the fresh air and the sunshine and had no hankering to get off his horse and grub in the ground. So, when he was offered ten mustang horses for a million dollars in silver, he sold his claim and was glad to get rid of it.

When the mine opened, Mary Alice moved to the crude camp in the north end of the Fish Springs Mountains and began plying her trade. At first she had no competition and the miners, hungry for female companionship, filled her purse with money. It was not long, however, until a hooker who called herself Katie Kilkoski moved into camp and the trouble began.

On pay days the smoky, one-room saloon was filled with wild boisterous men, anxious to spend their wages on whiskey, women, and fun. The tall skinny Katie and the small, but buxom Mary Alice neither asked nor gave any favors in their efforts to out-do each other in separating the men from their money. One night, Mary Alice sidled up to the bar and pressed her shoulder against the arm of a bristly-bearded miner who had a belly full of whiskey, a roll of bills that would fill a beer stein, and Katie Kilkoski hanging on his arm.

"Hi ya, kid," she whispered in a husky voice.

"Well, if it ain't Mary Alice," the miner laughed, then turned unsteadily and put his arm around her slender waist.

"Find yer own man, you hussy!" the tall, angular girl hung to the miner's other arm and her painted lips drew back to show small, even white teeth.

"What's the matter, Katie, can't you hold your man?" Mary Alice cooed sweetly.

"I'll show you how to hold a man," Katie Kilkoski screeched and, clawing and spitting like a wild cat, she flew at the other girl.

The rowdy, fun-loving miners cheered, and urged them on. Seconds later they were rolling about on the floor, kicking, scratching, and pulling hair. After ten minutes of furious fighting their clothes were almost torn off and the two, half-naked, scratched, and bleeding girls lay on the floor in a tangle of legs and arms and gasped for breath. Finally, the miners tore the two apart and helped them to their feet.

For several minutes they leaned on the bar and gulped great mouthfuls of air into their burning lungs. Then, suddenly and without warning, Katie reached out, grasped a bottle that was sitting on the bar, swung it with all her might, and smashed Mary Alice in the face. There was a scream of pain and terror, then blood from the broken nose and the slashed face gushed forth and drenched them both. The cheering miners were suddenly silent

(continued on page 63)

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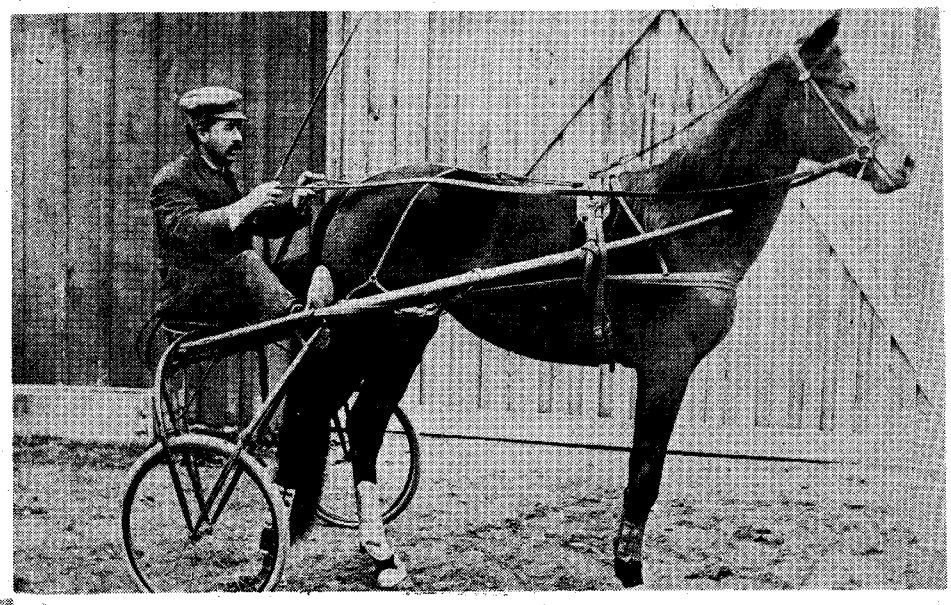
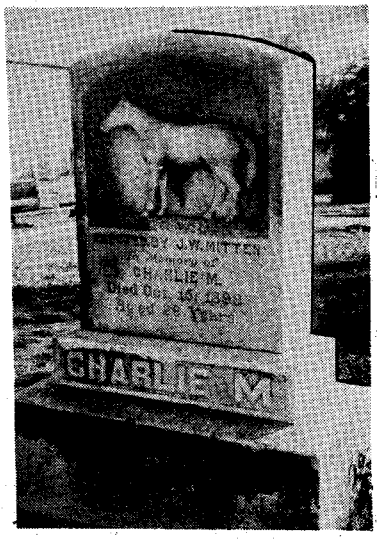
CHARLIE M

You can never judge a book by its cover... or a horse, by the load he carries.

By Louise Cheney





Photo's by The Western Horseman

Charlie M. who was pulling a delivery wagon when discovered by J.W. Mitten, became one of the world's greatest race horses. His monument stands in Corsicana, Texas.

A chance meeting between J.W. Mitten, equine fancier and owner of an up-to-date livery stable in the nineteenth century in Corsicana, Texas, and a horse pulling a wood wagon led to the discovery of one of the greatest racers of all time. Today in Corsicana stands a monument to the great horse and, although over sixty years have passed since he went to his reward, his grave is still well kept and glowing with flowers.

Mitten happened to see the horse drawing a wagon through the streets and, liking his looks, bought the equine on the spot. Believing the graceful animal had the makings of a racer, Mitten trained him. When placed on the track, Charlie M., the name Mitten gave his new find, proved more than good. He became one of the greatest race horses the world has ever known. Soon he was appearing on all the top tracks of the country and winning! Noted for his pacing, running and trotting, Charlie M. took on all challengers and proved that he could win at any chosen gait.

Charlie M. was foaled in Texas in 1873, raised by Mr. and Mrs Miller Huskie and Huskie's brother-in-law, Kissinger, who used Charlie M as a work horse. When Huskie's youngest son married in 1880, Charlie M. was given to the bride and groom as a wedding present. The horse was soon put to work on a team hauling fire wood in Corsicana.

In the early 1880's Corsicana made rapid strides toward becoming the racing metropolis of all the southwest. J.W. Whiteselle and associates built still another race track which was situated on the east side of town, and the Jockey Club was organized in 1881. Picturesque parades were staged and tracks laid so a mule-drawn street car could carry racing fans to the tracks.

In 1888 probably the most important race ever held in the south was run on the new track. It was between two female riders, Mollie Taylor and Nellie Burke, the latter at that time being the U.S. riding champion. Nellie Burke proved her riding ability by taking home the $10,000 purse.

Many famous race horses were brought to Corsicana to compete with Charlie M. on the tracks. He also raced in other states and more often than not brought home the bacon to owner Mitten.

Then in 1889, at the ripe old age (for a horse) of 26, Charlie M. died. Not only did the city of Corsicana and his owner, Mr. Mitten, grieve but the entire nation expressed sorrow at the passing of the gallant racer. Mitten had a coffin built for Charlie M. and tenderly laid him to rest. Over his grave he placed the monument which still stands in Corsicana today.

On one side of the stone is the carved image of a horse with these words: ERECTED BY J. W. MITTEN IN MEMORY OF CHARLIE M., DIED OCTOBER 15, 1899, AGE 26.

On the other side is the following inscription: CHARLIE M., AS HONEST A HORSE AS THE SUN EVER SHONE ON. Beneath these words is his record: PACING ONE MILE --- 2.21 1/4; TROTTING ONE MILE ---2.24 1/4.

Charlie M. kept faith with Mitten well for truly he was one of the greatest champions the race tracks of the United States have ever known.

RW

SOURCE:
Alva Taylor, Corsicana, Texas
Texas Guidebook by Rex Howard, Lo-Ray Co. Grand Prairie, Texas

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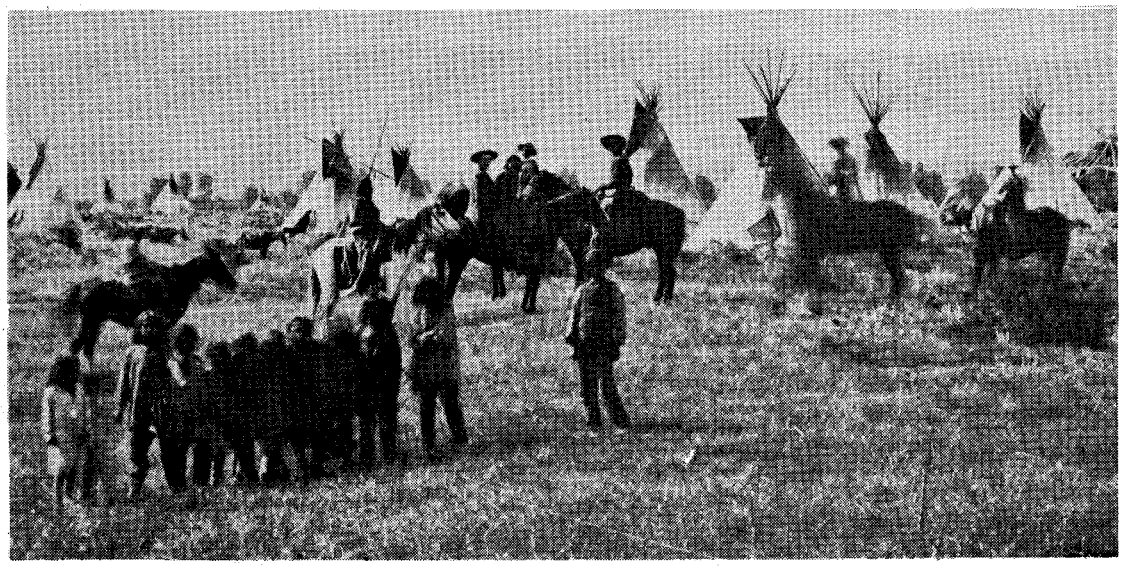
REAL WEST

Photo from Wyoming State Archives

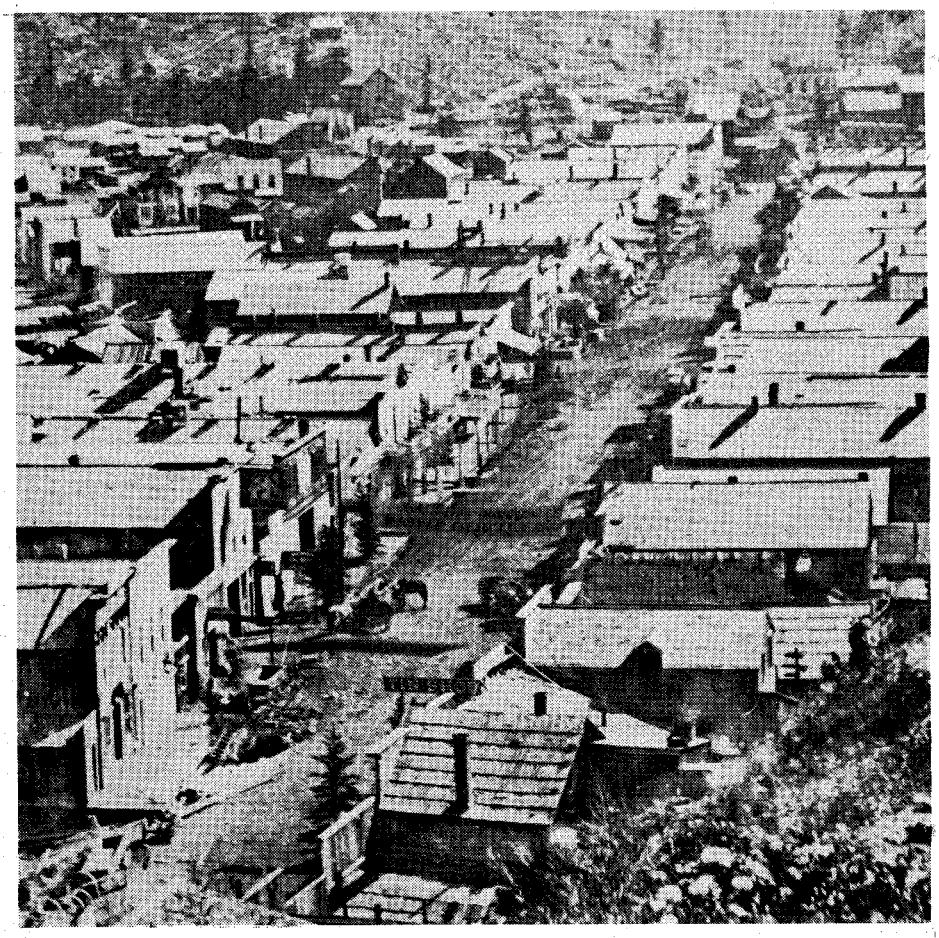


A typical Indian encampment on the plains. Note the haphazard arrangement of tepees. The above photo is an Arapahoe Camp taken in Wyoming in the 1870's.

Collection of Ellison Photo Co. Austin, Texas

William Alexander Anderson Wallace, better known as Big Foot Wallace. Wallace was one of the better known Texas Rangers during its early days. In addition to "Big Foot" he was also called "The Wild Wolf of the Waco" and "King of the Lariat".

South Dakota Museum, University of South Dakota



Bird's eye view of the business district of Deadwood, South Dakota during the 1880's when it was a flourishing boom town. The closely packed wooden buildings were a constant fire hazard.

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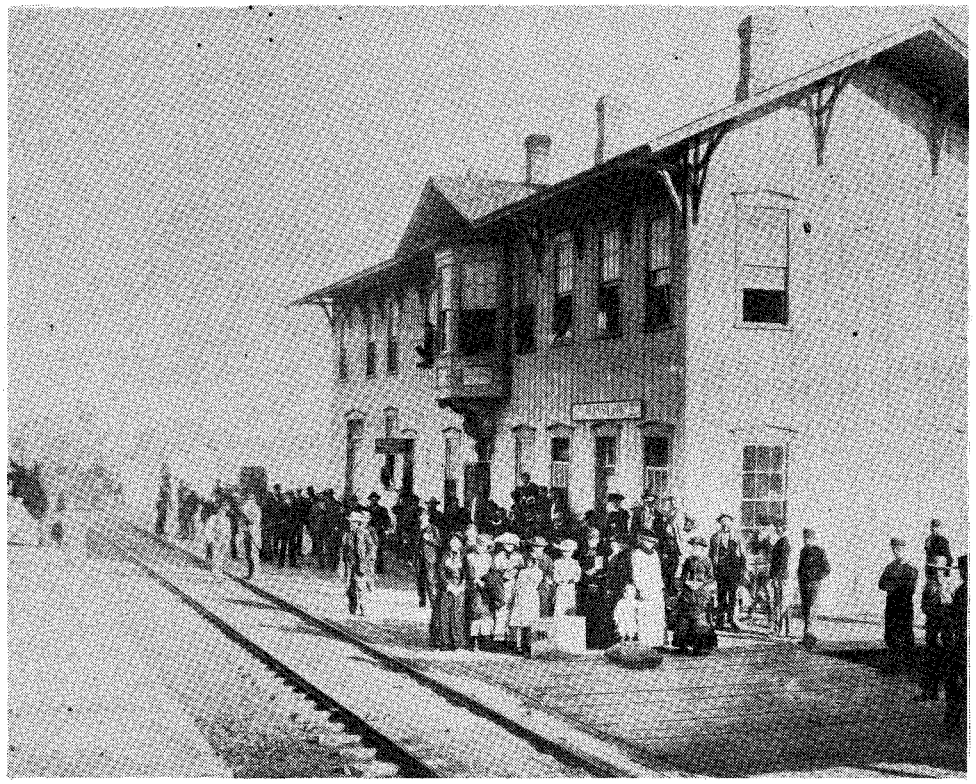
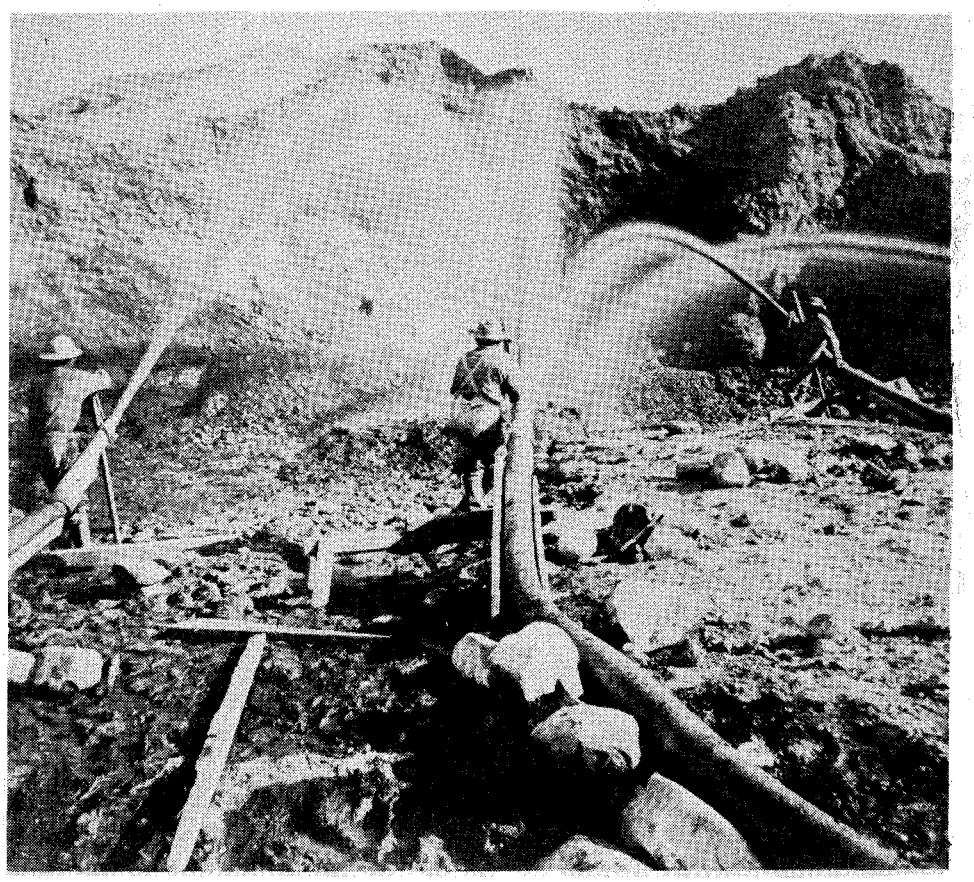
PICTORIAL



Waiting for the train at Winslow, Arizona. Train arrivals were always an event, and crowds gathered to watch the "iron horse" pull into the station. Note the hardy individual standing on the tracks. There was one in every crowd causing many an engineer anxious moments. The smokestack indicates the photo was taken in the late 1870's or 1880's

U.S. Signal Corps



Hydraulic Mining, Nevada County, California, 1866. "Miners" washed dirt into a system of long toms where the gold was recovered. The mud and silt washed onto farm and range lands causing ill feeling between farmers and mining companies. In the 1860's laws were passed outlawing this type of mining but it was continued until 1884 when the law was upheld in the courts.

Library of Congress

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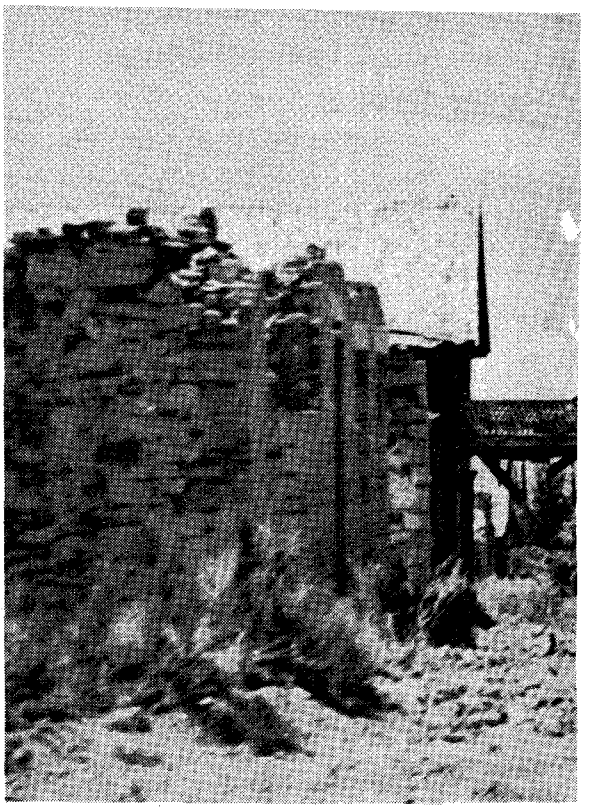
Many boom towns had as much violence as Belmont...most mining camps had as much wealth as Belmont...but few other "Silver Cities" could boast of this town's greatest attraction... culture.

Belmont, Nevada, SEAT OF



Nevada Historical Society

The small mining community of Belmont, located in central Nevada, boasted of many things. Most of all it had culture. Such plays as "Maid with the Milking Pail", "Female Gambler", and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" attracted a good-sized audience.

From time to time, though, violence held the center of the stage. There was constant friction among Irish and Cornish miners because the latter was willing to work for less wages. When an announcement was made by the Silver Bend Mining Company that they were closing down their operations, the Irish wondered why. They knew mining operations were financially successful, with plenty of ore to work. They believed the mine was being temporarily closed down with the hope they would leave town. No doubt it would be reopened after they left and staffed by Cornishmen only.

A belligerent group went down to the mine office, seized R. B. Canfield, the superintendent, placed him astraddle a rail and headed for the outskirts of town. Stopping at saloons along the way for whiskey reinforcement, they left Canfield in care of Pat Dignon, leader of the outrage. Along came Lewis M. Bodrow, city marshall of Austin, a neighboring community. While attempting to aid Canfield, at one of the saloons, he received a blow in the face from Dignon. This set off a volley of shots, flashing knives, and flying fists from men who were standing about. Dignon and Bodrow were killed, but luckily Canfield escaped. It was impossible to pin the responsibility for Bodrow's death on any one person, for his body and clothing were riddled by at least 16 bullet holes and countless stab wounds.

The town had barely recovered from this melee when two Pennsylvania coal miners came to town to try their luck at silver mining. Charles McIntyre and Jack Walker, although not looking for trouble, managed to become involved in an argument with a Mr. Sutherland. Gunplay followed and Sutherland was shot by Walker. An innocent bystander also received a stray bullet in his leg. Walker was jailed awaiting a grand jury investigation, and McIntyre was given 80 days in jail. After serving a month they escaped, but were later captured while hiding in an abandoned mine shaft and put back in jail.

Indignant citizens determined to put an end to the town's crime wave. About midnight they stormed the jail, disarmed the sheriff and his deputy, tied them up, and went downstairs to the prisoners' cells. Towards morning, when the sheriff managed to free himself, he found a gruesome sight. The two prisoners had been hanged by the neck from joists in the basement ceiling, and pinned to the back of each man's shirt was a slip of paper on which was rudely scrawled "601", the sign of Belmont's vigilantes.

In late 1865 it was predicted that the population would soar to 10,000 after Col. Buel's mill extracted $100,000 worth of silver bullion from 1000 tons of ore, all taken within 25 feet of the surface. Although there were almost 2000 people working in Belmont in 1866-67, by 1873-74 this number had dwindled to 1500.

Prospectors and other individuals swarmed over the hills following the first discovery of ore by an Indian. Quartz was found between slate and porphyry running north and south, and the ore contained quantities of copper, lead, and antimony. The Belmont mine had the deepest shaft of any of the mines, but this only reached 500 feet. Considerable difficulty was encountered at this depth, because there was so much water in the mine. Utilizing a pump, 200 gallons of water a minute was expelled, which helped modify the condition somewhat.

Belmont grew so rapidly that the county seat of Nye county was wrested from Ione and transferred to Belmont, although the courthouse wasn't constructed until seven

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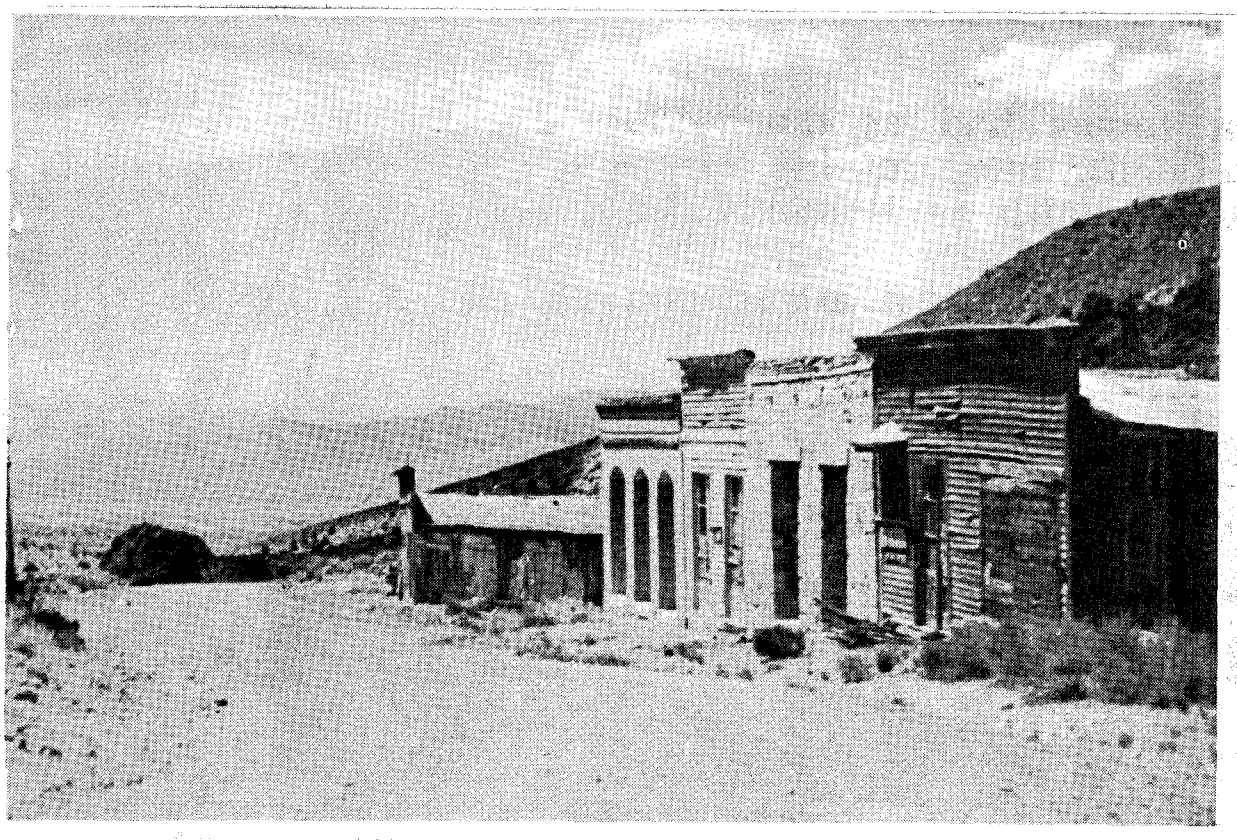
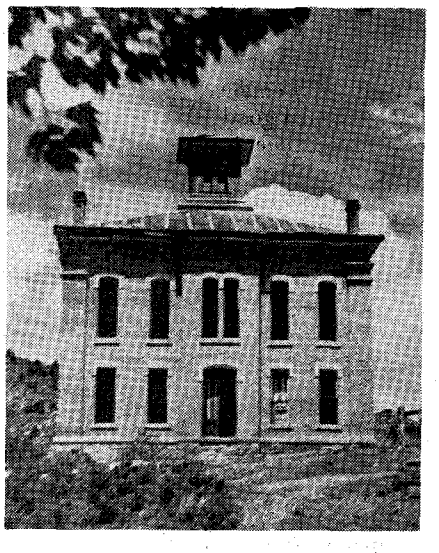


Main thoroughfare of Belmont, Nevada, once a booming mining town in central Nevada where vigilantes hanged a group of untried murderers.

CULTURE

By Doris Cerveri

Many buildings are still left standing at Belmont, Nevada. On the right, are the ruins of the once stately courthouse.



years later. As the town prospered and flourished, a substantial number of brick, adobe, and stone buildings soon replaced flimsy makeshift tents. There was an oyster house, jewelry shop, bakery, fruit store, drug store, and brewery. Doctors, dentists, and three attorneys maintained offices, and a host of other business houses established themselves in the boom town.

By 1895 Belmont had produced about $15,000,000 in silver and lead, but, when 1900 rolled around, the town was all but deserted. With the discovery of silver at Tonopah, Belmont lost its county seat and was finished. A spurt of activity occurred in 1909 with the discovery of a significant vein of turquoise, but this, too, quickly petered out.

Today, Belmont is just another ghost town, but it is an interesting place to visit as most of its buildings are in fair condition. Most outstanding is the abandoned, but still elegant courthouse. Approximately 60,000 bricks used in its construction were manufactured at three large kilns located about four miles from town, and every pound of lime used in the concrete, mortar, and plaster was also fired in the kilns.

RW

SOURCES:
Nevada's Official Centennial Magazine 1964
Ghosts of the Glory Trail, by Nell Marbarger
History of Nevada, by Thompson & West
Desert Magazine, June 1964
Nevada's Turbulent Yesterdays, by Don Ashbaugh

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THE IRON MAN OF THE HOH

(continued from page 12)

tree around which the dogs were jumping and barking.

"We gonna wait here all night, Pete?" Huelsdonk asked his partner. "I don't hanker to tangle with that dad-blamed cat in the dark."

"Wall now, John, I just happen to have a candle with me. We'll just light er up and you can shoot that varmint by candle light."

Pete lit the candle and held it towards the snarling cat in the tree. The two hunters could just about make out the tawny cougar by the light of the flickering candle flame. The eyes were two burning coals of green fire as though the devil himself was looking down on them.

Huelsdonk raised his Winchester to his shoulder. Taking careful aim at a point between those glowing eyes, he squeezed a shot off. For a moment the cougar didn't move, its eyes still green coals, its lips curled back over yellowed teeth. Then it leaped from the tree.

It leaped straight for Pete. Instinctively Pete stepped back and, in doing so, tripped on a root. Down he went, hip over teakettle, dropping the candle on the ground where it sputtered for a moment, then went out. In the blackness that followed - it seemed blacker than ever - John sensed rather than saw the big cat spring toward him. Jumping backwards very quickly, he lost his balance and went rolling down the slope some fifty feet before coming to a stop. Somewhere along the way he lost the Winchester.

Then the dogs were on the wounded cat, knocking him down. The whole mess, howling, yiping dogs, snarling, spitting cat, rolled down the slope, over and over, like a ball. They rolled right on top of Huelsdonk who had been unable to rise, the whole thing taking but a moment or two.

John knew better than to try to extricate himself from beneath the pile of fighting animals. He lay on the ground as still as possible, hoping that the cat or the dogs would not find him a nice morsel to chew on.

Pete, in the meantime, got up and fumbled around for the candle until he found and lit it again. Then, with the light from the feeble flame, he retrieved the Winchester where it had fallen on the ground. As careful as possible he took a bead on the cougar's head and squeezed the trigger. The big cat ceased its struggle and lay still. Gingerly, Huelsdonk rolled the heavy carcass from on top of him and, pushing the dogs aside, stood up.

"Hell, Pete," he said, "candles ain't worth a damn fer huntin' cougar, are they?"

Perhaps once or twice in a generation a wild animal emerges from nowhere to become a sort of local legend. So sagacious, so cunning that all efforts to kill it come to nothing but a lot of hard work and disappointment. Such an animal was the Hoh River cougar that the ranchers began to call "Big Foot".

Big Foot was aptly named. Although ranchers could never catch a glimpse of the big cat, they were soon to become familiar with the large tracks he left in the soft mud about a freshly-killed prize steer. Big Foot was always able to elude the dogs put on his trail.

Big Foot soon became a legend, a phantom cat that left his calling card, his big foot prints, in the soft earth. His depredations were costing the ranchers dearly. Big Foot had acquired a taste for sirloin steak.

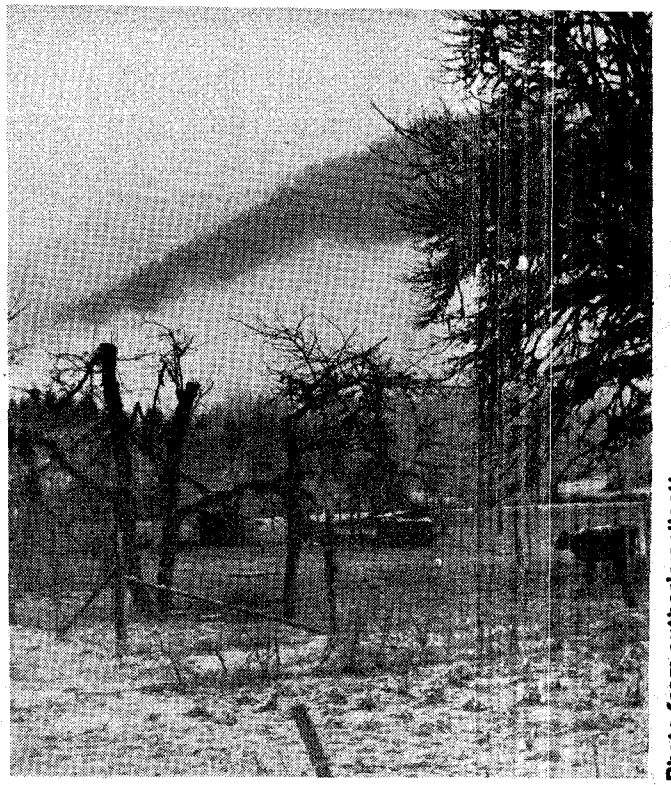

Photo from author's collection.

Looking east from the Fletcher home. You can expect around 140 inches of rainfall each year in the valley.

There were some ranchers and hunters who claimed that they had heard Big Foot scream, even if they had never caught a glimpse of the big cat. They said it was a bloodthirsty cry, like some hysterical woman screaming in fright.

"I've been hunting cougar for more'n twenty years," Huelsdonk would declare when someone talked of Big Foot's screaming, "and I never heard them yowl, let alone scream like some crazy woman."

"I tell you, John, I heard that cougar scream. Just like some woman with all the imps of hell on her tail. I tell you it's enough to stop a man's drinking or drive him to it," a neighbor would declare.

"Maybe so. I ain't denying it. I jest never heard one of 'em scream, that's all. The only sound I ever heard them make was their spittin' and the cussin' at ya when they're treed."

In the fall of 1936 Huelsdonk was to have his mind changed about whether a cougar screamed. He was walking briskly along a trail near his ranch, unarmed and without his dogs, bent on some domestic chore, when he noticed an unusual number of ravens flying about the tree-tops along the trail ahead. His many years in the Olympics told Huelsdonk that the ravens were congregating for a free meal at a cougar kill.

The old mountain man didn't go on up the trail to investigate but turned about and high-tailed it for the ranch to get his rifle and dogs. If that cougar was still at his kill, he wanted to surprise him.

In the matter of an hour Huelsdonk was back at the point where he had observed the ravens. Just above the place where he had turned about on the trail was a small clearing. At the far end of it Huelsdonk saw the biggest cat of his years of hunting, crouched over a freshly killed bull elk. The dogs went wild as soon as they came to the clearing. It was Big Foot!

The huge tawny beast, instead of streaking for the forest and possible escape, bounded for the nearest tree and sought refuge from the dogs on a limb, some twenty

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Aisel Curtis Collection. Wash. State Hist. Society

The Olympic mountains, the upper Quinalt Valley. John Huelsdonk often hunted the wily cougar in this kind of country.

Aisel Curtis Collection. Wash. State Hist. Society

A herd of elk in the heart of the Olympics. This is the rugged country that the Iron Man of the Hoh knew so well and loved with all his heart.

feet from the ground. Here he crouched, looking down upon the dogs below, with baleful eyes and snarling lips. Just as Huelsdonk approached the tree, Big Foot opened his mouth and let loose a blood curdling scream that echoed through the forest. The Iron Man felt a little chill playing tic-tac-toe along his spine.

Huelsdonk took careful aim at the big cat and squeezed the trigger of the Winchester. Instead of falling dead, the cougar let out another one of his piercing screams. Again and again the mountain man pumped shot after shot into the tawny beast, any one of which should have been fatal. On the last shot in the rifle, the big cat fell to the feet of Huelsdonk, as dead as the elk in the clearing.

"I'll be damned," John muttered to himself, "they do scream."

It was the biggest cat that Huelsdonk had killed, perhaps the biggest in the Olympics. It measured eleven feet from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail. It was Big Foot, all right.

During his life as a hunter, Huelsdonk killed over a hundred cougars, which averages out to be better than two a year (over a fifty year period). That's a lot of cat.

However, Huelsdonk was not solely a cougar hunter; he hunted deer and elk in season, as well as the black bear. When the timber wolf was still roaming the area, he hunted them as well. Some of the Iron Man's bear-hunting experiences read like something out of Davey Crockett.

Although the black bear is not as dangerous as the grizzly, when wounded or when a sow has cubs, they can be downright mean. Huelsdonk was fond of bear meat and Dora liked the fat for baking and frying. The best time to hunt bear for its meat was during the berry season, when their meat was sweet, not unlike pork. But during the salmon runs when the bears gorged themselves on this fish, their meat tasted like "a cross between seagull and rotten river-bank salmon," as Huelsdonk put it.

One summer, alone as usual, Huelsdonk was on a bear hunt that developed into a Bunyanesque experience that he liked to recount in later years to his friends and neighbors. He had shot a fairly large male bear but instead of falling dead, like a respectable bear should, the critter ran into a fire hollowed cedar snag. Huelsdonk knew the bear was wounded mortally, so he waited for what seemed to him a respectable time for the bear to succumb and then, stooping down, he peered into the fire-blackened hole. He could see nothing. Without thinking much about it, he propped his rifle against the snag and crawled in after him.

"Ya know that danged bear was as dead as that cedar stump," he would tell his companions around some campfire, his eyes twinkling, "but what I didn't know was that he had a mate. Yah, a mate. *She* was no more dead 'n me. There we were staring each other right in the eye."

"What did you do, John?" someone would be sure to ask.

"Well sir," the mountain man would reply, "what could I do? There I was, blocking that bear's escape to the outside and my rifle was outside, out of reach; besides, I couldn't have used it any way inside that stump."

"You knife her?"

"Nope. I just grabbed that old bear by her scraggy neck and strangled hell out a her," he would tell them with a laugh. And there is many an old timer who will tell you, "—and be Gawd, it's the truth."

It was from a maddened bear that Huelsdonk received a wound that landed him in the hospital, the only time, until just before his death, that the rugged mountain man was incapacitated in all of his 79 years.

It was the early fall of 1933; Huelsdonk was sixty-six at the time and as tough as most men half his age. He was working on a fire patrol along the Snahappish Trail. With him was his dog Tom, a mutt that was part bloodhound and part bulldog along with a few other undetermined breeds. Tom was along for company; as it turned out, he may very well have saved his master's life.

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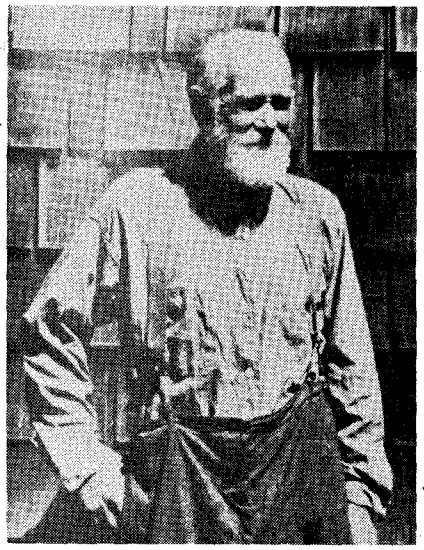

The last picture of John Huelsdonk, taken in 1946 just before his death in front of their home on the Hoh.

Huelsdonk was having a rest along the trail, his rifle leaning against a tree near him. Tom, the bloodhound at the forefront, was sniffing around the ground to see what he could turn up. Then, without warning, an old sow bear broke from the brush along the trail and charged old Tom, knocking him end over end off the trail. Before Huelsdonk had time to reach for his rifle, the bear had him by the leg and began working him over tooth and claw.

Huelsdonk thought that his hunting days were over. Tom came back, charging the sow with all his bulldog tenacity, snapping at the bear's flanks until she turned from Huelsdonk's leg to take care of her tormenter at her rear. The old mountain man wasted little time getting his rifle and quickly shot the bear before she could do any more damage.

Huelsdonk's leg was badly torn. He was miles from the ranch. The tough old mountain man ripped a piece from his shirt, bandaged his leg and walked home.

His wife insisted that he go to the doctor at Forks, a small town some twenty miles northwest from the ranch. It was the nearest place with medical facilities.

"Now, Dora, it's just a little cut. It'll be O. K. in a couple of days."

"John, you've got to see the doctor at Forks; I insist."

"Dora, it's only a scratch."

"If that's a scratch, it's the biggest one I ever saw. You're going to the doctor's, you hear me, John?"

It took Mrs. Huelsdonk two days to convince her stubborn husband that he should see the doctor about his leg. Dora's nagging finally budged her husband and he walked all the way to Forks despite the wound to his leg.

It took the doctor at Forks thirty-two stitches to close the gash inflicted by the bear on Huelsdonk's leg. It took a lot more argument to keep the Iron Man in the hospital. He was finally convinced that he should stay and was put to bed for the next three weeks; every minute of it was torture for the mountain man.

Prior to 1937 the elk of the Olympic Peninsula had been protected. Now the herds were so large that there was some fear by the Game Department of Washington that they would overbrowse their range. A very limited season had been opened in 1936, but it had not done much to relieve the situation.

The season on elk, calves, bulls or cows was opened in the fall of 1937--the hunting fee, $5.00. Over 5,000 greenhorn hunters entered the Olympic Peninsula.

The ranchers on the Hoh were prepared for an invasion but nothing like the one that occurred. When opening day dawned, it sounded like a war had started. It was a slaughter. Not only were elk killed but cattle, dogs and horses as well (not to mention a few hunters) fell before the indiscriminate shooting of the greenhorns.

Huelsdonk was at first amused, then indignant at the slaughter. Would there be a recurrence of the killing next year and the next? Were his mountains to be invaded by every Tom, Dick and Harry who could buy a rifle? The old mountain man could only shake his head.

If the hunting season had irritated Huelsdonk, the incident that took place the following year infuriated him. On June 29, 1938 President Roosevelt signed the bill creating the Olympic National Park, containing 680,000 acres. This meant that the land just above Huelsdonk's ranch would be incorporated into the park. The Iron Man protested vigorously.

Then, in 1940, the president proclaimed an additional 187,411 acres would be added to the park. This new acquisition took in some of the ranches on the Hoh, just above Huelsdonk's place.

The Iron Man was fighting mad. He journeyed to the state capitol at Olympia and picketed the governor's mansion. He carried a sign which read: "THIS ISN'T RUSSIA--Secretary Ickes Has No Right To Take Our Homes Away From Us." Needless to say, the old cougar hunter got an audience with the governor.

"Your honor," he told the governor, "I want you to call out the National Guard and stop the Department of Interior from taking our homes away from us. They have no right to do this. We fought the wilderness for our ranches."

The governor told him that he was in sympathy with him and that he had done everything in his power to keep the Federal Government from taking so much land for the park, but now he was powerless to do anything about it.

The disappointed Huelsdonk went back to his ranch on the Hoh. Although he didn't lose his ranch to the park, it saddened him to see his friends sell out to the government. His zest for hunting was gone; besides much of his old cougar hunting country was within the park boundaries where they were protected.

The Iron Man lived out the rest of his life on his beloved ranch on the Hoh. On October 26, 1946 the Iron Man gave us his fight against the wilderness and quietly passed to a happier hunting ground. No matter where the hunters or loggers or sportsmen gather, sooner or later the name of the Iron Man of the Hoh and the legends he created will be discussed. Then some one will say, "Yep, there was a man all right."

RW

Author's note: There has been a lot written in the past about "The Iron Man of the Hoh" and there will be more as the legend about him grows; however, I was able to interview his daughter Dora Fletcher recently and the story above is based on much of what she told me. I met him once on the trail when I was in the CCC's and talked to him. He was a mountain man, perhaps one of the last of this rare breed. All of the stories in this account are true.

ADDITIONAL SOURCES:

THE ABERDEEN DAILY WORLD, clippings of John Huelsdonk during his lifetime on file in the Aberdeen Public Library.

THE HOQUIAM DAILY WASHINGTONIAN, newspaper files, Hoquiam Public Library

THE LAST WILDERNESS, by Murray Morgan,

THE SEATTLE TIMES, "Charms Land Magazine," article on the Huelsdonks

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The MONSTER of PALO FLECHADO

(continued from page 15)

almost at the west end of the pass. In a last desperate effort to get away the trader darted into thick timber choked with brush. This maneuver availed him nothing. Kennedy managed to gain close enough in the brilliant moonlight to shoot him through the head. Ripping off the money belt and stripping the dead man's pockets, he left the corpse lying there. In that spot he didn't suppose it would ever be found. Probably he didn't consider that it mattered anyway.

Hilario Cruz came next to cut wild hay and get in wood. He slept at the barn, and missed witnessing two murders in the house. But he knew the men entered there never to reappear. Their stock and equipment was sold without any explanation.

A week later a victim was shot down in the barn lot with Cruz standing close by. After cautiously accepting Kennedy's offer to stay overnight, for some reason the prospector changed his mind. When he started to leave with his stock, Kennedy brought him down with one rifle bullet.

Turning on Cruz, he made him drag the body off into dense timber. Still obeying orders and scared half crazy, Cruz collected a big pile of dead wood, placing the body on it. The size of the pyre failed to suit Kennedy, so he ordered him to heap on more. Finally he marched him to the house, where two decaying bodies were brought out of the cellar to the cremation site. Cruz had to light it, standing by helpless and dazed until the blaze leaped high. Kennedy then shot him down and added his wiry body to the others.

About two months went by before some of Cruz's relatives began wondering why he didn't come home. Five of them visited Kennedy, expecting to see him. The monster blandly denied knowing anything about the young Mexican. He swore that after agreeing to work for him Cruz failed to show up.

While suspicious of the circumstances, there wasn't anything the relatives could do about it. Still, they often repeated the account of Cruz's strange disappearance.

Kennedy's vegetable garden occupied a glade west of the house in good rich soil. He often worked in it, especially a few days following some traveller's sudden demise. Deputy Sheriff Sanchez, passing through to attend court in Taos, stopped by one morning. Kennedy was laboring in the garden plot. As Sanchez approached nearer, it seemed to him that the burly, glowering man hastily filled a trench between vegetable beds deeper than common gardening required. Later on he was to recall the sinister fact. At the time he visited a few minutes talking, and went his way.

The Cruz's were in some way related to Indians at Taos. A few were soon sneaking around inside Palo Flechado Pass. Kennedy chased two bunches out and threatened to shoot any more on sight should they happen around. Apparently he took no cognizance that at least the Mexicans and Indians suspected his foul business in the pass.

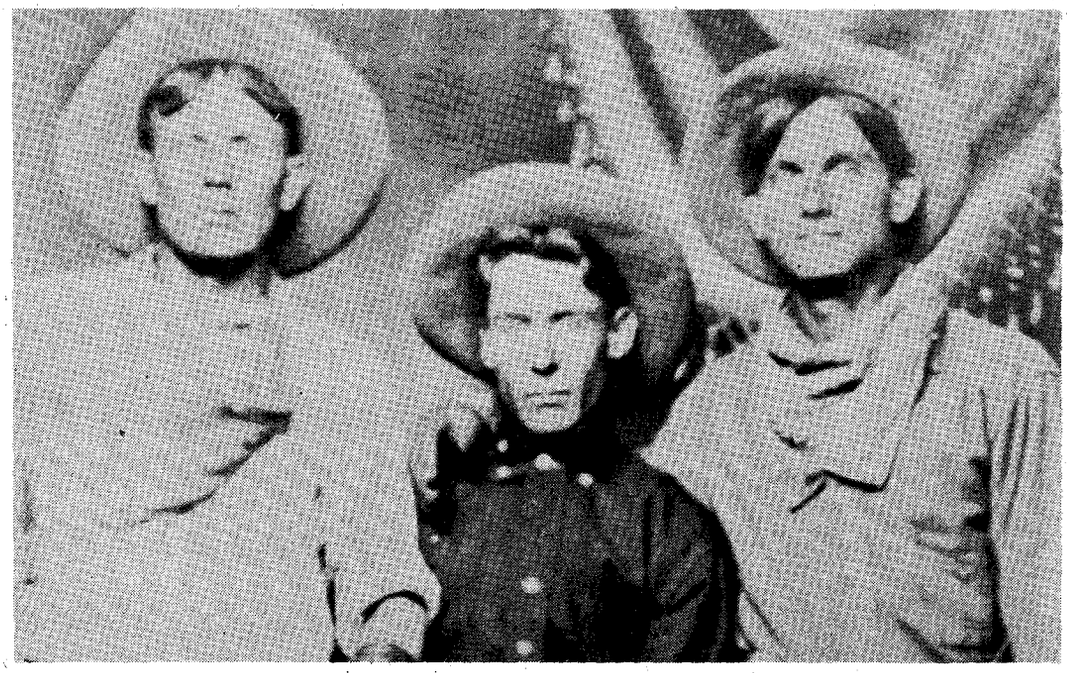
As the Ute woman related later, one of her brothers finally located their whereabouts. Taking the woman by force, Kennedy had beat her cruelly, forcing her into abject slavery. The brother, unfortunately, arrived there alone. He tried to persuade the monster to release his abused prisoner.

Kennedy did not openly object to the demands. Yet he never intended allowing either of them to leave the pass alive. The second night, while the woman washed cooking utensils and the boy was sitting on his uncle's lap, Kennedy struck. He shot the Ute through the spot most favored by him.

The boy fell off the chair as the Ute's body sloughed out. Slightly injured in the fall, he did not howl once as most youngsters would have. Opening the floor hole, he dumped the Ute's body into it.

"You!" Kennedy's hard talons jerked the woman around by the shoulders, her brown face for once beginning to show tears. "Ever open your mouth about this and I'll put you and the boy where he is!"

A travelling Jewish peddler showed up one day late in September, 1870. He sold notions, pots and pans, sewing needles, thread and so on from packs carried on a big Missouri mule. Suspected of having considerable money, he was enticed to throw in overnight. The peddler accepted because he likely believed he could dispose of some of his goods at the "inn".



Three of Clay Allison's Texas cowboys who no doubt took part in bringing the monster to vigilante justice. They are J.C. Meador, Alan Rolf and the third is unknown.

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The entire family sat at the table that night eating. During the course of the meal the peddler asked if he might encounter any wild Indians around those parts.

Surprisingly, the little boy, who never opened his mouth in the presence of strangers, spoke up, "Can't you smell the one papa put in the cellar?" The Ute was still down there unburied.

The startled peddler looked up into the black muzzle of a gun. Kennedy's face, whatever part could be seen above the matted whiskers, was wreathed in unbounded fury.

Down into the cellar went his body. Leaving the hole open, Kennedy seized the little boy before his mother could possibly interfere, and bashed his brains out against the fireplace stones. The dying, squirming small body was callously tossed into the cellar.

Turning on the stunned woman, who feared she would also be killed, he warned her grimly, "Open your tatter trap once and you'll be put down there with them!"

Hiding her overwhelming sorrow, she appeared to obey meekly as usual. Kennedy locked both heavy doors, pocketing the key. Getting out a jug of whiskey, he proceeded to indulge in a lone drinking bout.

He did not suspect that at last she rebelled, after always suffering his cruelest abuse without a whimper. Wanton murder of their own son left her life hardly worth living. Going quietly about the necessary work, she planned exact moves. One wonders why she didn't shoot him, guns being handy, instead of assuming the course she did. Perhaps deathly fear of the monster's brutality swayed her to a less risky course. She also may have realized angered white men would finish him quickly.

As time drifted by, Kennedy fell into drunken slumber. Moving soundlessly, the woman put out the fire with water. Using a little at a time, she prevented any sudden steam cloud from awakening him. After she cooled the inside stones the same way, she was ready to go. She entered the big fireplace and started climbing upward, inch by inch, towards freedom. In places she encountered sharp edges of stones. By the time she gained the top her hands were badly cut and bleeding. Still, most wary against creating any noise, she crawled to the roof edge and slid to ghe ground.

A light snow was falling in the pass as she started off running. Down out of it, she took the Elizabethtown road. For a few miles there was no snow, and then it came on again. Running swiftly, resting and hiding beside the road, she made the several miles to town. On reaching the main cut she slowed long enough to select the brightest lights visible through the flaky curtain. They happened to come from Johnny Pearson's saloon.

Exhausted and terrified beyond endurance, she managed to stagger there. Opening the main door, closed against the cold, she swayed over the threshhold, an apparition of the storm, and collapsed. Men carousing at the bar were startled speechless by the sight of the bedraggled, snow-covered woman. Her brown face was almost as white as the soft flakes covering her shoulders.

In the crowd there that night was no less a character than the notorious gunslinger Clay Allison. Despite his badman reputation he was in most ways a champion of the underdog and the helpless. Springing forward, he yelled for a glass of whiskey.

Gathering the poor woman up from the floor, he placed her on a chair at the nearest table. Slowly recovering, gazing around dazedly, she drank the whiskey while Allison held it to her mouth. When it was downed, he called for another, which she refused. The fiery stuff bit into her, bringing back a renewal of strength and determination. For an Indian woman, as many present knew her to be, her voice trembled close to tears.

"He kill my boy tonight!" she burst out. "He kill more. Some down in the cellar now!"

Men crowded around fast, tasting a smell of doom, as Allison asked her gently, "What's all this now, ma'am?"

"Him kill my little boy!" Great anguish shook her voice. The Indian woman had loved her baby son very much, even begotten as he had been.

"Easy, ma'am," Allison bade her. "You're among friends. Nothing's going to harm you. Tell us what happened."

In broken English she told them all that occurred that night, and much of the bloody past. She mentioned men he slugged to death or shot, of how he buried or burned the bodies. But Allison wasn't interested in murders committed before that night. Bashing out the little boy's brains caused him to shiver in horrified anger. Only the worst of brutes could have committed such an inhuman act.

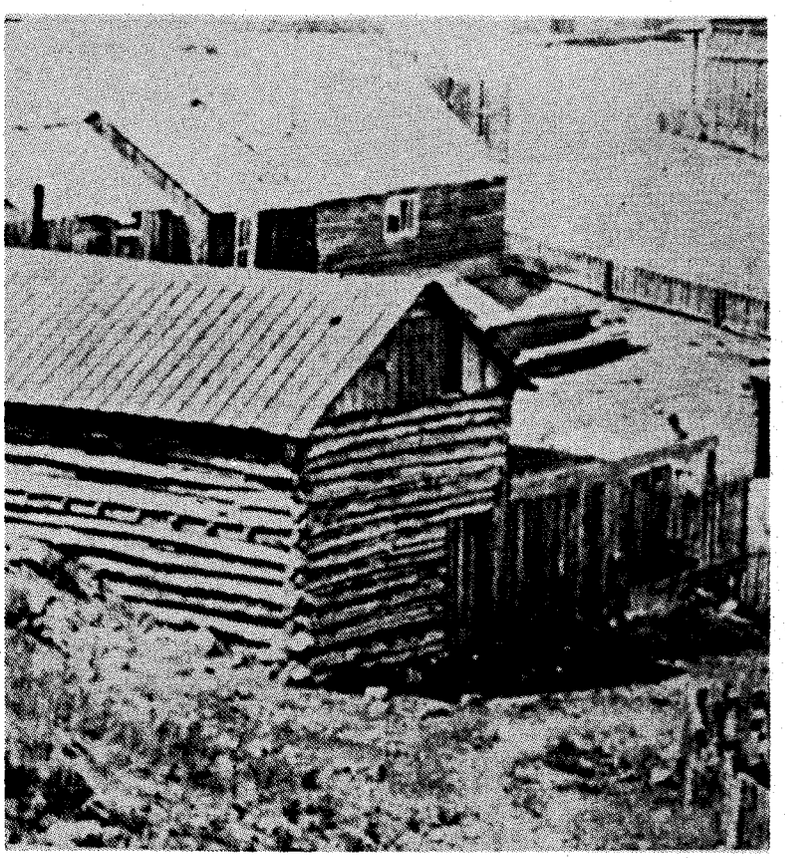
"How did you get away from him?" he asked thoughtfully.

"All time he lock us up. I climb out chimney. No more way." She held up blood-stained hands, the skin of the fingers cut to ribbons.

Wheeling around to face the crowd, Allison said tersely, "Get a woman to look after her. How many you rannyhans going along with me to see this rotten culprit get what's been long overdue him?"

Almost every voice raised quickly. In minutes nearly fifty men pounded saddles racing for Palo Flechado. Finding Kennedy still insensible inside, they broke down the heavy door with a log ram. Too late, he partly roused from numbing stupor to personal danger.

The romancers claim that forthwith Allison took Kennedy out and hanged him, exacting frontier justice. Intriguing writing, but such doesn't happen to be the case. Deputy



Elizabethtown, New Mexico. Here Charles Kennedy was hanged by vigilantes for his bestial crimes.

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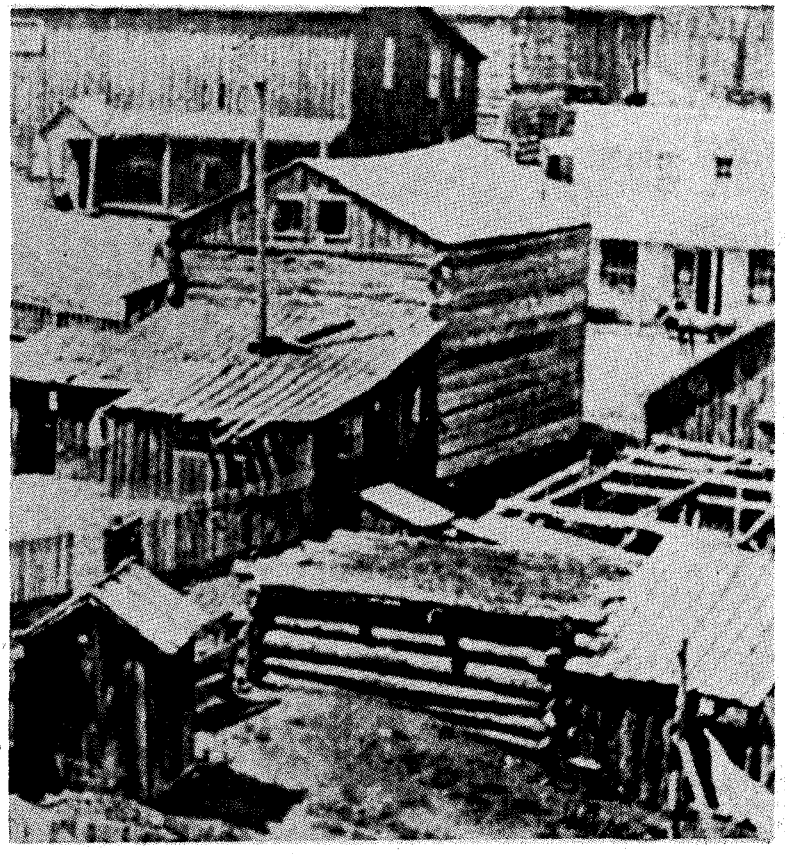
Sheriff Sanchez was along. Immediately securing the prisoner, he took him back to the Elizabethtown jail. Of course, almost all the men with Allison wanted to hang the monster. Probably he was just as eager; yet for some reason he did not agree to applying lynch law immediately. He said later that the many rascals abounding in the country needed an object lesson. Perhaps that is why he preferred town hanging, where a large portion of the outlaws in northeastern New Mexico would see the grisly corpse on a rope's end.

Meanwhile in kindly hands the woman, whose name is not recorded, revealed all she knew of the blood-lusting Kennedy's many cruel crimes. The entire country was shocked. A large party returned to the pass. Bodies reposing in the cellar were buried. Remains of others were dug up near the chimney outside, around the barn and corral, and in a dozen other places. Digging in the garden brought to light holes filled with pieces of charred bones. Doctors declared most were human skeletal remains.

Cortez appeared in Elizabethtown to tell what he knew. The Cruz family also showed up to narrate their suspicions that Hilario had been done away with in similiar fashion. Attempts to identify any of the remains as his failed. From parts of bodies and complete victims it was estimated that the monster brutally murdered not less than forty men. Finally, Taos Indians, having found the decayed body of the horse trader shot in the back of the head, brought it in.

Court records reveal that Kennedy had a hearing before a judge on October 3, 1870. He hired a lawyer, M.W. Mills, to defend him. The session ended in a squabble, but Kennedy was remanded to jail without bond to await grand jury action. This would require considerable time. Aroused citizens were in no mood to countenance delays in bringing Kennedy to justice.



On October 6 Elizabethtown was filled with determined men who demanded an immediate trial for the monster. Obviously their intentions were to hang him forthwith. The vigilantes were connected with this. Allison happened to be a ringleader in the secret organization and was most prominently around, grinning thinly.

A mob took twenty-five local men to the jail, ordering Kennedy to select twelve of them for a jury to try him. Mills objected strenuously, declaring that mob action was not justice. However, the vigilantes went ahead holding rump court after Kennedy was forced to point out the necessary number of jury men. Beside himself and desperate, Mills contrived to sway two of the jury. They doggedly held out against conviction. That meant Kennedy would be held over for a regular district court trial.

The matter seemed to rest there for some hours, the monster leg-chained in the small jail. But citizens were convinced of trickery underfoot. Kennedy would somehow escape justice for his many onerous murders. Whiskey flowed a little more freely, and stump speeches were made.

At eleven oclock that night a mob overpowered the jailer. Still in chains, Kennedy was removed to the nearest slaughter house and hanged to a beef skinning hoist.

Three days later Allison and some of his men rode down to Cimmarron. Entering Lambert's Hotel Bar he emptied Kennedy's blood-dried head from a gunny sack. Lambert, whose frontier hostelry was famous all over the southwest, lifted his hands in horror.

"Take it away. It will be obnoxious to my genteel customers!"

"Now, hold your horses, Henry," Allison told him placidly. "Pickle it in a jar to keep on your back bar. Or hang it as is outside on the street before the hotel. You know there's plenty of badmen hanging around these parts. We want to give them a warning to mend their ways or the same thing is going to happen to them!"

"No, no, no!" The Frenchman wrung his hands in keen agony. "Get that thing out of here, Clay!"

Complacently, Allison and his men had a couple of drinks. On leaving he said warningly, "Like I said, Henry, it goes on display one place or another!"

When they were well gone, the worried Lambert considered the matter at great length. He didn't want to offend Allison, the terror of the plains, who was also a good friend and a heavy spender at his bar. In the end he softened his conscience by sticking the gruesome object on the end of a vertical pole at the corral gate, on a side street behind his hotel.

There Kennedy's head dried and mummified in sun and wind. It is doubtful many outlaws and killers took warning from viewing it. But the mothers of town kids had little trouble keeping them home and in bed nights.

After being exhibited there some months, the head disappeared. No one admitted knowledge of its final disposition. There was some supposition that Lambert secretly buried it inside the horse corral.

What happened to the long abused and pitiful Ute woman? During the boiling violence of public indignation she slipped unobstrusively away, back to her people on the Ute Indian Reservation.

RW

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SURGEONS OF THE SEVENTH

(continued from page 20)

Although the surviving troopers knew nothing of it, Custer's command had been annihilated. The shower of bullets that rained consistently on their exposed position was formerly the property of their dead comrades, who now rested naked and dead on a hill scarcely three miles away. Victorious and satisfied with their plunder and the white blood that had been spilled, the Indians refused to press their advantage. Except for a few fool-hardy and eager young braves--those seeking great warrior status--the tribesmen remained at a long distance, content to provide a harassing fire to allow the non-combatants in their village to escape.

Dr. Henry Ronaldo Porter was born on February 3, 1848 in New York Mills, New York. He graduated from Georgetown University in 1872 with an M. D. degree. The young medic seemed to have a preference for military life and almost from the time of his graduation served as an Acting Assistant Surgeon on several army posts. The festivities at the Little Big Horn did not introduce Porter to the perils of Indian warfare. Three years earlier, in the field with the Fifth Cavalry, Porter was engaged in several battles with the wily Apaches, including the historic fight at Muchos Canyon. Although he never claimed it did, the experience gained in these earlier skirmishes may have saved his scalp in 1876. Following a brief tenure at Fort Hancock, D. T., Porter left the service early in 1875 and for a short time was a partner in the firm of Nicholson & Porter, doing business as druggists and stationers in Bismarck, D. T. Once again in September of 1875 Porter contracted his services to the military and served at Hancock as Acting Assistant Surgeon until May 14, 1876 when he signed a three-month contract to serve with Custer in the summer expedition.

Dame Fortune evidently turned her back on the fifty-four wounded men in the sun-beaten field hospital where Reno and Benteen made their stand on the 26th of June. If she did she certainly must have looked back over her shoulder and smiled when she allowed Dr. Henry Porter to remain among the living. For more than forty hours the young surgeon tended their wounds and battled the Grim Reaper in their behalf. Twice he was called upon to amputate shattered limbs. Twice he responded and measured up to the trying task and two lives were saved.

Private Mike Madden, the Saddler of "K" Troop, received a shattered leg while attempting to get water for the wounded in a desperate dash to the river. He was returned to the crude hospital where Porter immediately observed that the leg was beyond repair. The tough Irish trooper was given a stiff horn of brandy and endured the ordeal without a whimper. After the surgery was completed Madden was given another three-fingered jolt of the "grape". Smacking his lips in Gaelic appreciation, he whispered to Porter, "Doctor, cut off me other leg!"

Porter, the only man who could apply medical skills for the relief of the injured men, reached out and was blessed with skills and endurance he didn't know existed. The mortality rate among the wounded was remarkably low. Even later, following a harrowing trip over rugged terrain to the place at the junction of the Big and Little Horn Rivers, where they were placed aboard Captain Grant Marsh's steamer "Far West" for the return trip to Bismarck, casualty figures were a tribute to Porter's skill. Corporal George A. King of "A" Troop died on July 2nd and Private William George of "H" passed away on July 3. Both of these men, seriously wounded in the early part of the fighting, became fatalities aboard the river steamer.

The bullets fired by both sides during the Indian Wars made far greater and more complicated wounds than the steel-jacketed cartridges fired in later days. The early lead bullets, travelling at low velocity, readily lost shape or mushroomed on contact. More often than not, due to lack of penetrating power, the leaden slugs, weighing several hundred grains, failed to emerge and in nearly every case, skin, clothing material and black-powder residue was forced into the wound. The slugs splintered bone and shredded tissue and muscle alike. In contrast, the modern bullet, travelling at an extremely high velocity, high enough to be self-sterilized by its own heat, rarely changes contour and drills a neat, aseptic hole in tissue and bone and more often than not, passes completely out of the body. If the modern day soldier is not killed promptly, he will suffer less pain than his Indian War prototype, will bleed less, and his wound will less likely become infected.

Dr. Porter gained the lasting respect of the men in the field hospital. It was said that he worked on and on, completely oblivious to the heavy hostile slugs that zipped like angry hornets through his crude dispensary.

Late in the afternoon of the 26th the Indians in a vast exodus, estimated by some to have been one-half mile in width and more than three miles long, departed to the south and west away from the scene of their victory. The next morning, after their first restful night in four days, saw the arrival of the Terry - Gibbon column from the north, bringing joyous relief to the tired and worn soldiers on Reno Hill. Their joy turned to open-mouthed amazement and gasps of sorrow as a deeply saddened General Alfred H. Terry, speaking in halting words, explained to the relieved men the fate of General Custer and his entire battalion. Lieutenant James Bradley, scouting in advance of the Montana column, had discovered their naked and mutilated remains earlier that morning.

Except for the burial of the fallen heroes on Custer's bloody field and the evacuation of the wounded, the Battle of the Little Big Horn was history. On June 28th the burials sans sufficient tools, shovels, etc. were made. There was never an accurate count of the number of men in Custer's five troops--some had been detailed to the pack-train, some were at the base camp on the Yellowstone, and there is a possibility that some had deserted before the final leg of the journey. Consequently, there was no possible way of determining whether all of the bodies of the enlisted men were recovered.

There is strong evidence that at least one man, Frank Finkel of "C" Co. (using an alias at the time), was able to make his way from the fatal field. It is within reason to assume that there were others who, caught up in the wild confusion that predominated the final phases of the long fight, made their way to temporary safety. Tom Le Forge, an employee of Fort Custer, established near the present site of Hardin, Montana told of finding remains of troopers' bodies several miles east of the actual scene of conflict. This was during the years 1877 - 1880.

The bodies of Lieutenant Henry Moore Harrington of "C", Lieutenant James Garland Sturgis of "M" company, serving that day with Custer's battalion, and Lieutenant James Ezekiel Porter of "I" company were never recovered or, if they were, they were so badly mutilated and disfigured that identification was impossible. The body of Assistant Surgeon George E. Lord was not found until at least one year later.

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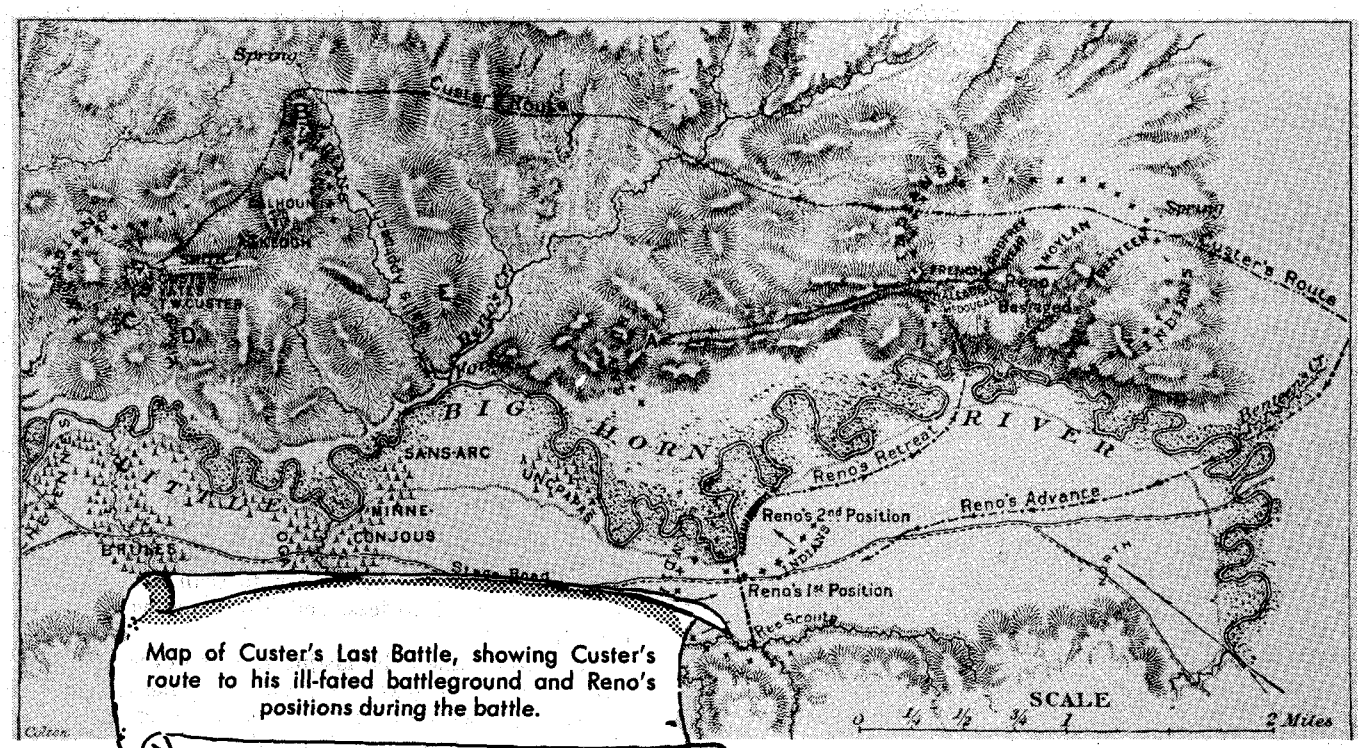

Map of Custer's Last Battle, showing Custer's route to his ill-fated battleground and Reno's positions during the battle.

Lieutenant Lord was a native Bostonian and first contracted his services to the army as an Acting Assistant Surgeon in 1871. Following this initial service he served in that capacity on several frontier posts in the Dakotas and was the medical officer on the Northern Boundary Survey of 1874. On July 27, 1874 he received a letter requesting his appearance before the Army Medical Board as a candidate for an appointment to the medical staff of the army. His appointment was confirmed and, as of June 26, 1875, Lord became a First Lieutenant of the United States Army. When General Alfred H. Terry's column departed Fort Abraham Lincoln on May 17, 1876, Lord was the Assistant Surgeon on the Staff of Lieut. Colonel (Brevet Major General) George A. Custer.

When Custer's column, after leaving the Terry - Gibbon column at the juncture of the Yellowstone and Rosebud Rivers, began the last leg on the long journey over the war-trail, Lieutenant Lord became ill and was barely able to keep up with the march. He may have been suffering from the weakening and dreaded diarrhea-dysentery that, due to diet, water and rigors of the trail, plagued so many participants in the Indian Wars.

Senior-Captain Fred Benteen, in his narrative of the march up the Rosebud, recorded the following pertaining to Dr. Lord:

"Well, after the 2nd day's march (the Custer camp near the present day site of Lame Deer, Montana), and I had seen to the bivouacking of my troop, I got out my seine for the purpose of seeing the kinds of fish the Rosebud could set up for supper. The attempt, however, resulted mostly in "water-hauls" and being ravenously hungry, "S. O. B. and trimmings" had to serve for bill of fare. Dr. Lord not putting in an appearance at the meal, however, after I had crawled under a bull-berry bush for sweep repose, the Dr. came into camp, telling me that he had halted alone some miles back, being completely tired out, broken down, so much so that he had given up all hopes of getting to camp. He declined tea, and wanted nothing to eat or drink. I state this to show what must have been the physical condition of the Doctor on June 25th, on going into the fight, after almost a continuous march of 84 miles."

On the day of the battle, when Custer divided his command to conduct his "reconnaissance in force" of what lay ahead, he suggested to Lieut. Lord that he stay behind with the pack-train and not accompany the advance units. Lord declined and insisted on going with the general and the regimental staff.

Over the years there has existed some controversy as to the identification of Dr. Lord's remains. On June 28, 1876, when most of the bodies were recovered and given a nominal burial on the field, it is conceded that his body was among the missing. In the spring of 1877, General Phil Sheridan, Commander of the Military Division of the Missouri, long perturbed about the poor treatment afforded those men who gave their lives at the Little Big Horn, took the following action. He detailed Lieut. Colonel Michael V. Sheridan, his brother and Aide-de-camp, to proceed to the battlefield for a two-fold purpose: to re-inter the bodies of the enlisted men and return the bodies of the fallen officers to civilization. His report, dated July 20, 1877 to General Sheridan, contained the following:

"The first officer's grave was that of Lieut. Jas. Calhoun; the next, Lieut. John J. Crittenden; the next, Capt. Myles W. Keogh; and then no more until we reached the point of the hill, where we found Col. Geo. A. Custer, Capt. Thomas W. Custer, Capt. Geo. W. Yates, Lieut. Wm. W. Cooke, Lieut. Algernon E. Smith and Lieut. Wm. Van W. Reily, surrounded by the remains of about sixty men. From this hill we pursued the route laid down in the map in a southeasterly direction towards the river, still plainly marked by the line of the dead, in the hope that something might be discovered to identify the bodies of Lieut. James G. Sturgis, Lieut. Jas. E. Porter, Lieut. Henry M. Harrington and Dr. Geo. E. Lord, but our search was unsuccessful."

In 1941, Major Edward S. Luce, astute Seventh Cavalry historian and longtime Superintendent of the Custer Battlefield National Monument, made an effort to determine the status of Dr. Lord's interment and received the following reply from the War Department:

"Assistant Surgeon Lord was first reported as 'missing', but it appears that his body was subsequently identified

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Custer Battlefield National Monument, Crow Agency, Montana

View of Custer battlefield. Silent white markers now stand where Custer and his men fell.

by Captain O. D. Michaelis. Through this identification his status on the 'List of Casualties' was changed to 'killed in action'. The burial register carries no notation opposite his name, and nothing has been found to indicate that his body was subsequently removed from the battlefield."

It stands to reason that the Capt. O. D. Michaelis referred to in this correspondence was actually Capt. O. E. Michaelis, Chief Ordnance Officer of General Terry's Dakota Department. Although his report has obviously been accredited by the War Department, there is still some question as to the date he visited the battlefield and made the somewhat belated discovery. Nor is it clear how Michaelis confirmed the identity of the remains. A corpse left for long to the mercy of the predatory beasts or to the extremities of hot summer suns and bitter winter cold of the varying Montana seasons would indeed be difficult to identify. There is practically no possibility that Michaelis could have made the find prior to the 1877 re-burials conducted by Col. Sheridan. It must be remembered that Sheridan failed to locate Lord's body.

It is also interesting to note that in 1877, April and May to be exact, six companies of the Eleventh U.S. Infantry were sent to the future site of Fort Custer at the mouth of the Little Big Horn. The troops, primarily bivouacked to begin the erection of the fort, also participated in a general clean-up of the battlefield area. This was done prior to a contemplated inspection tour by General Phil Sheridan. Apparently, Captain C. K. Sanderson was in charge of the battlefield detail. His reports to the adjutant at Fort Custer contain no references to the discovery of any heretofore un-buried remains.

In 1901 western historian, Olin Dunbar Wheeler, a resident of St. Paul and a member of the John Wesley Powell expedition in the 1800's, penned the following which was published in his "Wonderland, 1901". It is apparent that he, too, was confused relative to the possible discovery and interment of Lord's remains. Wheeler wrote:

"The bodies of Lieutenants Harrington, Sturgis, and Porter (not Doctor Porter, who was with Reno and is today living in Bismarck, N. D.) were never identified, at least satisfactorily. A skeleton found some years after the battle, not far from the battleground, is said to have been identified as that of Doctor Lord."

So, there it stands. It is safe to say at this late date the truth surrounding Dr. Lord and the supposed burial will never be resolved. If he was buried at the battlefield, it is logical to assume that his body, along with those of the entlisted men was laid to rest in the mass grave beneath the monument that today adorns Custer's hill. If his body was located, why is the marker that supposedly commemorates the spot where he fell located south of the hill, near the gap between "C" and "E" companies? This gap is indicative of the place where the Cheyenne, Lame White Man, led his charge that rendered nearly 40% of Custer's battalion hors-de-combat. It is certain that Lord's skeletal remains were not found here.

The surviving surgeon, a man whom history has treated lightly despite his valorous and unfailing devotion to duty, Dr. Henry Ronaldo Porter, resided in Bismarck for several years. In 1879 he was summoned to Chicago to testify in the Reno Court of Inquiry. Although laudatory towards the efforts of Captain Fred Benteen during the hill-top fight, his testimony was quite damaging to the image Major Reno was attempting to preserve, or, as it were, establish.

While touring the world, on March 3, 1913, Dr. Porter became ill and passed away in his hotel room at the Metropole in Agra, India. He was buried in that country, and a memorial monument was erected beside the grave of his wife in Oberlin, Ohio. Dr. Porter was survived by a son, Henry Viets Porter.

It is doubtful that the journals of army medical history were enhanced by the experiences at the Little Big Horn. Except for the heroism of Dr. Porter there was little to be recorded. Disease, low-quality rations and sanitation neglect continued to blight both officers and enlisted men who undertook the fighting of the Indian Wars. Two very interesting observations were recorded by Don Rickey, Jr. in his excellent text, "Forty Miles a day on Beans and Hay". (University of Oklahoma Press, 1963).

"Private William G. Wilkinson, Eighth Cavalry wrote: 'Our health was excellent; it had to be, because medical attention was conspicuous by its absence'."

And again, to quote Mr. Rickey:

"Some commanding officers took more interest than did others in the health of their men. In 1884, at Fort Sully, Dakota Territory, Colonel Richard I. Dodge, believing that regular bathing was conducive to good health, ordered every soldier to bathe at least once a week.

Did any ranking representative of the army medical branch ever personnally check the qualifications of contract surgeons or investigate the uses in the field, or on campaign, of drugs, methods, and anesthesias developed years before? After the Little Big Horn, were other campaigners provided with adequate medical personnel to care for their wounded? Was the transportation of the wounded considered in manning future expeditions into the isolated frontier areas? Not likely. It is quite apparent that the $13 per month privates of the Indian Wars were, budgetwise, expendable. At the going rate, the cost of one month's service of a doctor would send ten privates to fight the battles for a comparable length of time.

As for the doctors, Hippocrates would have been both proud and satisfied with those who served.

RW

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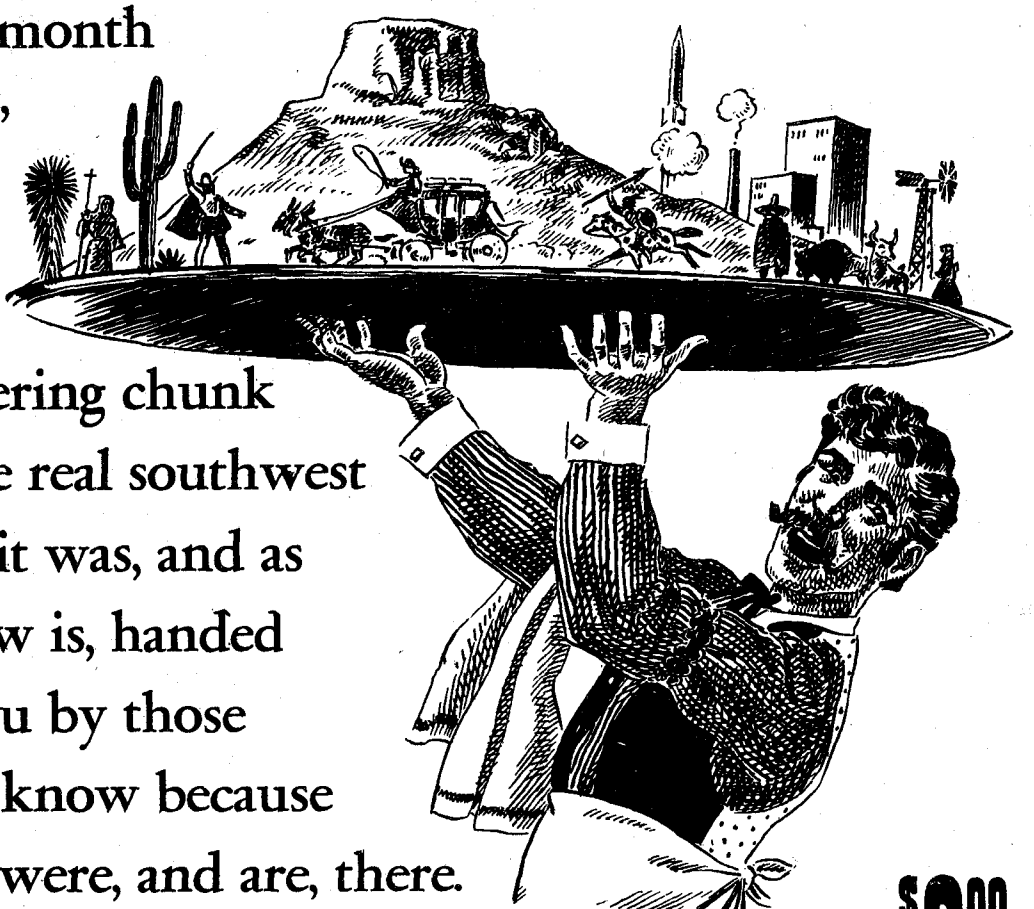

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life.
By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

HOW THE INDIANS SIGNALED

Messages among the Indians were commonly conveyed by signals: smoke, fire, or the movement of men, either mounted or on foot. Signals were also made with the pony, the blanket, mirrors, fire-arrows and the hand. The most frequent purpose of the signal was to indicate the presence of game or danger, or to define the intentions of an approaching party.

Many pioneers creaking across the Great Plains in their covered wagons saw in the distance puffs of smoke, like little clouds ascending in regular order. They knew then that Indians had discovered them and were sending signals to their comrades. On clear days these puffs of smoke could be seen at a great distance. By means of relays the messages could be sent over the plains, rivers and mountains. These were used by day over a wide area of the western country. They were reduced to a regular system by means of which many different details of information could be sent across miles of land.

The fire was built on some commanding elevation, the combustibles used being damp grass, weeds, cedar tops or some similar material which would burn slowly and throw out a dense smoke. The fire, after being lighted, was allowed to burn for some time until it was probable that it had attracted the attention of those at a distance for whom it had been intended. The signaler then proceeded with the messages by throwing his blanket over the smoldering pile so as to confine the smoke and then withdrawing it, allowing a single balloon-like puff of smoke to ascend skyward. This was repeated again and again until by the number, length or continued succession of the smoke puffs the watcher in camp knew whether buffalo or an approaching enemy had been discovered. Then they knew if they must flee to safety, or hurry on the hunt, or attack the enemy, or if a rescue party was needed.

The Apache used three columns of smoke to signal an alarm, and if the danger was near, then more fires were built. The density of the smoke was produced by using a scrub cedar, pine or other desert evergreen. With these were mixed leaves and grass. When the Apache established camp, they sent up a signal of two columns of smoke. Returning war parties of the Pima and some other tribes of that region were accustomed to give advance notice of the number of scalps taken by means of a corresponding number of smoke fires built within view of the home camp. When the Omaha returned successfully from a raid, the war party sent up smoke signals as they neared the home camp. When coming in sight of their friends, the number of warriors lost was indicated by having the same number of men turn successively to one side and drop to the ground.

Night signals were produced by means of fire. This was done by making a brisk flame and then smothering it for a moment. In this manner a series of dots and dashes could be produced. Torches were also waved in accord with a given code. The fire might mean, along the western coast, the sighting of a whale or the approach of a boatload of strangers. The watchers in the distant villages would then prepare for either emergency.

The Indian had no skyrockets, but they did have the fire arrow. These were long arrows, the ends of which were wrapped in loose tow dipped in oil. These were used to set fire to an enemy's camp or fortified village, as well as for signaling. Sometimes these were made of chewed bark mixed with gunpowder—when this was available—glued to arrow shafts. When such an arrow was to be shot, one warrior would fix it to his bow and draw it, then another warrior would apply a taper to the inflammable end. The arrow was then released and when it had gone upward a short distance, the bark fuse ignited the powder which would flash until the arrow fell. Once lighted, these signals blazed across the sky like meteors. These fire arrows were also used as a kind of telegraph. Among the Santee one arrow meant, "The enemy is about". Two arrows from the same point indicated "danger". Three arrows meant "great danger", while several arrows meant, "The enemy is too strong, we must fall back". Two fire arrows shot at the same moment meant, "We will attack". Immediately after this message, three more fire arrows meant "soon" and four meant "now". Every war party carried along a bundle of these signal arrows, and the Sioux had worked out an elaborate system of signaling at night by means of these fiery arrows.

Many of the western tribes had blanket signals. To signal "halt" the end of the blanket was waved downward several times. To say, "How will we treat the enemy?" or "Game is discovered", the blanket was folded then waved to the right and left in front of the body. The blanket was waved before the body upward, then downward when the message read, "There are many animals and men ahead." The sign for "discovery" was made by riding in a circle, not because the circle in itself indicated anything in this connection, but because such a movement was most sure to be distinguishable from any direction, while the blanket was held by two corners and waved over the head. Among the Omaha and some other tribes, the signal for "discovery" was made by riding from side to side, or by running in the same way if on foot, the motion being known by terms signifying approximately "showing" or "zigzagging". Anyone falsely or dishonestly making this signal was severely punished. When a sign for "peace" was to be conveyed, the blanket was grasped by two corners and waved over the head, thrown upward and allowed to spread itself upon the ground. The signal for "The coast is clear" was given by gently waving the open blanket from side to side in front of the body. When strangers discovered each other at a distance, one party signaled the question, "Who are you?" by pointing his folded blanket at arm's length toward the person and then waving it right and left in front of the face. During a battle, if a Chief took a blanket, opened it and hanged it in front of his body, then waved it in a circle it meant, "We are surrounded." A folded blanket held still and high above the head signified "surrender", though its meaning was "I want to die right now." To signal alarm, the blanket was tossed into the air several times. If no blanket or horse was at hand the Indian might give the alarm from a distance by throwing up handfuls of dust.

The Sioux and many of the northern Plains tribes, in later times, had a system of heliograph signals by means of mirrors, although, even before the mirror prehistoric Indians could send heliograms considerable distances by means of reflection surfaces such as sheets of mica, polished quartz or even plates of native copper. The story is told of a Sioux Chief who, standing some two hundred yards from his warriors, and with only an occasional movement of the right arm, commanded fully one hundred warriors on horseback, moving them in exact rhythm. This he did for more than a half hour. When asked how he managed this, he said it was done by the use of a looking glass.

The pony was sometimes used as a signal. The rider rode the pony in a circle, or backward and forward. In some tribes the size of the circle or the distance ridden up and down the crest of a hill denoted the size of the party seen by the signaler or the quantity of game spotted. Should the Indian rider, after giving his signal, suddenly hide himself and the pony, it meant "danger".

The drum was used for calling people together on ceremonial occasions and for marking the changes in the performance. This custom was probably universal.

Trail markings were akin to signals and a marker was left to indicate the passing of a traveler or party, the occurrence of some notable incident or the presence of an enemy. These varied from the simple bending of a twig, blazing of a tree, or piling of stones to the elaborate pictograph set in some conspicuous place. Included in this would be the symbolic declaration of war among the Eastern tribes, particularly in the Gulf states, by setting upright, painted arrows along the trail near the enemy's village or leaving in plain view a red-painted tomahawk with a scalp attached.

Some of the medicine men claimed to have methods of signaling. They claimed to send thoughts through the air and cause things to happen afar. Others said they could send their "mind's eye" to distant places and know what was happening. White explorers have written of these things actually happening but have no knowledge as to just how they were accomplished.

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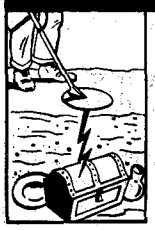

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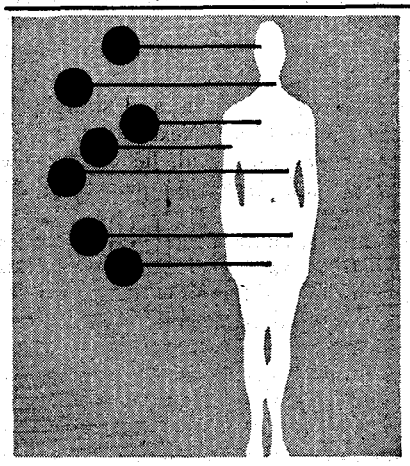

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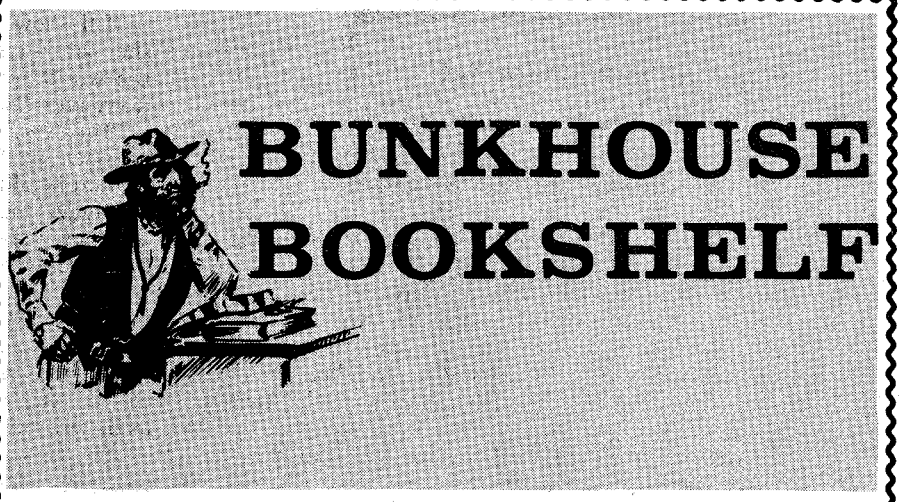

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HISTORIC FIRES OF THE WEST
By Ralph W. Andrews
1865-1915
A Pictorial History
Superior Publishing Co. Seattle, Wash.
192 pages - $12.95

Author Andrews brings back the joys of youth, when firemen were your heroes and you were surely going to be one. He has searched out over 200 pictures of long-ago fires that figured in the history of the West. In his text he details the lives of both amateur and professional firefighters in mining camps and cities of the western states. The romance will never go out of firefighting. It was there with the bucket brigades and volunteer firemen, in the firehouses with their brass poles and hooked-up harness that dropped on the sapple grays, and it is still there in the powerful trucks, modern equipment and methods of today. In this book you can almost hear the far-off clangor of the old fire bell, smell the smoke and see the people running. It is, in fact, as exciting as watching the fire trucks go screaming by. It's a book of rare pictures and good text for boys who have grown into men.

BOOT HILL
By Lambert Florin
Historic Graves of the Old West
Superior Publishing Co., Seattle, Wash.
192 pages - 250 photos - $12.95

A continuation of Mr. Florin's highly successful Western Ghost Town series, but this one gets down where the ghosts really are. It deals with the historic graves of the old west. Anecdotes of life and death among the famous and infamous characters of western history combined with excellent photographs makes this a must for western buff.

RED CLOUD AND THE SIOUX PROBLEM
By James C. Olson
University of Nebraska Press
$5.95

The story of Red Cloud during the 1872-1900 period. Red Cloud headed the Oglala Sioux during the transition from their free life on the plains to the confinement of the Indian reservation. Dr. Olson paints Red Cloud as a very astute individual who could embarrass his white contemporaries with his searching questions during council meetings.

SUSAN DAVEY'S DAUGHTER
By Dorcas P. Hettinger
Exposition Press, 386 Park Ave., New York
153 pages - $4.00

This is a chronicle of an American dynasty. The story follows the career of the Davey family, who emigrate from England and settle in New Jersey. A daughter marries Henry Prisk and they join the movement westward and settle in Nevada. There and in Colorado they raise a typical pioneer western family.

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NO-NOSE MAGGIE

(continued from page 44)

and several turned ghastly white and made for the swinging doors.

Without a doctor or medical help, Mary Alice suffered untold agony. When her face finally healed, it was a caricature of what had once been a hard, but pretty face. Her face was scarred where the broken bottle had cut into the flesh and her nose was mashed so flat that it looked like she had no nose at all.

The Kilkoski woman paid dearly for her act of violence. A few weeks after the fight, her broken and battered body was found at the bottom of a mine shaft. It was reported that she had wandered away from a drinking party and fallen into the deep pit. It was generally believed, but never reported, that an admirer of Mary Alice may have given her a little push.

At the very best, a dance hall girl who has lost the bloom of youth finds it hard to make a living. And Mary Alice, with two holes in her face where her nose should have been, soon found it almost impossible to keep body and soul together. In spite of her handicap, "No-Nose Maggie", as she was now called, remained undaunted. She had a cheery, ribald greeting for customers of the saloon and wasted no time in self pity.

One morning, after a wild night of fun and frolic, No-Nose Maggie awoke with the most terrific hangover she had ever had. Her ears were ringing with a clanking and clattering she had never heard before. Her bed seemed to lurch from side to side and, from time to time, it shook with a bone-rattling jar. When she found the courage to open her eyes, she saw, to her surprise, not the dingy rafters of her rough lumber shack, but a bright blue, cloudless sky. A man was sitting in the spring seat of a wagon, just above her feet. Suddenly she realized she was lying flat on her back in a wagon..... and the wagon was moving.

"Hey, what in hell's goin' on?" she sputtered, and the man looked back over his shoulder and grinned. She didn't know his name, but his face was vaguely familiar.

"You and me is gonna find Joy," he grinned, and in a flash she knew what he meant. Joy was a grubby little mining camp located in the Drum Mountains, some 30 miles to the south.

"You ain't takin' me to that damned hole," she screamed, "I'll walk back."

"Oh, no you won't," he said and he laughed uproariously.

The old Joy store operated by Aunt Mary Laird (No-Nose Maggie).

"I'll show you, you son of a ----," she shouted and she sat up and threw off the blanket. For a moment the world spun crazily. When it righted itself, she looked down and discovered she was stark naked.

"You -----," she yelled "where are my clothes?"

"Back at the mine," the man said and he laughed so hard he almost fell off the wagon seat.

Maggie looked around and cursed. Even if modesty did not prevent her from going back, the prospect of a ten-mile walk over a rocky road, with no shoes and under a blazing sun, with no clothes, did. If there was one thing Maggie had learned, it was to roll with the punches, and she made the best of a bad situation. Before they arrived in Joy, she was sitting up front with the driver, wrapped in a blanket, laughing and talking as though they had planned the trip together.

Manganese was discovered at several locations in the Drum Mountains in 1879. During the next few years, activities in the Drums gradually centered around a few delapidated buildings that were located in a pass, near a small spring that bubbled out at the base of a black basaltic mountain. This pitiful place was ironically called Joy. The principal part of the community sprang up around the Ibex mine, a quarter of a mile from the stable and store at the spring. Here were two saloons, a company building, a superintendent's office and home, a beanery, and tents and shacks for 200 get-rich-quick miners.

Right from the first there was little promise that this miserable cluster of shacks and tents that clung to the barren hillside would live up to its happy name. Besides Maggie, the only joy in this dismal place was that which the miners found in a whiskey bottle at the end of a long, hard day. At times, the joy of these revelries got mighty rough and wild. One Christmas eve young Matt Evans, who came from Philidelphia, got into a friendly brawl that was a part of the yuletide festivities. Before it was over, he was hit over the head with a bottle and knocked unconscious.

"Take him outside," one of the merry makers shouted, "the cool air will revive him."

Matt was promptly dragged outside and stretched out on the ground beside the building. Next morning he was still there and, as one of the miners said, he was "colder'n a fish, stiffer'n a board, and deader'n a mackerel." Matt Evans had frozen to death.

They put him in a pine box and buried him at the head of the pass on Christmas day. The grave was marked by two stones, set firmly in the ground, and a crude cross, on which they carved his name. It was Joy forever more for Matt Evans.

As time went on, they found that the manganese in the mines was not of the highest quality, prices were low, and the roads to the smelters were long and rough. The mines changed hands several times, miners came and went, and life for No-Nose Maggie was no bed of roses. But Maggie was not one to complain. Her spirit was as wild and as untamed as ever, but the years had taken their toll and she knew she could not move on to the next boom town. So she did the best she could, she moved in with a Scotsman named Ardabold M. Laird and shared his bed and board.

Laird claimed to be a lawyer, but those who knew him suspected that he had never passed the bar.....at least not one without bottles on it. He did, however, manage to earn a few dollars by doing odd jobs, helping prospectors file their claims, and writing letters for illiterate miners.

For a few years Maggie and Ardabold did rather well. They took over the stable and store. The spring was developed to provide water for thirsty travelers and their

(continued on page 65)

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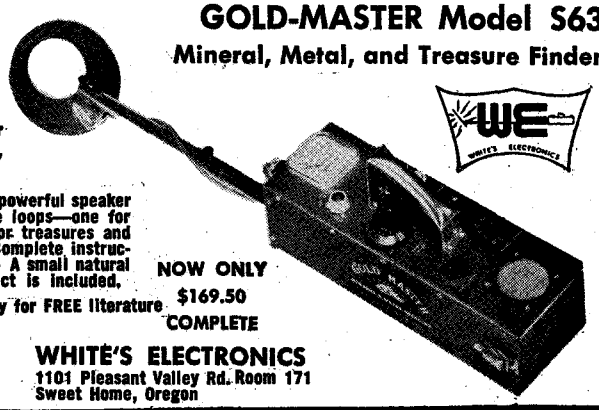

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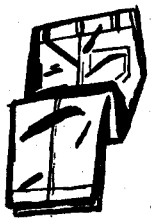

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How Jim Kinkaid Collected Taxes

by Louise Cheney

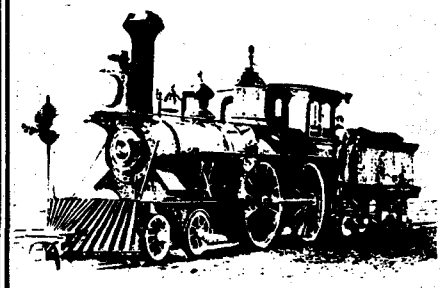
Jim Kinkaid, deputy sheriff of Washoe City, Nevada in the early seventies, was fearless. No man or group of men could bully or bluff him. Besides his duties as peace officer, he was also county tax collector, a job that sometimes presented difficulties.

Such a difficulty arose with the Central Pacific Railroad soon after its completion. Washoe County levied taxes against the corporation, but Jim found that collecting said taxes wasn't so easy. The officials of the line lodged a protest and carried the case to court and lost. Washoe County was issued an attachment against the railway company. It fell to Jim to collect, a man-sized job.

However, Jim called on his ingenuity and came up with the perfect solution. He planted himself at the station in Reno and waited until the train came in. Then he locked the locomotive driver to one rail with a logging chain, affixed his seal of office and calmly waited. A great commotion took place in the station and the telegraph operator was ordered to wire the news to San Francisco and to headquarters in the east. While Jim was waiting, the next train arrived and the deputy fastened it to the rail as he had the first. The wires hummed again. Eastern officials were notified that the problem could be solved in one way and one way only – by payment of taxes owed by the Central Pacific to Washoe City.

A third train pulled in during the excitement and Jim fastened it to the rail. The directors of Central Pacific knew when they were licked, so they directed the Bank of California to contact Jim and tell him that the tax money had been deposited. Jim read the message, ambled out to the trussed-up trains, unlocked the chains, and the Central Pacific started moving once more.

RW



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NO-NOSE MAGGIE

(continued from page 63)

animals. They sold supplies to miners, prospectors, freighters, cowboys, and sheepmen. On the back of the store they built ramshackle rooms, and weary wayfarers could get a bed and a meal at Laird's Store for whatever they could afford to pay. Drifters, down on their luck, were never turned away because they had no money.

The records show that December 23, 1893, Ardabold Laird was deputy recorder for the Detroit Mining District. On August 11, 1894 he became the recorder, and on October 31st of the same year, he was appointed Postmaster at Drum, another camp about three miles to the south. He held this position until the Post Office was discontinued on June 30, 1897. Records in the National Archives also show that a Post Office was established in Joy on August 26, 1899, and that Mary Laird was appointed Postmaster. With the exception of the five years between February 7, 1910 and February 4, 1915, she held this position until the Post Office was discontinued on May 15, 1919.

To supplement their income from the store, stable, and Post Office, the Lairds purchased a few cows and turned them out on the rocky ranges. They also imported two pigs, "to keep the rattlesnakes under control". Strangely enough, the pigs multiplied and, although no one knew what they found to eat, skinny, squealing pigs were seen wandering over the desert 20 miles from Joy, the nearest water.

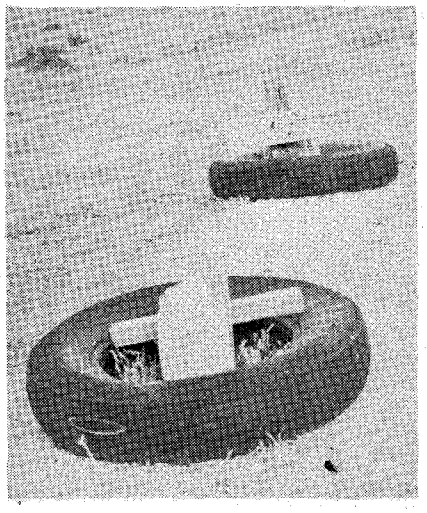
Ardabold and Maggie must have found a little joy in this lonely place for one day they took the long road to Deseret, Utah and were legally married by Justice of the Peace, Josiah F. Gibbs. The miners and pilgrims of the desert, in recognition of No-Nose Maggie's new marital status, felt she should have a more respectable name and they began calling her "Aunt Mary", and sometimes "Aunt Mae".

This marriage, like the first, was doomed from the start. The legal knot and the more respectable name did little to tame "Aunt Mary's" wild, free spirit. She and her husband began to drink and quarrel. They didn't care who witnessed their family feuds, and when Aunt Mary was drinking, she became downright ornery. Myrtle Mikesell (Later Mrs. George Spor) recalls that, as a young girl, she stopped at the store with her father and mother while the two were in their cups and engaged in a bitter argument. Her father went to the door and asked if they could get something to eat.

"No I'll not feed any ----------!" Aunt Mary shouted angrily.

"Get some food on the table!" Laird roared and he grabbed a whip from the stock in the store and hit her across the shoulders.

When water filled the Fish Springs mines, and low prices and low grade ore slowed down the operations in the Drum Mountains, business at the store dwindled. The Lairds drank more, and fought more frequently and more violently. Then, one day Ardabold was gone and, except for drifters who hung around and did odd jobs for their bed and board, Aunt Mary was alone. Some who had heard their quarrels suspected that Ardabold had met a violent end, but none bothered to investigate. Later it was learned that Laird was living in a shack by a spring, some 50 miles to the east. As far as anyone knows, Ardabold and Mary Laird never saw each other again.



Gravesite of Matt Evans, killed in a saloon brawl, at the head of a pass in the Drums Mountain of Utah. A sheepherder has protected the markers with two worn out tires.

When the Post Office closed in 1919, Aunt Mary could barely make a living. She could not take care of the cattle and they died, drifted away, or were stolen. Except for an occasional cowboy or prospector, her only customers were sheepherders who bought supplies at her store and paid for the privledge of watering their sheep at the spring. Then, as motor vehicles replaced the horse and wagon, the sheepmen hauled in their own supplies and trade at Laird's store became almost non-existent.

In 1931 Fred Gadd, Nephi Postmaster, worked on a survey crew in the Drum Mountains. As he remembers there was little stock in the store and seldom any customers. Aunt Mary spent most of her time in a darkened room, clutching a rosary to her breast and mumbling prayers as she hobbled about in the dim light of a candle that burned constantly, before a crucifix.

Evidently old age had accomplished what priests and preachers had never been able to do.

During her last few years in Joy, the store did not provide for her meager needs and she was forced to accept help from the county. When she got too old and sick to live alone in the desert, she went to town and lived for awhile with the George Spor family. Then, in 1934, in a hospital in Payson, Utah her proud, reckless spirit bowed to the grim reaper and her body was taken to Eureka for burial. Here she was laid to rest alongside of others of her untamed breed, the miners, the muckers, and the misguided who followed their dreams of easy wealth from one boom town to another.

Today, the tumbled-down store, a pile of rusting cans, a few rock ruins, and the prospect holes and mine shafts, gouged in the rocky hillsides, are all that are left of the boisterous boom town of the Drums. Sheep trail over the lonely grave at the head of the pass as they move from one desert valley to another. Except for the solitary sheepherder, the persistent prospector, and the lonesome coyote, the Drums are deserted.

But, as one walks around the tumbled-down store and feels the cold desert wind whistle down through the pass, he has only to close his eyes to hear a hearty voice shout, "Well, by God, sweetheart, it's good to see yuh! Git down off yer horse and come and sit by the fire. The coffee's almost ready."

RW

SOURCES

1. *Article in the March 5, 1950 Salt Lake Tribune, by Frank Beckwith.*
2. *Information supplied by Fred L. Gadd, Chester F. Foote, and Frank Robertson all of Nephi, Utah. These men all knew "Aunt Mary" during her later years.*
3. *National Archives and Records Service - Washington 25, D.C.*

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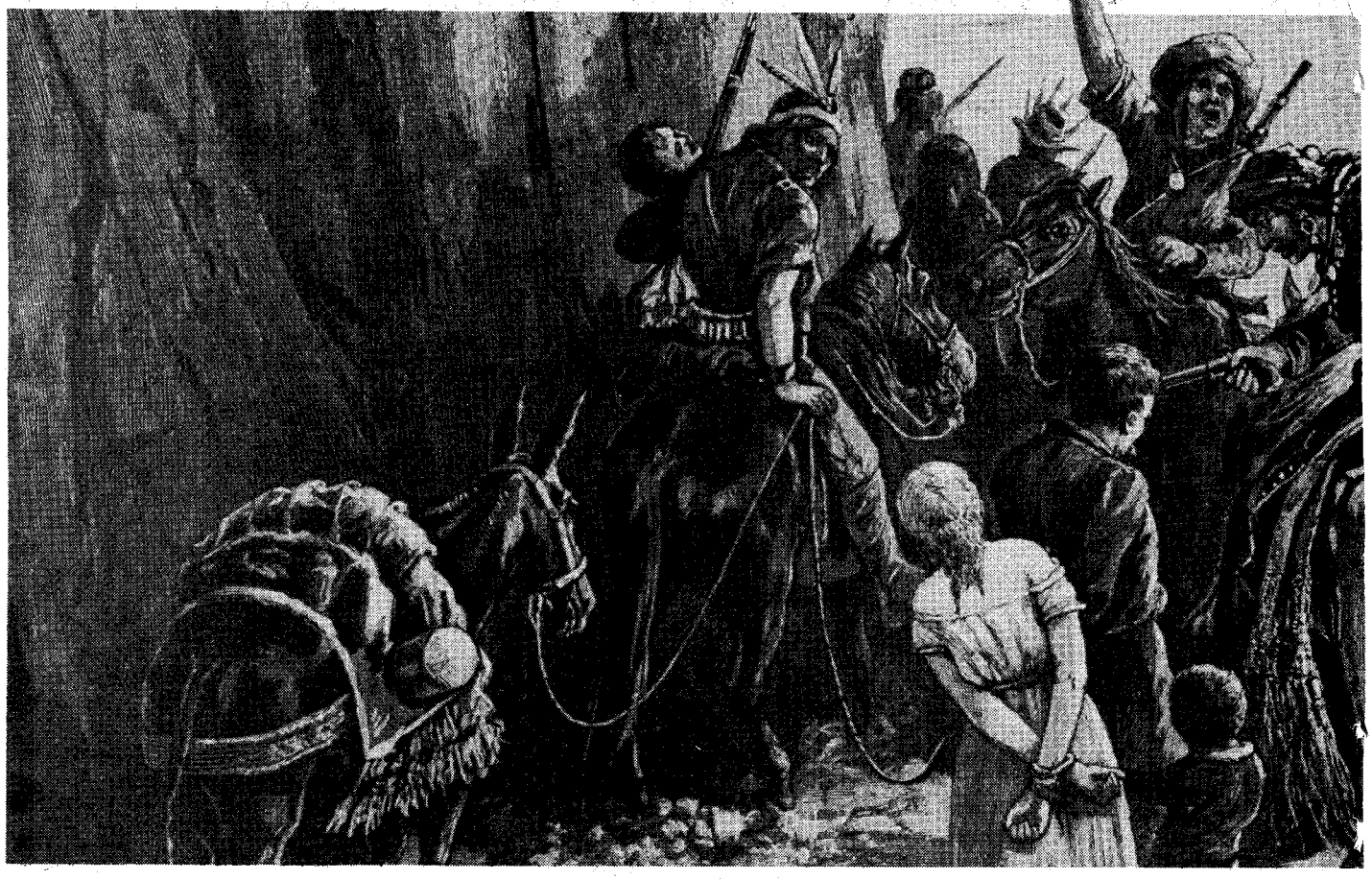
"..TO KILL



Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

An Apache raid in the southwest during the 1870's

By Norman B. Wiltsey

The Apache showed no emotion as he coolly explained, "Anyone can kill an enemy...but it takes a strong man to kill a friend."

There were many true friendships between red men and white on the old frontier. Dr. William Allen, as a young man, hunted buffaloes and fought raiding Blackfeet and Sioux with Plenty Coups, destined to be the greatest chief of the Crow Nation. Their friendship was a lifetime attachment, faithful unto death.

Mountain man Jim Bridger was a close friend of Chief Washakie of the Shoshones. Jim helped the chief arm his warriors with good rifles with which to oppose their many powerful foes. In gratitude, Washakie provided scouts for the Army.

Buffalo Bill Cody's friendship with Sitting Bull was well publicized when the Bull toured one season with Cody's Wild West Show. In the Ghost Dance excitement of 1890, Cody hurried from Chicago to Standing Rock Agency to try to save the chief from arrest. The famous showman never did get to see his "old friend of better days". Deceived into thinking that Sitting Bull would not be arrested after all, Cody threw a party for the newspapermen and left the Agency before the chief was arrested and murdered by the Indian Police.

These three white men--Allen, Bridger and Cody (and especially Allen and

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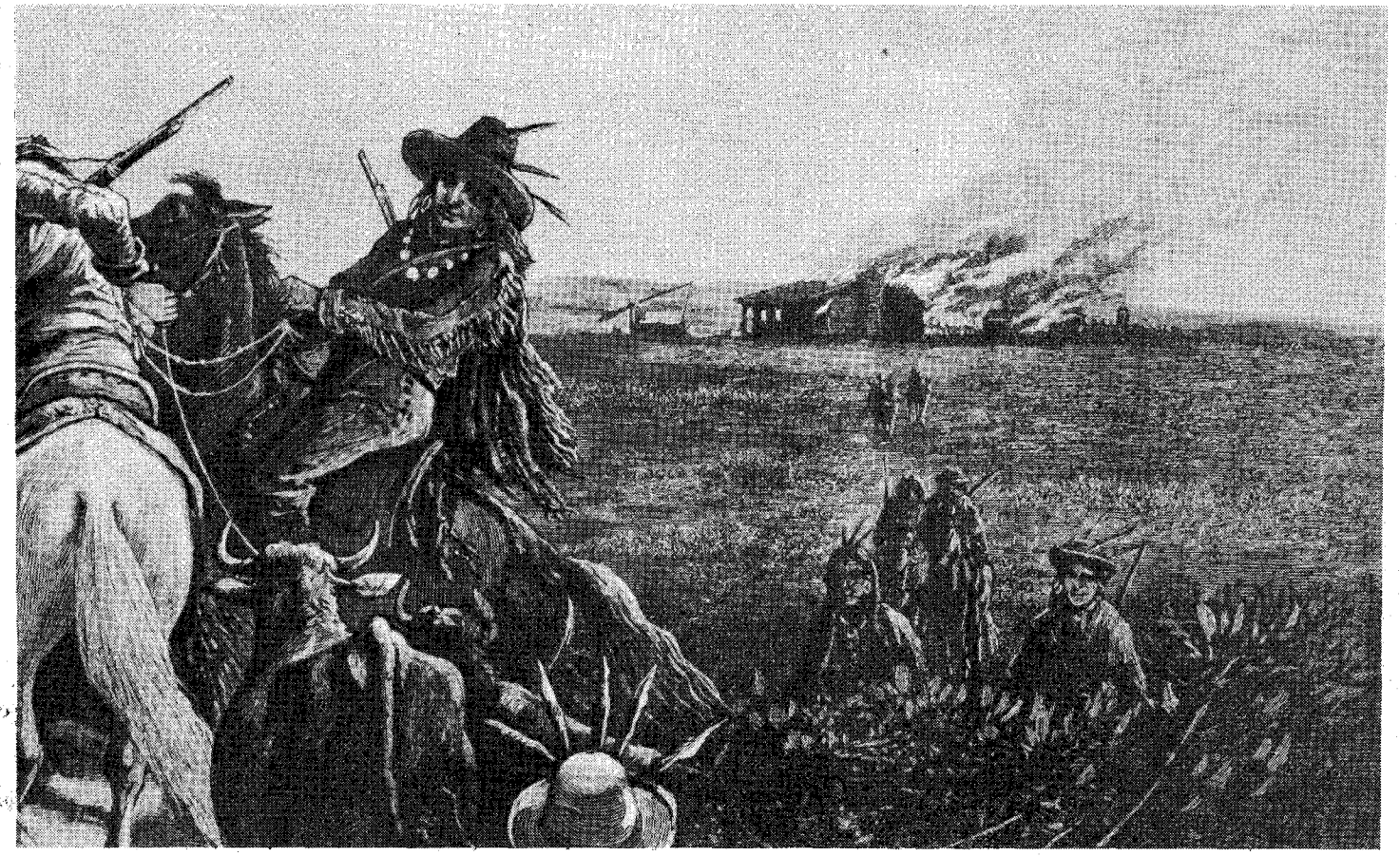
A FRIEND!"



Bridger) – were frontiersmen who "thought Indian" in their daily way of life. So too was Charley McKenna. Formerly a trapper in the glorious heyday of the fur trade, McKenna in 1870 lived in a cabin near Camp Grant in the vicinity of Tucson in what is now the state of Arizona. Charley, unlike most of the wild companions of his youth who still lived, had frugally built up a stake for his old age from his earnings in the once lucrative beaver trade. All men were his friends and one of the best was Eskimo-tzin, an Apache chief. He had often been an honored guest in the chief's wickiup, and Eskimo-tzin was equally welcome in his own cabin. In all their fierce wars with the invading whites, no Apache had ever harmed Charley McKenna. For years his cabin had remained a tiny island of peace and tranquility in a sea of violence and murder.

In 1870 cruel and bitter times had come to the Apaches. Hunted and starved into submission, over 300 had surrendered to the CO at Camp Grant and gone wearily into camp five miles from the military post. The CO, Lieutenant R. E. Whitman, was a most unusual Army officer in that he regarded Apaches as fellow human beings instead of wild beasts to be slaughtered or enslaved. He fed them from military stores, saw that the sick and wounded among them received prompt medical attention, and made jobs for those who were able to work by setting them at the task of cutting hay for the post horse herd.

The Indians used their knives to cut the hay, carrying it into the fort on their backs. They were paid a few cents for each fifty pounds delivered. Grateful at being allowed to work and support themselves, the Apaches labored hard and steadily. In about two months they cut and delivered nearly 300,000 pounds of hay. News of Lieutenant Whitman's kindly treatment spread to other Apaches hiding out in the hills, and gradually the Indian population of Camp Grant increased to over 500. It was a gratifying situation for the young commanding officer, but one not destined to long continue.

On April 1, Captain Stanwood, Whitman's immediate superior officer, arrived at Camp Grant. The captain inspected and approved Whitman's humane handling of the Apaches, but the deeper implications of this new method of treating Indians as fellow humans escaped him entirely. Stanwood immediately left on a scout through southern Arizona, taking with him nearly all the garrison at Camp Grant. Left with only fifty men to patrol the large area, Lieutenant Whitman feared the consequences of such a drastic move but did not presume to question the decision of his superior officer. The lieutenant fully realized a fact to which Captain Stanwood had obviously never given a thought; that Camp Grant was within dangerous proximity of Tucson, and Tucson contained a large number of the most virulent "Injun haters" in the country. The stage was set for tragedy. Whitman knew that only the presence of a strong garrison at Camp Grant had prevented serious trouble when the Apaches had moved in.

The tragedy feared by Lieutenant Whitman was not long in coming. Four days after Captain Stanwood's departure with most of the garrison, an armed mob of Americans, Mexicans and Papago Indians left Tucson in the direction of the Apache camp.

Belatedly warned of the mob's advance, Whitman sent a mounted trooper galloping to call in the Indians closer

(continued on page 80)

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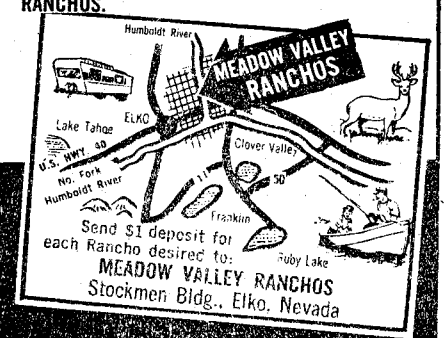

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City:_____ Zone:_____ State:_____

Indicate No. of Ranchos____ Total enclosed $____

MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 9)

wearing their blankets or own costumes, and later in white man's clothing - they look most unhappy in BOTH pictures!

Very truly yours,
Viola Farver (White Water)
4225 Concord Street
Harrisburg, Pa. 17109

MISSION BELL

Dear Sirs;

I have a bronze bell which I am told comes from a Mission in Santa Barbara, California. The bell is about three inches high including the handle, which is in the form of a cross. On one side is the name "Santa Barbara", in raised letters. The opposite side has the year, 1786 on it in the same manner. The only information I can get on it is in an encyclopedia, and all I found there was that a mission was founded and built by a man called St. Barbara, this happened in 1786, then in 1815 a new mission was built.

In another book I found some names of missions and churches, but the only one they had from Santa Barbara was called "Santa Barbara", and it was on Los Olivos St. It had been restored and rebuilt four times, the last time being after an earthquake in 1925.

I would also like to know what the bell could have been used for, and in what part of the Mission it was used at the time?

I would appreciate any information I receive both through your magazine or by direct mail.

Yours truly;
Eddie Nielsen
Box 451
Redvers, Saskatchewan, Canada

PIONEER LIFE IN OREGON

Dear Editor:

In 1852 my father, aged nine, crossed the plains from Iowa with his parents to Oregon. The immigrant caravan ahead of them was all massacred by Indians but one tiny little girl who had crawled into an old log. She lived at Baker, Oregon a number of years where she died at a very old age. A cousin of mine, George Foster, wrote the story and it appeared in the Readers Digest. My grandparents filed and lived on the Foster Homestead land north of Willamina, Oregon. That is where I was born.

Homestead life for all of us was full of hardships and hard work. Most

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pioneers started from scratch. My parents had a team of horses, a wagon, two cows, 2 small pigs and a flock of chickens. My father organized and helped to build a school house on land he donated. Children living a distance rode horseback to school.

I can recall riding with my mother horseback many miles to Willamina, Oregon for groceries. We traded eggs for clothing and other necessities. Being the daughter of an Oregon pioneer was wonderful. We kids had miles of country to race our horses on and to hunt. Hunting was supreme and we did not need any license.

I look forward to each copy of your magazine.

Mary Foster Chesbro
102 Gulf Drive
Bradenton Beach, Fla. 33510

INFORMATION WANTED

Dear Mr. LeBlanc:

I'm a subscriber to your excellent magazine which never fails to go to many friends. Can anyone help me? Do you know where I might apply, with hopes of getting copies of the old Police Gazette - that pink paper. It used to come to England many, many years ago and then faded out.

Gratefully yours,
Denzil E. Wilson
36 Homersham Road
Kingston on Thames, England

Dear Editor:

Your magazine becomes more interesting every month. Your Mail Roundup is especially interesting, and I often think of the information I have in my files and wonder if someone is searching for it. I have much on the early settlement of Virginia City, Montana, and the establishment of the Episcopal Church there by the Lovell family and Bishop Tucker; also on Col. Francis Diemling, and his wife Mary Lovell Diemling who was the first woman postmaster of that town from 1879 to 1887. I have information on early settlement of Bozeman, Montana, and of Custer County, Nebraska and Scotts Bluff County, Nebraska.

I need information on Dr. Georgia Arbuckle who married one Nathan Gwynn Fix at old Ft. Sidney, Nebraska about 1892. She was born in May, 1852 at Princeton, Missouri, about two days after Martha Canary (Calamity Jane) was born there. Evidently the two little girls went to the same school. Georgia's mother, Julia Arbuckle married second, William Reeves, but died a few years later near Hannibal, Missouri, and was buried on an open prairie or hillside. Georgia taught school in Mercer County, Missouri when she was 16. She lived with a family by

(continued on page 70)

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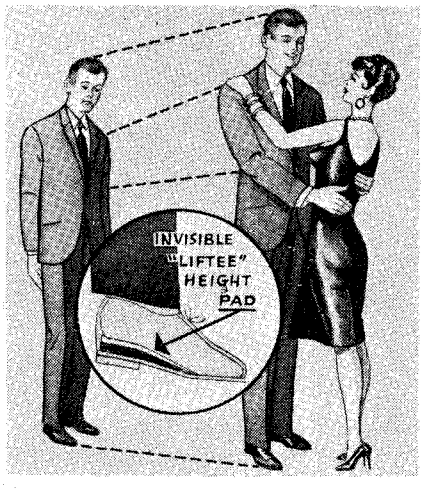

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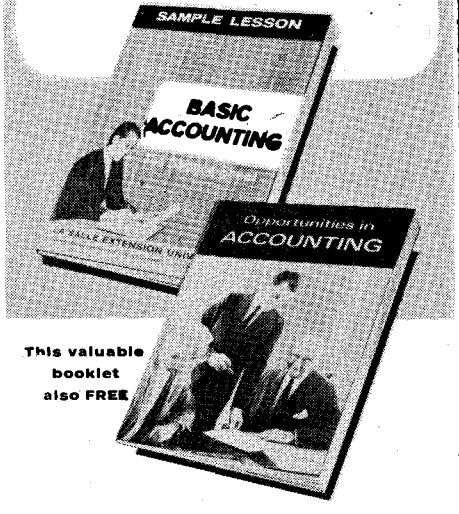

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 69)

the name of Dinsmore, and later went to Omaha with them where she entered the Omaha Medical College, and was graduated, and was at one time Vice-President of the Douglas County, Nebraska Medical Assn. If anyone can give me any information please do so, as I am writing her story. She practiced in our town for nearly 40 years and died in 1918. Does anyone know of this "Prof." or "Doctor" Dinsmore family who lived in Princeton, Mo. about 1868 or 1870?

I am also looking for information on the George Chrisman who was Station Agent at the Julesburg Pony Express Station, and is mentioned in several books as being the first one to hire William F. Cody when he was only 14, to ride a short stretch of the Pony Express. The Historical Societies of Colorado, Wyo. and Nebraska have nothing to this effect. Cody's sister tells this also in her book about "Buffalo Bill".

All postage repaid.

Sincerely,
Estelle C. Laughlin
815 P. St.
Gering, Nebraska

JIM MILLER

Dear Sirs:

I read and enjoy your magazine every month. In your November 1966 issue in the REAL WEST PICTORIAL showing the hanging at Ada, Oklahoma, Jim Miller is not in the picture. You have in your picture left to right, Joe Allen who was the one who hired Miller to kill Gus Bobbitt, an ex-marshal. Next is B.B. Burwell, the finger and payoff man. Next is Jesse West, the other man who hired Miller for the killing.

Yours truly,
John Davis
3305 Pleasant Ave.
Odessa, Texas

Thank you very much for the correction.

SITTING BULL

Dear Sir:

The November issue of Real West featuring the cover with the painting of Sitting Bull made a mistake in the title: Sitting Bull, Chief of the Sioux.

Sitting Bull was a medicine man, not a chief.

Sincerely,
H.E. Wilkes
3200 N.W. 61st Terrace
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Mr. Wilkes is technically correct. Sitting Bull was a medicine man and not a chief. However, the term is not entirely incorrect. Sitting Bull led his Hunkpapa Sioux and was their spokesman with the U.S. Government. He was generally recognized by his people as a leader. As such the term "chief" is frequently ascribed to Sitting Bull.

MOUNTAIN OYSTERS

Dear Editor:

I'm sure you have all kinds of nutty people writing you about articles appearing in your magazine. This is in regard to the article written by Milt Hinkle in November 1966 issue of Real West. My husband and I got into quite an argument as to the authenticity of his knowledge of making "Mountain Oysters". Have you ever tried to cook or fry them (Fry's as they are called) fresh from the calf? I have news for Mr. Hinkle. In Oklahoma, and I'm sure they are no different in other states than they are here, you can not pop them into the fire until they are soaked in salt water for at least one hour. You cannot cut them if they are cooked prior to this. I'm not questioning his eating "Mountain Oysters" but only the cooking of them.

Sincerely yours,
Wanda Norton
Box 329
Vinita, Okla.

ARIZONA'S LOST CANYON OF GOLD

Dear Editor:

I would like to say first that I like the stories and pictures in Real West. I really enjoy the magazine.

However, Frederick Matson's story on Arizona's last canyon of gold in the May 1965 issue conflicts considerably with another book I have on the same subject. I refer to LeLand Lovelace's book, "Lost Mines and Hidden Treasures". The main epic of the story is when the Indians take the blindfold off Doc Thorne and he sees the gold.

According to Leland Lovelace they were down in a narrow canyon when they showed him the gold and it was an 18 inch vein of quartz which ran completely across the canyon and up the side. Half of the vein was pure gold.

Mr. Matson's story says that when the blindfold was removed they were on top of a small range and the gold was in the form of nuggets lying on a shelving of rock over which water flowed and fell to a narrow canyon below. Mr. Matson also states that with the help of an Indian Doc was allowed to fill his saddlebags with gold. Mr. Lovelace does not mention this in his account of the same story.

I do feel that a stroy of this sort over a period of time can be ex-

(continued on page 75)

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by Lance Robbins

Passport To Hell

Seemingly, no method of killing was too inhuman or cruel for Print (Prentice) Olive, rancher who brought his own brand of law along with his cattle and cash to the Dismal River country of Nebraska in the 1870's.

Olive brought his brothers, his son, William, and 75 cutthroat cowboys with him from Texas and immediately turned his guns with an insane fury against homesteaders and small landholders in Custer County.

Most of the settlers in Print Olive's way quietly packed up and moved beyond his reach -- if they did not, men often disappeared without a trace until spring, when bodies would be found hanging from picket ropes or lying under bullet-riddled blankets; bodies were even found in reservoirs and secluded spots around the Olive ranch.

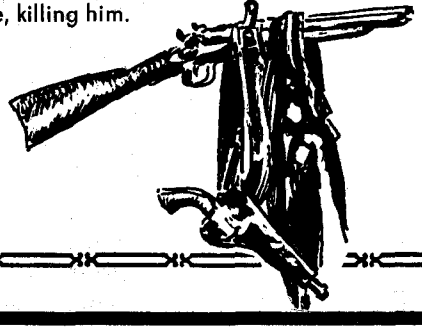
Print Olive's special passport to Hell was to wrap men he had marked for death (for various reasons) in the hides of freshly skinned steers and leave them alive to die the horrible, slow "death of the skins". By the time the victims were found the burning sun had drawn the green hides tight and hard around the men crushing them like an iron vise. Eyes bulged from their heads, protruding tongues were black and swollen.

One hot day in 1876, two negroes stopped at the Olive ranch to ask for a drink of water. Print's wife kindly complied, but while the two were drinking, Print rushed out furiously and before they could explain killed one man on the spot, and shot the other in the back as he hurriedly retreated.

A sixteen year old boy named Smith, unsuspectingly making his way along the countryside too near the Olive precincts one fateful day, was set upon by Print and his cowboys. Frightened speechless, the boy was whipped nearly to death, then shot. Later, Olive earned the label "Man Burner" when he tortured and burned two settlers who shot his brother, Bob, for invading their property.

Still, Print Olive roamed his Custer County, Nebr., range free and unconcerned until at last brought to trail in April, 1879. With both money and men, Olive knew how to handle the murder charge -- afterward it was rumored that every witness and juror was offered a choice: a fat roll of bills or loss of his tongue. At any rate, with evidence ample for first-degree murder conviction, Print Olive served only a year and seven months in the State Penitentiary.

When he was a free man, Print found that the $250,000 in cash and property it had cost him to save his skin made it necessary for him to set up a new "kingdom". He settled on Trail City, Colorado. Here he met his end in August of 1886. A young cowboy named Joe Sparrow refused to be bullied by the usual Print Olive tactics and outdrew Olive, killing him.



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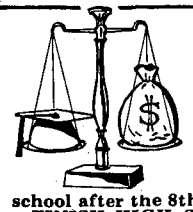

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FIRST THROUGH THE GRAND CANYON

(continued from page 29)

In one of the worst rapids the raft came apart once more, the upper end spreading fanwise. Somehow he managed to reach shallow water to tie up. Too exhausted to repair it at once, he waited until dawn. The raft was reconstructed and floated.

This occurred about four miles from the mouth of the Little Colorado River. The smaller stream pouring into the wider chasm of black stone walls formed a great whirlpool. Recognizing it in time to rouse up, he tried to avoid it and failed. The logs were swept into the whirlpool, dashing to the vortex in dizzying speed. Just when he thought the end was at hand, the raft suddenly took a plunge out, up and over the rim of the maelstrom.

Still speeding along, at times he lapsed into unconsciousness. Finally coming to, he found himself between sheer walls fully 5,000 feet high. But now he was in calmer flowing water. If memory served him right from Baker's nightfire talks, the rapids were mostly behind.

His clothing was torn to rags and the sun blistered his wasted body into scabby black sores. All he could think of was food, and his days and nights were a tortuous succession of nightmares.

On the eleventh day, after the start downstream, he lay nearly insensible when alerted by the sound of voices. Prying himself upward he looked ashore to see a bunch of Havasupai Inidans. (These Indians have lived in Havasupai Canyon for untold centuries, and do so today.)

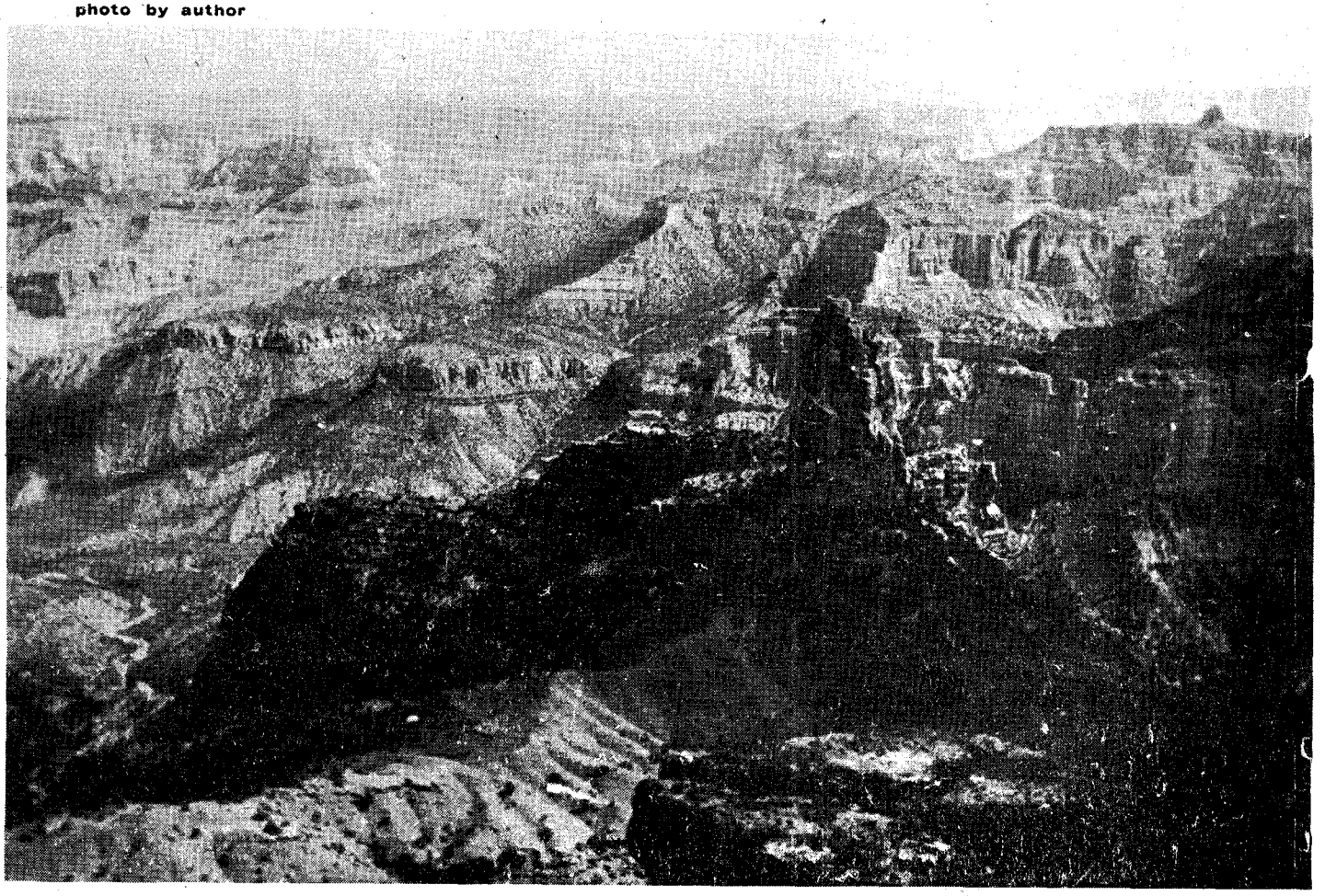
He started unfastening himself when several beached the raft. When free, he could barely stand, and was yanked ashore. Unable to speak because of a swollen tongue and mouth, he made signs for food. One big Indian seized hold of him roughly, apparently with the intention of finishing him off. At this juncture two or three others interfered, forcing the ugly one to leave him alone.

One of those who came to his rescue, and always remembered the incident, was a young man destined to become the venerable Havasupai Chief Watahomogie. It was he who gave him some roasted meat and a handful of parched mesquite beans. After devouring this small amount of food quickly, White sank to the ground and rested. Able to stand again and gaining some strength, he made signs that he wanted to go on to where white men lived.

By signs also, he was informed that it would take two more days down the river on his raft. Settling down, he remained overnight with them. The next morning he secured one of the revolvers tied to a log, trading it for more mesquite beans and part of a roasted dog.

Launching the raft he set forth, expecting to reach Callville in two days. He planned to ration his food accordingly, but ate it all the second morning. White kept a small note book in one pant's pocket in which he made entries. He did so, never expecting to leave the canyons alive, and hoped that some day it would be found and his family thus learn what had happened

photo by author



The upper Grand Canyon from near Point Imperial reveals the rugged country enfolding the Colorado River gorge down which White traveled.

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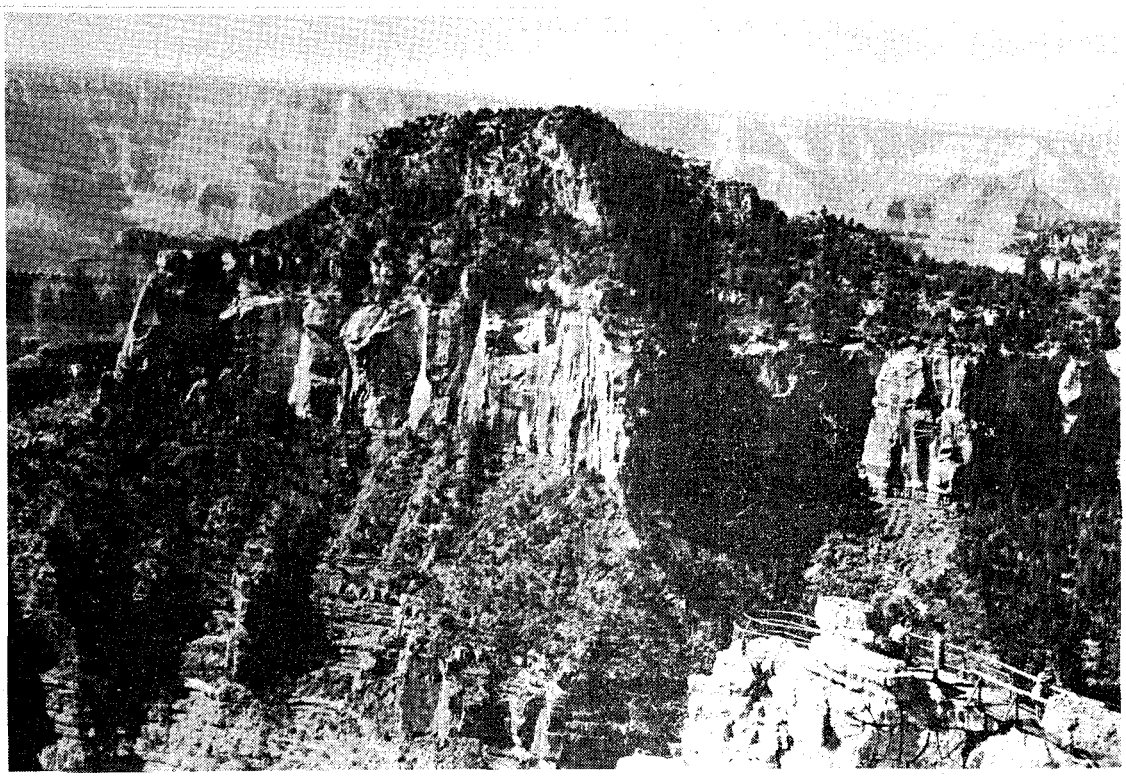

The Grand Canyon from the North Rim

to him. In this book, on September 6, he made an entry noting that he had passed out of the great gorges into fairly smooth-flowing waters. His estimation was that he then was making from forty to fifty miles each day.

It was on this same September day that he passed the mouth of the Rio Virgin. Beyond that point he again heard human voices, gazing in surprise at the mud bank where he had stopped. Several Indians waded out into the water, pushing the raft ashore. Jerked to dry land, the last rags were stripped from him and the other revolver taken.

One of the Indians could speak a little English. He told White they were Piutes. Asked how he came to be there, White related a little of his trip through the river canyons. The others gathered around, impressed by what was interpreted to them. Yet, not one dark face expressed any sympathy for the wasted man covered completely with painful sores.

When he asked for food, the Piutes decided to give him a dog for the revolver that had been seized. They caught a live one, and then deliberately let it escape. Finally, they were persuaded to catch and kill the animal. Doing so, they kept all the meat except the hind quarters. White ate one leg raw, being so famished, then fell into a deep sleep. Next morning, after eating the second, he resumed the trip towards Callville.

The third day after leaving the Havasupais he lay helpless, unknowingly approaching the Callville landing. The river barge Colorado, with Captain Wilburn in charge, was tied up loading a cargo of lime and salt. His crew of five, and a score of men on shore, observed the raft's unmoving occupant. Their calls went unanswered. Several jumped into the water, swam to the raft and brought it alongside.

One of them exclaimed to Captain Wilburn, "My God! Cap n, this here man is a hundred years old and still breathing!"

White, declared all witnesses, looked older. His long hair and beard had turned snow white. His eyes were sunken in his head, his torso thin and emaciated to skin and bone. His shrunken limbs were masses of black sores. As he stirred, able only to crawl, a number of men, exclaiming their pity, hastened to bring him ashore. He was washed, medicated and fed. For a little while he grew delirious, but his wandering senses returned and he was able to tell them how he came to be there.

In addition to Capt. Wilburn and his crew, among those there at the time and who repeated all that White told them, were James Ferry, U.S. Quartermaster at Callville; Charles McAllister; a Mr. Todd who ran a store at Fort Mojave; Jim Mahone, a Hualapai Indian scout for the army; Dr. C.C. Parry, geologist with the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company's survey party; and the renowned Arizona frontiersman, Capt. W.H. Hardy.

A detachment of troops was also at Callville. They provided White with clothing and gave him a place to sleep while recovering.

Ferry had the Piutes brought in, reprimanding them for mistreating this destitute victim of circumstances. He made them return his sorry property which they had taken. (Also present was a correspondent for San Francisco newspapers, and through him the first news of White's singular feat reached the world.)

While at Callville, White wrote a letter to his brother in Kenosha, Wisconsin. It is now in the possession of his son, Arnold White. This is a part of what he wrote:

9/26/1867

"Dear brother: It has been a long time since I heard from you. Soon as I wrote you I went prospecting with Capt. Charles Baker and George Strole in the San Juan Mountains. We found very good prospects but nothing that would pay. Then we started down the San Juan River. We travelled 200 miles, then crossed over on the Colorado to camp, laying over one day. We found that we could not travel down the river and the stock had sore feet. We decided to turn back when 15 or 20 Indians attacked us. They killed Baker. George Strole and myself took four ropes off the mules, an axe, ten pounds of flour and our guns. We had fifteen miles to walk to the Colorado. We got to the river just before night.

"We built a raft that night. Got it finished about ten o'clock that night. We had good sailing for three days. The fourth day George Strole was washed off the raft and drowned. That left me alone. I thought it would be my turn next. I then pulled off my pants and boots. I tied a rope to my waist. I went over falls ten to fifteen feet high. My raft would tip over three or four times a day. The third day we had lost all the flour and for

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seven days I had nothing to eat except a rawhide knife sheath. The eighth day I got some mesquite beans. The thirteenth day I met a party of friendly Indians. They would not give me anything to eat, so I gave them a pistol for the hind parts of a dog. I had one of them for supper and the other for breakfast. The sixteenth day I arrived at Callville where I was taken care of by James Ferry. I was ten days without boots, pants or hat. I was so sunburned I could hardly walk. The Indians took seven head of stock from us. I wish I could write you half of what I underwent. I saw the hardest time that any man ever did in this world. But thank God I got through it safe. I am well again. If you receive this you can write me by addressing your letter to Callville, Arizona.

"Your bro. James White."

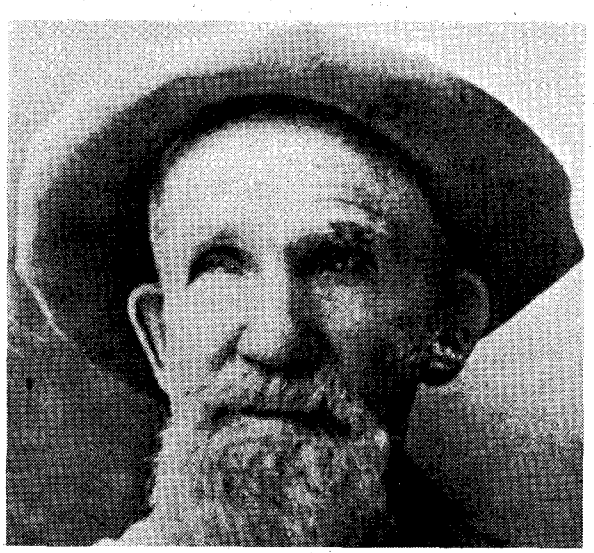
Callville was then the county seat of Piute County, later cut off into Nevada. Today it lies under the waters of Lake Mead.

Captain Hardy was a long-time renowned Arizonan. He had established a ferry crossing on the Colorado River, at Hardyville, near Fort Mojave, and a toll road south to distant Prescott. Hardy was interested in White's account of the big river for a special reason. He took him to his place when the barge Colorado finished loading and dropped downstream.

The year before, 1866, Hardy had grubstaked a down-and-out prospector. For years he (Hardy) had heard there was valuable silver ore near the junction of the two Colorado rivers. The prospector was sent there, and returned in about three months with his mules loaded down with very rich ore. Hardy bought and reduced it at his Hardyville mill, keeping out his share. The prospector promised to return and show him the mine. But he slipped away and was seen no more.

Chagrined at being swindled on the grubstake deal, Hardy took fifteen men and went to where the rivers joined, and down into the main canyon. After prospecting the area a month the party withdrew. Hoping to obtain from White a clue to a rich lode, he questioned him in great detail. However, under the dire circumstances, the latter never had an opportunity to note any mineral-bearing veins breaking into the gorges.

But Hardy had been there and *knew* that White described the area he was most interested in from first-hand observation. Once in the Grand Canyon he could not have turned back; therefore he had come down the river, as he said.



Captain William H. Hardy who was a witness of James White's rescue at Callville, Arizona after his passage through the Grand Canyon.

Through Hardy, White met General W.J. Palmer, who got his story solely through questions. White volunteered no information himself. He seemed concerned only that he had survived, not in the remarkable feat accomplished by force of circumstances. Palmer made copious notes and it was through him that White's account soon appeared in a number of books on the far West.

In Colorado it was well-known that the three men went west to prospect. In late spring and summer, when Baker failed to reappear, his many friends grew concerned for his well-being. Among them were T.J. Ehrart, S.B. Kellog and Mrs. Thomas Pollock. The Baker party was traced down the San Juan and after heading north, all signs of them vanished into the unknown. Later on, Baker's mysterious disappearance led to a long story of the affair, including White's account, that appeared in the Rocky Mountain News, November 14, 1877.

When Dellenbaugh and other of Powell's friends branded White's account a lie, the argument brought forth scores of people in his defense. Not that White wanted support or even laid claim to anything. All these people knew certain parts of the river gorges so well that they were assured White could not have described them from mere imagination.

Thus, it eventually came about that later on, a document concerning the Colorado River appeared in the U.S. Senate: Document No. 42, 65th Congress, May 25, 1917, *The Grand Canyon* by Thomas F. Dawson. Loaded with evidence, it should have put to rest for all time any doubt that White had passed down through the Grand Canyon on the Colorado River.

As for the subject of the controversy, he went right on living a quiet life in his preferred way. Ferry gave White the job of carrying mail between Callville and Fort Mojave. Three months later Ferry sold out to Jim Hinton, for whom White continued working a month longer. When he in turn sold out, he and White bought a pack outfit and went to Salt Lake City, arriving there the spring of 1868.

For a while White cut railroad ties on Bear River. He next hired out as a wagon boss, and then ran a saloon at Corinne. He went to Chicago and on to the old home in Kenosha to visit his family. After various jobs, he was once again driving stages for Barlow & Sanderson out of Fort Dodge. In 1878 he went to Trinidad, Colorado, living there until his death, when nearly 90, on January 14, 1927.

RW

SOURCES:

History Of Arizona by Thomas Edwin Farish, Vol. 5; Phoenix, Arizona 1918.

New Tracks In North America by William A. Bell; London, England, 1870.

The Grand Canyon by Thomas E. Dawson; U.S. Senate Document No. 42, 65th Congress, First Session, 1917.

Passage Of The Grand Canyon Of The Colorado, Wonderful Adventures by (Major) A.R. Calhoun; W.B. Evans & Co., Philadelphia, 1870.

Beyond The Mississippi by Albert D. Richardson; Pub. unknown, 1869.

History Of Arizona And New Mexico. H.H. Bancroft; History Co., Vol. XVII, San Francisco, 1889.

Transactions Of The St. Louis Academy Of Natural Sciences, Vol. 2; St. Louis, Mo., 1868.

Rocky Mountain Herald, Denver, January 8, 1869. (Published account of White's adventure five months before Major Powell began his exploration trip down the Colorado River.)

Rocky Mountain News, Denver, November 14, 1877.

Arizona Days And Ways Magazine, Phoenix, August 16, 1964.

Kenosha, Wisconsin newspapers.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 70)

aggerated and there are probably hundreds of versions on the same story, but which version can be said to be the accurate one?

Sincerely,
Robert E. Minnick
RD #1
Hyndman, Pa. 15545

We, at Real West, are convinced that Mr. Matson's version is the correct one.

BUFFALO BONES
Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy your very splendid magazine. I, too wish for some information. My son found a buffalo skull in a nearby river a few months ago. It is in good condition including nearly all the teeth. He would like to know where he may be able to sell it and what its value is.

Mrs. R. Nelson
1221 Saunders
Hastings, Nebr. 68901

Can anyone help Mrs. Nelson?

BACK ISSUES OF REAL WEST
Gentlemen:

I have the following Real West magazines for sale. They are not in mint condition, but they have their covers and there are no torn pages. If any one is interested in making an offer please have them contact me.
Issues of July 1960, Nov. 1960, Jan. 1961 #20, Jan. 1961, March 1961, May 1961, July 1961, Sept. 1961, Nov. 1961, May 1962, July 1962, Sept. 1962, Nov. 1962, Jan. 1963, March 1963 and May 1963.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. E.C. Lenoir
Box 1008
Glasgow, Montana

THE ALAMO
Dear Editor:

In the November issue a question was asked concerning the remains of the defenders of the Alamo. Your answer stated the remains were placed in a trench and burned and no further record of same. This is partially true. What happened is this:
"A few hours after the slaughter of the garrison the bodies were gathered by the victors, laid in three heaps, mingled with fuel and burned. On Feb. 25, 1837, the bones and ashes of the defenders were, by order of General Houston, collected as well as could be done, for burial by Colonel Seguin, then in command at San Antonio. The bones were placed in a large coffin and interred with military honors. The place of burial was a peach orchard, then outside of the Alamo village and a few hundred yards from the fort. In 1861 it was still a large enclosed open lot, though surrounded by the suburb which had grown up; but the rude landmarks which had once pointed out the place of sepulture have long since disappeared. Diligent search might then have found it, but it is now densly built over, and its identity is irrecoverably lost."
On the grounds of the capitol at Austin, stands a monument to the heroes of the Alamo, erected in 1891, and inscribed: "Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

In reply to the question about Bella Starr leading a band of Guerrillas during the Civil War:

"At the time of the Civil War she was known as Bella Shirley, her real name, and while she did not lead any Guerrillas, she did carry spy messages for Quantrill from place to place."

Best Wishes,
Carl W. Breihan
4939 Mattis Road
St. Louis, Mo. 63128

BELL MARES
Dear Sirs:

Answering Bonnie Stokes question about the bell mare in a pack outfit. The bell mare was used to head the train especially a mule train. Pack animals become accustomed very quickly to following that bell.

In the army a pack train was made up of fifty pack mules, fourteen riding stock and one bell mare. The bell mare was led by the book at the head of the train.

Respectfully,
Jesse L. Warren
Warden, Montana

BRICKBATS
Gentlemen:

As a newcomer to the area and to the odd civilization of the foreigner, I encountered my first copy of *Indian Wars*. I appreciate the sympathetic treatment and the objective view -- certainly, Chief Joseph made only one mistake -- he misplaced the Canadian border -- but there are scholarly inaccuracies scattered throughout the volume.

I don't mind the scholarly inaccuracies so much; you are, after all, working with white man's records, and you

(continued on page 76)

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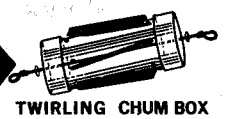

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☐ 284–"DAREDEVILS OF THE AIR." Stunt flyers, test pilots, flight engineers and flying fools . . . the men who take their chances of living or dying in order to prove a point.

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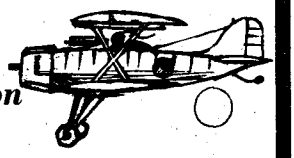

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 75)

have to work with a prejudicial point of view. In some instances, you've managed to convey the deep feeling that an Indian has for the land he lives on, and their resistance to removal. You have, at least, dramatized the Indian point of view, and, subtly, implied why he fought.

I do deplore the inaccuracy of English usage. It seems to me that you foreigners ought to be able to manage your own language, if nothing else. I went through the tale of a Platte Bridge Station (Cheyenne), and got so sick of marking basic errors in English that I gave it up. Whoever wrote that -- and whoever edited it -- would never get through my high school course in basic English. There's no excuse for this sort of thing. A sentence is a sentence, gentlemen; and a fragment is a fragment. Fragments may deliberately be used for the sake of effect, and this is justifiable; but when you feed me three expository fragments in a row, SOMEONE doesn't know what he's doing. The imagination and the reconstruction are fine, but the English leaves a lot to be desired.

The idea, however, is interesting. Because you're so concerned with the west, you've left out the Indian Wars of the east. Sensible. Most Americans think of Indians as riding horses, but the early wars were fought from canoes. The white massacres at Mystic, Ct., and at Norridgewock, Maine, are never mentioned in the history books. No one really knows what King Philip's War was about, except that it eliminated the Pequots. And no one -- but NO ONE - actually knows who the Tarratines were. I happen to know who the Etchemin were, but it took a little time to find out.

Why not start closer to home? As an Indian, I appreciate your editorial premise; as an editor, I deplore your editorial practice. As a historian, I think you have a lot of dramatic material right under your nose.

Yours,
Henry G. Perley
Apt. 3 16 Crosby St.
East Hartford, Conn.

PRAISE
Dear Sir:

I'm probably considered a new reader of Real West. I say this because I read the first copy in November 1965. What first attracted me to your magazine was the title of one of the stories on the cover about Wyatt Earp. Then I flipped through it and saw the questions and answers concerning the west. That sold me on it and ever since, I've been buying your magazine.

Reading about real people from the old west, especially well known people, is fascinating. When writing stories about Jim Bowie, Wyatt Earp and others why not tell about how and when they met their wives and if they had any children.

Yours truly,
Juanita Wilson
215 N. College
Richmond, Mo.

Western writers -- take heed!

WEALTH CAME FAST

The cleanup at the Racine mill in Deadwood gulch yielded $2,000 in gold dust at the end of a 48-hour run, in April 1877. The next month a gold nugget worth $550 was found in Potato Gulch. In July the price of gold was standarized at $18 per ounce.

Dear Editor:

Goody for our side! So Harold Preece is to have more in Real West. My husband and I like his style and articles very much. Keep giving us more stories about western facts by Preece.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Edwin E. Booth
3150 N. Racine
Chicago, Ill. 60657

Dear Sir,

Sincere thanks for your letter of Sept. 10 which advised me of the name of the magazine which published the story "Sandon, B. C. Misfortune's Playground". This shows that your library or research staff is far superior to that of some of the other old-time west magazines.

The company you mention publishes more than one "west" magazine at the same address. I could not remember the exact name of the periodical in which the story appeared and earlier, when I wrote to this company they searched in one magazine only stating that they did not publish it. This left me at a dead end until I wrote to you. Now, I will have no difficulty in getting a copy containing the very interesting story.

Yours sincerely,
Paul F. Groome
1218 Cameron St.
Regina, Sask. Canada

(continued on page 78)

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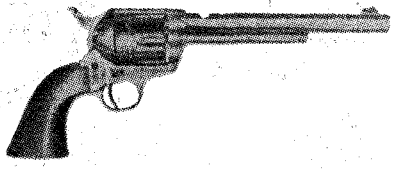

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 76)

INDIAN RELICS

Dear Editor:

I am writing in the hope that you may be able to give me some information regarding a find I recently came across.

Being interested in Indian relics, a friend and I spend most of our time (spare time) digging at possible Indian sites, burial grounds, etc. Have any previous issues of Real West covered the subject?

A few weeks ago I dug up an old leather pouch containing six polished stones that are alien to this part of Connecticut, also a few human bones, strips of old leather and bits of worked over quartz.

I would be grateful for any information concerning Indian burial rites.

Sincerely,
Stanley M. Zynko,
Bldg. 57 Apt. 236
Success Park, Bridgeport, Conn. 06610

REAL WEST No. 31 of September 1963 contains an excellent article about Indian burial customs.

THE LAVA-BEDS
Surrender of the Modocs

The news came on May 24 1873, that the United States troops have really pushed the Modocs to defeat. We give a careful picture of a crevasse in the Lava-beds, from which the Indians emerged on their way to surrender to General Davis. Some idea of the vastness and utter strength of the Lava-beds, as a place of warlike defense, may be formed from the local view we give of them.

The complacency with which a great number of the Indians surrendered was surprising and exasperating. But the savages have no faculty for justice, and their expectations on that point were probably negative. The victory is none the less one to rejoice over.

PRO WYATT EARP

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the letters on the good and bad of Wyatt Earp. I had one there myself.

I have interviewed several people in my life who knew Wyatt personally. I have never found one who would

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say that he was a fake, that everything good written about him was not true. You state that all the old books or stories written about him were just fiction and that the truth comes out in the later issues. Well, certain people have come up with articles or records that prove that these modern day writers are not right in their accusations of these older writers. For example, while Bartholomew's book states that Wyatt Earp did not arrest Ben Thompson, a certain statesman here in Kansas has come up with the actual original record of this arrest. I can't give his name because, if I did, he'd probably get 10,000 letters.

One man that I had the pleasure to talk to who knew Wyatt better than anyone else was Bat Materson. He and my father discussed old prize-fighters and then got around to Wyatt Earp and the other prominent in those days. I have yet to find the man who would say Bat Masterson was a liar.

He told about the Ben Thompson arrest, and the backing down of Clay Allison. This happened some time prior to the writing of Stewart Lake's book.

Bat said that he was standing across the street with a shotgun when Wyatt had his run-in with Clay Allison. Bat said that he talked to Clay later, and that Clay told him the reason he didn't fight Earp was that he, Clay, was drunk, but not drunk enough to know with Wyatt sober, his chances weren't too good. And with 3 men backing Wyatt with shotguns, he didn't have any chance at all. He knew that if he killed Wyatt, they'd gun him down. The odds were just too great. Masterson said that had Clay been sober, he didn't know what the outcome would have been. Clay was a bad man and afraid of no one. And also, under fire Wyatt was about the coolest man he had seen and was deadly accurate with a firearm. Also, these would-be historians say this didn't happen.

I have yet to see one good thing printed about Wyatt Earp in your magazine. You will print all the bad things, but nothing good.

It is human nature for people to like and to dislike people whether they know them or not, and that is what happens to some writers. I read where a lady wrote that Mark Twain did not write his books, that he didn't have the education. I wonder who spoke for him when he lectured before the King and Queen of England?

Respectfully,
Wayne Montgomery
228 Linn
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Seems none of the writers like him, or they can't find much good in their research, but we'll print it when we get it.

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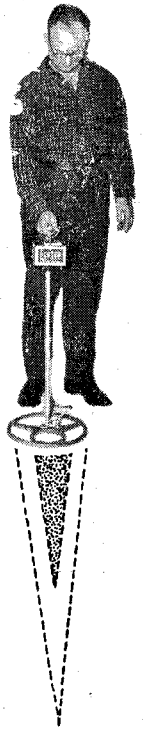

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TO KILL A FRIEND

(continued from page 67)

to the fort. The messenger reported back to the CO that the Apache camp had been destroyed and burned and its inhabitants massacred. There was no sign of the killers; the mob had scattered when its gruesome work was done. One hundred and eleven Indians were killed, among whom 77 were women and children. The post surgeon, Dr. Briesly, wrote in his report: "There was little for me to do. The work had been too thoroughly done."

Later, from the Apaches who had fled to the hills to escape the mob's fury, it was learned that 29 children had been carried off into slavery.

Lieutenant Whitman himself supervised the mass burial of the victims. The sorrowing officer sadly explained: "I thought the act of caring for their dead would be evidence to them of our sympathy at least. The conjecture proved correct, for while at the work many of them came to the spot and indulged in their expressions of grief, too wild and terrible to be described. That evening they began coming from all directions, singly and in small parties, so changed in forty-eight hours as to be hardly recognizable, during which time they had neither eaten nor slept."

The ghastly tragedy was a stunning blow to the young CO. In one black hour of frightful destruction, rape and massacre, the Tucson mob had wiped out all the goodwill and the beginning of trust that Lieutenant Whitman had accomplished in months of patient effort. Now, while the exultant killers traded Apache scalps for whiskey in Tucson barrooms and boasted of their "cleanup of the red devils," Apache war drums began to beat in canyon, mountain and desert camps as the gaunt, grim-faced warriors gathered again to wage war to the death against the white men.

Again the Apaches had learned the bitter lesson that the White Eyes could not be trusted. This time they never forgot it.

One terrible incident clearly and fully illustrates the depth and finality of their disillusionment and distrust. Chief Eskimo-tzin (also called Eskiminzin) of the Pinal-Coyoteros, with a few warriors, escaped the massacre after fighting vainly to hold back the mob. The fleeing Apaches approached Charley McKenna's cabin, and the chief stopped by to see his old friend. Charley as always, was glad to see him. He rustled up a meal for Eskimo-tzin and carried food to the hungry warriors outside. The chief ate voraciously without speaking of the horrible tragedy that lay behind him.

Then, the meal finished, he snatched up his rifle and shot his host dead.

Years later Eskimo-tzin explained the shocking act of treachery; explained it, that is, as well as any Indian can explain anything to a white man.

Sam Bowman, assistant chief of scouts for General George Crook, wonderingly asked Eskimo-tzin why he had thus callously murdered his one good friend among the whites. The chief pondered the question for minutes before he replied. Finally he laid aside his pipe and said quietly: "Now, while I am still free but will soon be confined to a reservation, I can speak the truth. I did it to teach my people that there must be no friendship between them and the white men."

Eskimo-tzin paused--and softly added: "Anyone can kill an enemy, but it takes a strong man to kill a friend."

RW

Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology.

Eskiminzin, Chief of the Pinal-Coyotero Apaches.

SOURCES:
DEATH IN THE DESERT, by Paul I. Wellman, MacMillan Co. 1935

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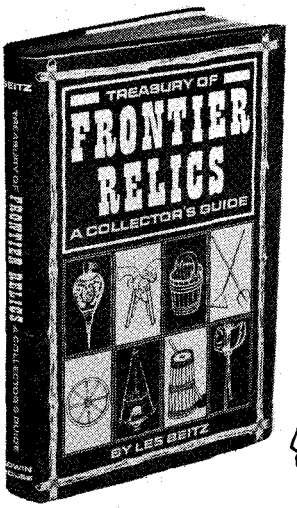

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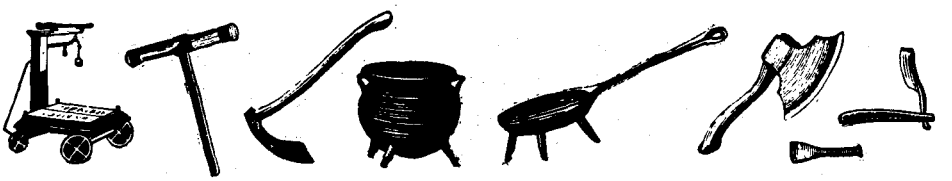

You Are Richer Than You Think

Publication of Treasury Of Frontier Relics: A Collector's Guide by noted authority Les Beitz gathers together for the very first time a complete, fully authenticated source for establishing values of Western objects much in demand by collectors both here and abroad. (Recently, in Germany, a producer of Western movies paid $375. for a vintage Colt pistol.)

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The current surge of interest in Western Americana art and objects means that without even knowing it, you may already be owner of one or more Frontier treasures.

Those lucky enough to recognize value will reap rich rewards. Others, unknowingly, will lose the chance to cash-in on a Western relic worth real money. You would never forgive yourself if you threw away, or sold for pennies, a prize valued at many hundreds of dollars.

Would you know how much old branding irons are worth? (see page 15)
Would you know what an angle lamp is and what it will bring? (see page 61)
Would you know a Sibley stove if you saw one and realize how much it is worth? (see page 73)
Would you know the value of a grub box (page 15) or of a Confederate cap (page 93)?
Would you know what old newspapers, pictures and pulp magazines are worth to collectors? (see page 135)

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If you own any of these Frontier Relics – or run the slighest chance of finding one – you will want to establish their true value and then decide whether to sell now or hold out for higher prices as values go up year after year.

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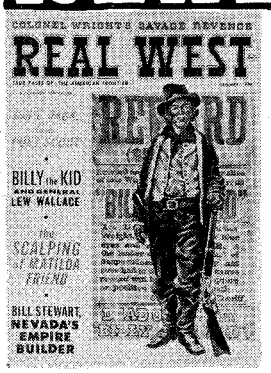

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- Firm, shocking justice of Colonel Wright
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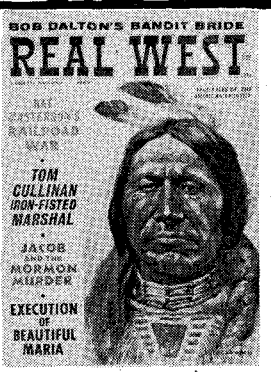

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- Bob Dalton's romance with that woman horse-stealer
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TRAGEDY of the NEZ PERCES
ARIZONA'S LOST CANYON OF GOLD
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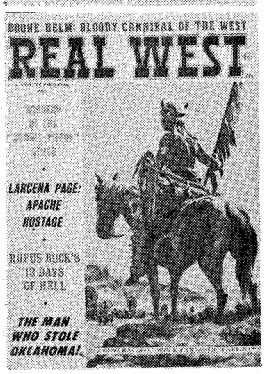
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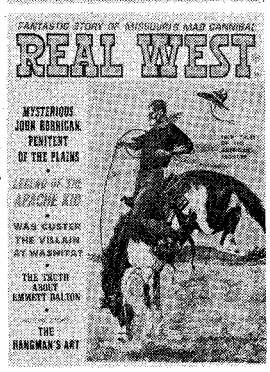
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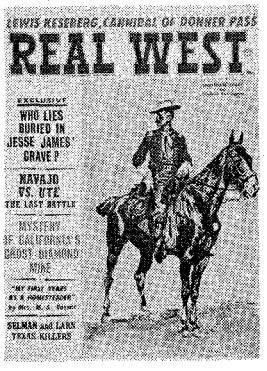
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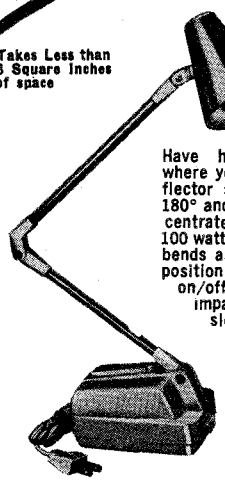


*Members only $2.99

Non-Members 6.95

Have hi-intensity light exactly where you need it. Brass-color reflector shade that swivels a full 180° and built-in transformer, concentrate the small white light to 100 watt brightness. Matching arm, bends and extends to any desired position with perfect balance. Has on/off switch on its white high-impact plastic base . . . keyhole slot for hanging too. Miniature, lightweight and portable, its brilliant hi-intensity light is ideal for bed reading, study, sewing, hobbies, office, workshop, dorm, travel. Cord attached, bulb included.

2 YEAR GUARANTEE LORD MARCEL CALENDAR WATCH

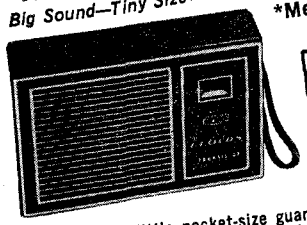
- Anti-Magnetic
- Lifetime Mainspring
- Shock Resistant
- Goldtone Cases & Matching Bands
- Electronically Timed for Accuracy
- Gift Boxed

*Members only $4.99

Non-Members 7.95

The handsome Lord Marcel is a calendar watch with second hand and matching expansion band. The dainty Lady Marcel is a perfect time keeper and elegant in appearance. GUARANTEED FOR 2 FULL YEARS! A perfect "HIS" and "HERS" gift.

12 TRANSISTOR RADIO
Big Sound—Tiny Size!



*Members only 5.99

Non-Members 12.88

Earphones and batteries included

You must HEAR this little pocket-size guaranteed radio to believe it! Secret of its superior tone is in the ingenius technical details . . . 12 transistors, large speaker with amazing amplification. For safe, easy carrying, a handy wrist strap is secured to its break-resistant cabinet of black with silver. Size 4⅜" x 2¾" x 1¼". Weight only 8 oz.

LADIES' NYLON STOCKINGS

*Members Only BOX OF 6 PAIRS! $2.50

Non-Members 4.99

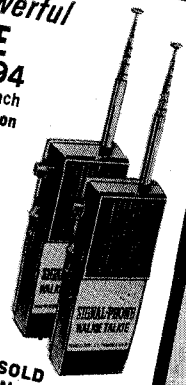
100% FIRST QUALITY SHEER NYLON STOCKINGS, seamless with demi-toe and hose-saving run-guard top. Choice of (A) SUNTAN or (B) BEIGE. Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11. **Be sure to state size & color on coupon below.** SOLD IN CARTONS OF 6 PAIRS.

Powerful WALKIE-TALKIE

*Members Only $5.94 each

- Instant 2-Way Communication
- Not a Kit—ready to use
- Built-in Telescopic antenna
- Microphone-Speaker Push-to-Talk Button
- Ideal for Home, Sportsmen, Picnicking, Golf, Scouting, etc.

Receives, transmits . . . with any other transceiver tuned to same channel. On-Off switch, push-to-talk button, carrying lanyard. Has ¼-mile range (further over water, less in cities). Crystal controlled. 4 powerful transistors. Weighs only 10 oz., 2¾x 1½x5⅝ in. With long life 9-volt battery, gift box, 90-day warranty.



SOLD IN PAIRS ONLY

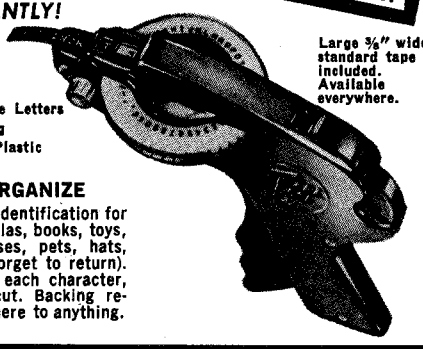
Make your own labels INSTANTLY!

TAPE TOOL

*Members only $2.99

Non-Members $9.95

- Raised White Letters
- Self-Sticking
- Permanent Plastic



Large ⅜" wide standard tape included. Available everywhere.

IDENTIFY—PERSONALIZE—ORGANIZE

Make your own permanent, professional identification for valuables . . . luggage, golf bags, umbrellas, books, toys, workshop and garden tools, eye glasses, pets, hats, things neighbors borrow (then usually forget to return). **Simple and even fun to use.** Just dial each character, press trigger, then automatically tab-cut. Backing removes easily and presto! . . . labels adhere to anything.

JOIN NOW!

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Eligible for membership, are responsible adults with permanent address or box number.

***WHY you should become a member!**
'Shopping the BUYERS' CLUB OF AMERICA' way will introduce you to a new, easy and fun way to find merchandise you want at prices you want to pay. Often, you will buy items before stores stock them and ALWAYS at a lower price.

***WHAT benefits a member reaps!**
Our members benefit by our large, professional staff of buyers whose sole job is to search the world for quality merchandise at the lowest prices. We do all the legwork while you make your careful selections at your own leisure. You will regularly receive valuable mailings the moment the new merchandise is available.

***HOW you can become a member!**
A lifetime membership is only $1.00. Apply for membership either with or without a purchase now or at any time. Just mail your dollar along with your name, address. You will receive a membership card with your own personal registration number. You will pay the LOWER MEMBERSHIP PRICE LISTINGS*. **Never an obligation to buy—no annual fees.**

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Any non-member can make a purchase at the low price listed for non-members. But when you become a member, our already low prices are given an ***added discount** as indicated for *members only.

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- Sports Equipment
- Radios
- Housewares
- Utensils
- Musical Instruments
- Clocks
- Watches
- Lamps
- Dinnerware

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

BUYERS CLUB OF AMERICA 210 S. Des Plaines St. Dept. BC-70H Chicago, 60606

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***MEMBERS ONLY prices; Non-Members pay higher prices.**

	*MEMBERS	Non-Members		*MEMBERS	Non-Members
☐ Hi-Intensity Lamp @	2.99*	6.95	☐ Lady Marcel Watch @	5.99*	7.95
☐ Lord Marcel Watch @	4.99*	7.95	☐ 6 Prs. Nylon Stockings	2.50*	4.99
☐ 12-Trans. Radio @	5.99*	12.88	(A) Suntan ☐ (B) Beige ☐ (Size)_____		
☐ Tape Tool @	2.99*	9.95	☐ Walkie-Talkie @ 5.94	11.88* pair sold in prs. only	19.90

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Check or M.O. enclosed for $_____ (Add 50¢ for insurance and handling for each item.)
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postage & C.O.D. charges on delivery
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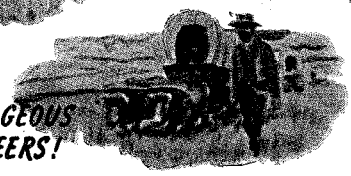

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TAKE ALL 3 OF THESE GREAT ZANE GREY WESTERNS

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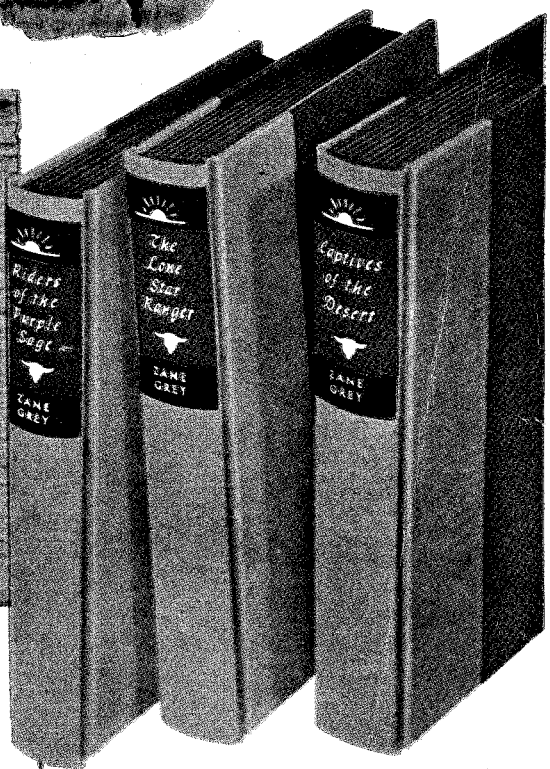

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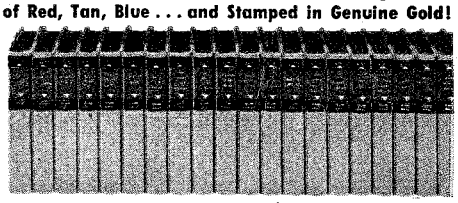

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But Buck *has* to kill Cal Bain. So he rides away toward the Rio Grande—to find refuge in that wild borderland country that is still untamed.

CAPTIVES OF THE DESERT. "Man, you're crazy . . . ridin' after them thievin' varmints *without a gun*," High-Lo told John Curry. His words died on his lips. Standing before them were the very two gunslingers Curry had sworn to run out of the territory! "Ride one step closer," they warned, "and you'll be feelin' some *hot lead!*"

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